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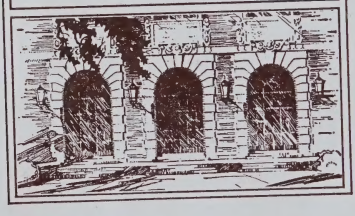

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POETRY AND
THE DRAMA

GOETHE'S FAUST
PARTS I. & II. TRANSLATED
BY ALBERT G. LATHAM

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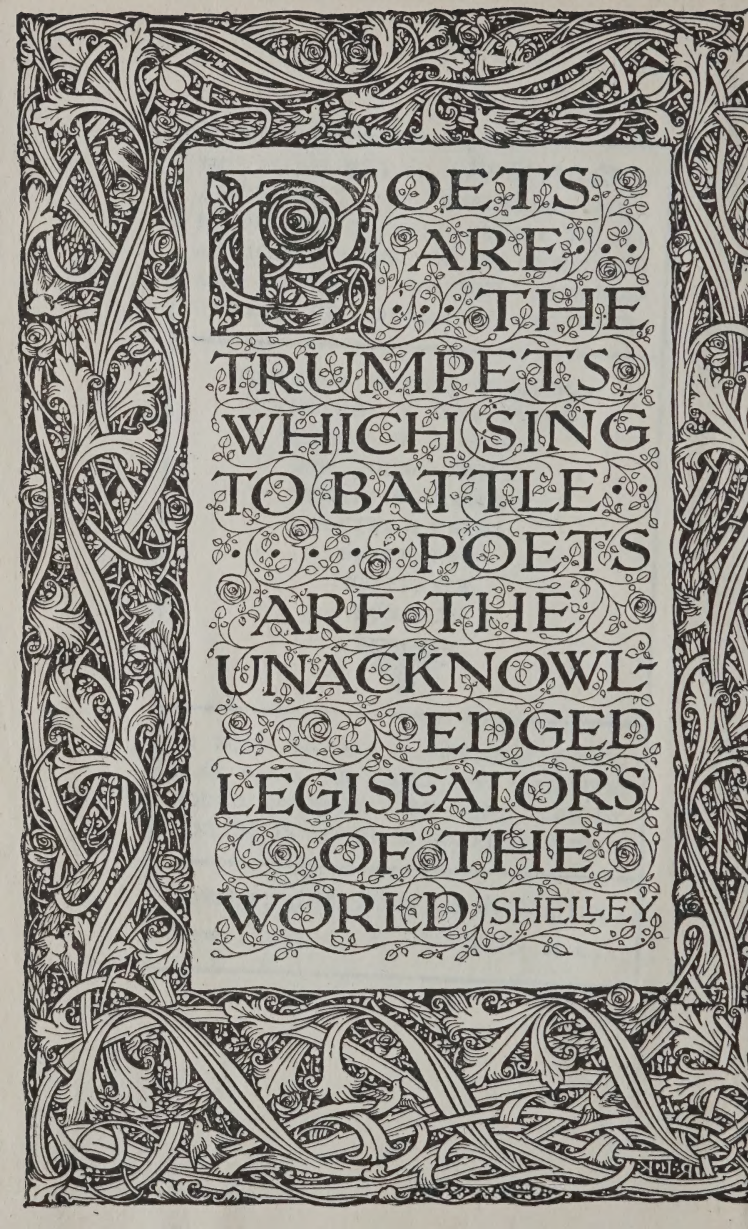
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GOETHE'S FAUST

Parts I and II

Translated by

ALBERT·G·LATHAM

R.D Carmichael
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INTRODUCTION

The Collaboration of the Ages in a Great Work of Art.—The ground-theme of Goethe's *Faust*, as is indeed the case with most if not with all great poetical creations, is not the individual fabrication of one gifted mind, but rather the climax in a long evolutionary series, through the medium of which the poet has enjoyed the collaboration of the ages. To the material which in the ripeness of time he found ready to his hand have contributed, not only the conscious literary efforts of such of his predecessors as have been attracted by the same subject, but also the artless imaginations of the ignorant and unlettered multitude who have, through many generations of men, moulded the growing mass of inherited fact and fiction into a coherent whole in accordance with their own ways of life and thought. The reader will doubtless appreciate some introductory account of this lengthy preliminary elaboration before entering upon the study of the masterpiece in which it culminates.

The Mythology of Sorcery.—For the first germ of this inherited material in the conception of the mage or wizard, who by various devices could persuade or compel to his service the supernatural powers, gods or demons, and through their agency pervert the accustomed

course of nature, we must go back to the very dawn of literature, and even then we shall find such a conception already in existence, an inheritance from the voiceless times beyond. It will be sufficient merely to hint at the currency of the belief in sorcery amongst the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, and, for a parallel to the forms in which it must have existed in prehistoric times, to cite the magical practices in vogue amongst savage nations in our own days.

Such a belief was, indeed, in the first instance merely an outgrowth of religion, if it was not rather of the very essence of primitive religion itself. The earliest sorcerer was the priest, and the practice of sorcery by no means carried with it at first the odium which attached to it in later times. It was, however, already looked at askance amongst the Greeks and the Romans, doubtless rather on moral grounds, as being employed as the instrument of malevolence, than on religious grounds as an offence against the Deity. Amongst the Jews, however, in view of their monotheistic conception of religion, sorcery could not fail to be regarded as a form of idolatry, and as such condemned; and this attitude grows still more marked in the Christian conception of sorcery, in which it appears as devil-worship, as amongst the early Christians the old heathen gods themselves figure as devils.

The roll of sorcerers of whom legend tells in Christian times is a long one, and constantly receives new additions as one after another the names of the men who distinguished themselves by their learning in times of ignorance are

enshrined in it. Three of the earlier Christian legends of sorcery deserve at least a passing mention, by reason of the resemblance which they show in certain points with the Faust-legend.

The subject of the first of these is mentioned as early as the Acts of the Apostles, in Chapter VIII. of that book: "A certain man, called Simon, which beforetime in the same city used sorcery, and bewitched the people of Samaria." Later legend busied itself further with this Simon, introducing into his story traits which present so striking a parallel with certain features of the Faust-legend, that many have held him to be the real original of Faust. He lost his life by an attempt to fly in Rome, whilst Faust came to grief in a similar attempt in Venice; and he married the Homeric Helena (in the older form of the legend *Selene*, the moon-goddess). It is worthy of notice that this Simon is actually compared with Faust in the Faust-book, but with the biblical Simon, not the Simon of the later legend. In spite, however, of these striking coincidences, Kuno Fischer scouts on historical grounds the idea of any direct contribution made by this legend to the Faust-legend.

The other two of the legends referred to show us the mythology of sorcery enriched by the conception, natural to Christianity, of a compact with the devil, whereby the sorcerer renounces Christianity, and forfeits his soul as the purchase-price of his magic-powers. These are the legend of Cyprian of Antioch, which belongs to the fourth century of the Christian

era, and was afterwards wrought into a well-known drama by Calderon, and the Theophilus-legend, which belongs to the sixth century. But neither of these legends knows anything of the irrevocable nature of the pact with the devil, which is characteristic of the medieval Faust. Cyprian is a heathen, who, like Faust, in his striving after all knowledge and power has entered into a pact with the devil, but discovering the powerlessness of his ally against the might of the Cross is thereby converted to Christianity and dies as a Christian martyr. Theophilus on the other hand is a Christian, who from disappointed ambition abjures the Faith at the instance of the devil in a written document signed with his blood, but repenting straightway, invokes the aid of the Virgin, and from her receives again the written pact, wrested by her from the devil.

The authority quoted above likewise traverses the assertion that these legends are in the direct line of ancestry of the Faust-legend. However this may be, these three legends and countless others like them doubtless contributed to the stock of wizard-lore which was the common possession of all medieval Christianity, and which survived in vigorous life in the sixteenth-century German Protestantism in the bosom of which the Faust-legend had its birth. In this last scion of the wizard-legend the compact with the devil finally assumes an irrevocable character; the Church itself is now powerless to intervene in favour of the recreant. In this feature Kuno Fischer finds the characteristic contribution of Protestantism to the

mythology of sorcery. As, for Protestantism, the Pope himself is Antichrist, so the miracle-working power of the Catholic Church is itself a form of magic, equally blameworthy and inefficacious to salvation. The man that has dabbled in sorcery and given himself to the devil is lost past redemption. The drama must be played to its tragic consummation.

The Evolution of the Faust-legend.—We have thus far acquired some very general idea of the growth of the atmosphere of thought and belief in which the Faust-legend had its birth. It is the last branch of a tree which has its roots deep down in immemorial antiquity. We must now seek to trace in greater detail the origin and growth of this particular legend.

The Faust-legend, before it received from the genius of Goethe a new lease of life, together with a deeper meaning, had already enjoyed in various forms a wide popularity.

The inquiry into its credentials began as early as 1621, less than fifty years after the publication of the first Faust-book, when a theologian of Tübingen, Schickard, declared the story of Faust to be a mere legend, invented to the end of deterring people from the practice of magic. Another theologian, Dürr, of Altdorf, writing in 1676, is apparently the first to identify the black-artist Faust with Johann Fust, whose name is associated with the invention of printing in the fifteenth century. This view is rejected by Neumann, a theologian of Wittenberg, who was moved to undertake (1683) the investigation of the question chiefly, it would seem, from the desire to free that city from the

unwelcome association with such a disreputable character as Faust, which had become an important feature in the legend. Neumann first produced documentary evidence for the existence of an historical Faust, but none earlier than that of Manlius, which is quoted later (p. xxi.). His conclusion, that "Faust's life is not a downright fable, nor yet a downright history, but a middle-thing," is the view which in more recent times has generally prevailed. But the identification of the conjurer with Johann Fust (a name which would correspond etymologically with the modern German *Faust*), far from having been regarded as controverted by Neumann's arguments, continued to be even more generally accepted. The story, probably fabulous, which relates how Fust incurred the imputation of witchcraft by reason of the apparently miraculous character of the new art, itself underwent a legendary growth, and was without any historical justification localised in Paris. The Englishman, Daniel Defoe, contributed not a little to its propagation by a passage in his *Political History of the Devil* (1726), which may be of interest to the English reader. It runs as follows:—

"*John Faustus* was Servant, or Journeyman, or Compositor, or what you please to call it, to *Koster* of *Harlem*, the first inventor of Printing, and having printed the Psalter, sold them at *Paris* as manuscripts; because as such they yielded a better Price.

"But the learned Doctors not being able to understand how the Work was perform'd, concluded as above, it was all the *Devil*, and that

the *Man* was a *Witch;* accordingly they took him up for a *Magician* and a *Conjurer*, and one that work'd by the *Black Art*, that is to say by the help of the *Devil;* and in a word they threaten'd to hang him for a Witch, and in order to it commenc'd a Process against him in their criminal Courts, which made such a Noise in the World as rais'd the Fame of poor *John Faustus* to a frightful Height, 'till at last he was oblig'd, for fear of the Gallows, to discover the whole secret to them.

"N.B.—This is the true original of the famous Dr. *Faustus* or *Foster*, of whom we have believ'd such strange Things, as that it is become a Proverb, *as great as the* Devil and *Dr.* Foster: Whereas poor *Faustus* was no doctor, and knew no more of the *Devil* than another body."

But more recent research, stimulated by the re-awakened interest in the subject, has succeeded in unearthing earlier and in fact contemporary evidence, which puts beyond any reasonable doubt the actual existence of an historic Faust, who when we first come across him entirely lacks the sulphurous halo with which the popular fancy quickly began to invest him. It is worth noting here, however, that as recently as 1874 an authority of such weight as Karl Simrock still maintained that the Faust-legend begins with the printer Fust, and that this theory is still tenable in the light thrown on the subject by the evidence referred to above. His views will be briefly indicated in the proper connection. It may however at once be said that they do not find general acceptance to-day.

The earliest extant reference to the historical Faust is contained in a collection of the letters of the historian *Johannes Tritemius* (who writes in Latin and thus latinised his name, in accordance with the custom of his time, from *Johann von Trittenheim*). Tritemius was Abbot of Spanheim, and one of the most learned and famous scholars of his day. An interesting light is thrown upon the credulity of the epoch in which the Faust-legend had its origin by the fact that the learned abbot to whom we owe the earliest notice of Faust was himself, like the English Roger Bacon and divers other scholars, at a later time canonised as a wizard, and to him were attributed many feats of sorcery, borrowed from earlier legend and ultimately transferred to Faust. Indeed he found it necessary even during his lifetime to defend himself against the suspicion of having dealings with demons.

Tritemius' letters were printed in 1536, and one of them, written in 1507, is addressed to a mathematical friend who has applied to him for information concerning one Georgius Sabellicus, then on the point of visiting Tritemius' correspondent.

Tritemius describes him as a "landlouper, braggart, and vagabond that should be whipt at the cart's tail." He has presumed to style himself "Magister Georgius Sabellicus, the younger Faustus, the well-head of the necromancers, astrologer, the second magician, cheiromancer, agromancer, pyromancer, the second in the hydric art," and this notwithstanding that he is in fact "wholly ignorant of

all good letters, and should rather have called himself a fool than a magister." The writer then cites instances of the charlatan's extravagant boasts, as that "if all the books of Plato and Aristotle, together with their entire philosophy, had perished utterly from the memory of men, he himself with his own natural genius could, like another Hebrew Ezra, restore them in yet greater splendour"; and that "the miracles of our Saviour Christ are nothing marvellous, he himself could do all that Christ had done, as often and whensoever he would"; and that "in Alchemy he was the most perfect of all that had ever been, and knew and could do whatever the folk should wish." The letter finally quotes facts as damning for the moral character of this "well-head of the necromancers" as are those already cited for his learning and his modesty, and finally sums him up as "no philosopher, but a very foolish man, and a very impudent withal."

This flattering letter of introduction makes the calling of its subject sufficiently clear. He was one of a well-known class, the so-called *scholastici vagantes*, fahrende Schüler, or strolling scholars, men of more or less learning who roamed about the world living on their wits, equally ready to maintain a thesis against the learned, or as conjurors, treasure-seekers, weather-makers, etc., to bubble the ignorant and credulous out of their money.

That this Georgius Sabellicus styles himself the "younger Faustus," and claims to be only the "second magician," etc., suggests that the name Faustus must already have acquired

some notoriety as that of a magician before he adopted it, but it cannot with any certainty be traced beyond him. It is this circumstance which furnishes Simrock with the opportunity to bring the printer Fust or Faust again into connection with the Faust-legend; he holds the latter to have been the *first* Faust, through whom the name became reputed as that of a sorcerer. However this may be, as the Faust-book seems at a later date undoubtedly to have grown out of rumours concerning this Georgius Sabellicus, *the younger Faustus*, there can be little doubt that in this charlatan we have the unworthy prototype of Goethe's immortal Faust:—

> "So that then was the poodle's kernel!
> A strolling scholar!"

It will be interesting to glance briefly and in chronological order at the further references to this personage, whom we shall see gradually assuming a more legendary character, whilst his impudent claims are received with growing credulity.

On October 3, 1513, Conradus Mutianus Rufus (*i.e.*, Conrad Mudt the Redhaired), the Canon of Gotha, in a letter breathing fire and flames against the monkish persecutors of the theologian Reuchlin, turns aside for a moment to mention one whom we can scarcely err in identifying with our hero. "There came eight days since to Erfurt a certain cheiromancer by name George Faust, *Helmitheus Hedebergensis*, a downright swaggerjack and fool. His profession is idle, as is the profession of all the like paltry soothsayers, and such (an art of) physiog-

nomy is lighter than a water-spider (*tippula*—the learned Canon imitates an expression of Plautus). The unlettered gape at him in wonderment; let the theologians rise up against *him*. They will not demolish our philosopher Capnio (Reuchlin). I have heard him babbling in a tavern. I did not reprove his boasting. What is the folly of others to me?"

The expression *Helmitheus Hedebergensis* is apparently meaningless and probably corrupt. If we accept Dünzer's ingenious conjecture, *Hemitheus Hedelbergensis*, it would mean "demigod, of Heidelberg." There has been found actually inscribed in the Matriculation Roll of the Heidelberg University a Johannes Fust, who entered in the Faculty of Philosophy in 1505 and graduated as bachelor, the senior of fourteen, in 1510. Is this the same man? The Christian names do not agree, but in the other documents which remain to be quoted there is this same wavering between George and John. Was there more than one Faust the Sorcerer, or did our hero deal in aliases—as indeed judging from what evidence we have of him he had good reason to? The dates do not forbid us to identify this Johannes Fust of Heidelberg with Mudt's George Faust, but they do not tally so well with the facts quoted from Trittheim (see p. xiv.) concerning *Georgius Sabellicus, the younger Faustus*, and if we identify Trittheim's Faust with Mudt's, as the characteristics of the two charlatans would seem to justify us in doing, we must throw back into the sea the fish we have drawn in our net from the Heidelberg Matriculation Roll. The name Fust was

by no means rare, and Johannes Faust the graduate of Heidelberg may well have been a harmless individual who in Defoe's quaint words "knew no more of the Devil than another body."

The importance in the investigation of the Faust-legend of the two documents quoted cannot be overestimated. In them we have the personal testimony of two of the best known men of their time, scholars both, to their own acquaintanceship with Faust, together with a graphic appreciation of his character, entirely untinged by the superstition of the time, which carries conviction with it.

The year 1520 brings us a brief but highly interesting notice extracted from the register of accounts of the bishopric of Bamberg, the entry of an "item of eighteen gulden given and presented to Dr. Faustus the philosopher, as a gratuity for that he hath cast a nativity of my gracious master." Oddly enough, we find from an entry of the previous year in the same register that Hans Muller, the Treasurer, dated his yearly accounts "from Walpurgis until Walpurgis again."

But Faust does not meet with such a gracious reception everywhere. In the judicial archives of Upper Bavaria is a report to the effect that "on the Wednesday after St. Vitus 1528, one that did call himself Dr. Jörg Faustus of Heidelberg was bidden to quit the town (Ingolstadt) and spend his penny[1] elsewhere, and he hath taken a solemn vow that he will neither avenge him upon the authorities for

[1] *i.e.* his means; cf. English, "a pretty penny."

this summons, nor make merry at their expense."

The learned Joachim Camerarius, Chancellor of the University of Tübingen, writing to a friend in 1536, says:—

"The day before the nones I passed the saddest of nights, the Moon being opposed to Mars in the sign of the Fishes. For my friend Faust is to blame that I take pleasure in talking of these matters with thee. Would he had taught thee something of his art, rather than have puffed thee up with the vain wind of the most empty superstition, or held thee in suspense by I know not what magic! But what doth he say to us now? For I know that thou hast diligently questioned him concerning everything. Is the Emperor victorious (in France *videlicet*)? So it needs must be."

Philipp Begardi, the physician of the city of Worms, writes in his *Index Sanitatis* (1539):—

"For a few years agone he journeyed almost throughout the whole country, principality, and kingdom, himself made known his name to everybody, and boasted highly of his great art, not alone in medicine, but also Cheiromancy, Nigromancy (*sic*), Physiognomy, Crystal-gazing, and the like other arts. . . . He hath also himself avouched and doth not gainsay that he is and is called Faustus, thereto hath writ himself Philosophus Philosophorum, etc. But they that have complained to me that they have been cozened of him, of them the tale hath been great. Now his promise was great . . . and likewise his fame; but the deed . . . well-nigh petty and cheating; yet hath he not been

backward in the taking of money, and furthermore, on his departure, he hath paid many with heel-money."

The Protestant pastor of Basle, Johann Gast, in his *Convivales Sermones* (Table-talk) (1548), relates the following facts, already in a much more credulous spirit:—

"Concerning the Necromancer Faust. Towards evening he turned into a certain very rich monastery, intending to pass the night there. One of the brothers set before him a common wine of doubtful quality and nothing pleasing to the palate. Faustus begged him to draw from another cask a better wine, such as he was wont to give to distinguished visitors. The brother said: 'I have not the keys, the Prior is asleep, and to waken him is a sin.' Faust replied: 'There lie the keys in the corner, take them, broach the cask there on the left, and bring me a drink.' The brother refused—he was forbidden by the Prior to set any other wine before the guests. When Faust heard this he said, full of wrath: 'Thou shalt soon see marvels, inhospitable brother.' He went away at daybreak, hot with rage, taking no leave of the host, and sent an infuriate demon which day and night kept a pother in the monastery, and flung everything topsy-turvy both in the church and in the cells of the monks, so that do what they would they could get no rest. . . .

"Another sample of Faustus. In Basle I dined with him in the great College. He had given to the cook divers sorts of birds to roast. Where he had bought them, or who had given

them to him, I know not, for at that time they could not be bought, and besides, I had never seen the like in our neighbourhood. With him he had a dog and a horse, of which I believe that they were devils, and ready to execute anything. They told me that the dog at times assumed the form of a servant and procured victuals. But the wretch fell upon a lamentable end, for he was throttled of the devil, and his corpse lay upon the bier ever face downwards, although five several times he was turned upon his back. May God keep us, that we become not bondsmen of Satan!"

It is worth noting that of these marvels the only one which the good pastor relates as an eye-witness, though perplexing to him, is not in itself wildly improbable. The others are mere floating gossip.

The famous naturalist, Conrad Gesner, writing on August 16, 1561, says:—

"I for my part conjecture that these (*i.e.* the forbidden arts, such as Astrology, Necromancy, and the like) are survivals of Druidism. For the Druids amongst the old Celts were wont to be instructed for some years by demons in subterranean places, whereof it is established that it is still carried on in our day at Salamanca in Spain. From this school came those who are commonly called strolling scholars. Amongst these a certain Faust, who died quite recently, is in particular famous."

The next piece of testimony, that of the *Locorum communium collectanea* of Johannes Manlius (1562), has especial interest inasmuch as it claims to rest upon the authority of his

master, Philip Melanchthon, the great reformer and friend of Luther. It is as follows:—

"I (*sc.* Melanchthon) know one by the name of Faust, from Kundling, a small town in the neighbourhood of my home. Whilst this man was a student at Cracow he learnt the art of Magic, which art indeed was aforetimes greatly in vogue there, and of it there were public professorial courses. He wandered far and wide and talked of mysterious things. When he was going to give an exhibition in Venice, he said he would fly up into the sky. And accordingly the Devil raised him aloft and so dashed him down, that being hurled to the ground he was well-nigh a dead man, but nevertheless he came off with his life. Not many years since this same Johannes Faustus sat very dismal on his last day in a certain village of the Duchy of Württemberg. The host asked him why, contrary to his use and wont, he was so sad, for he was used to be a good-for-nothing losel, of a foul way of life, so that on divers occasions his debauchery had brought him to Death's door; whereupon he said unto the host in that village: 'See you be not affrighted this night.' And at dead of night the house quaked, and when Faust did not arise betimes and it was already on midday, the host took others to himself, went into his chamber and found him lying beside his bed with his face twisted round to his back, thus he had been destroyed of the devil. Whilst he still lived he had a dog with him, that was a devil. . . . This Faust slipped away in this city of Wittenberg when the excellent Prince, Duke John, had given orders to

lay hands upon him. So also he got away at Nuremberg. There he had scarce set himself down to breakfast when a great agitation took him, and he immediately rose up, paid his host what he owed him, but scarcely was out at the door when the tipstaves came and sought for him. This same sorcerer Faust, an abominable beast and a sink of many devils, boasted of himself that all the victories won by the imperial armies in Italy had been by him brought to pass with the aid of his magic. But that was altogether a vain lie."

We pass over the references to Faust in the Chronicle of the Count Frohen Christof von Zimmern, which repeat the story of the Poltergeist with which the magician plagued the monks of Luxheim in the Vosges Mountains (for this time the name of the monastery is given), and also report his death at the hands of the Devil, with the addition that he had been accustomed during his lifetime to call his familiar spirit his "brother-in-law."

The following account, drawn from the book *De praestigiis Daemonum* (concerning the juggleries of demons), the work of a Dutch physician, Johannes Wier, published in 1568, adds yet further traits to those with which we are already familiar:—

"Johannes Faust, born in the little town of Kundling, studied Magic at Cracow, where it was aforetimes publicly taught, and with lies and manifold deceit practised it in divers parts of Germany for some years before 1540, marvelled at of many. With vain boasting and promises there was nothing he could not do.

I will show the reader by one example the nature of his art, provided that he first promise me not to imitate it. It was in this wise. This scoundrel was arrested at Batenburg on the banks of the Meuse, on the borders of Guelderland, and in the absence of the Baron Hermann was treated with much gentleness by his chaplain, since he promised to teach this good and simple-minded man the knowledge of divers matters and various arts. And accordingly the latter brought forth wine, for which Faustus had a singular affection, until the cask was at an end. Thereupon, when Faust was aware of this and the other said he must betake him to Grave to have his beard shaved, he promised him, if he would have a care for more wine, a peculiar art, by which a man might be rid of his beard without the use of a razor. The bargain having been struck, he bid him rub in arsenic, without in any way describing the method. Now when the other had rubbed in the arsenic, there followed such an inflammation that not only the hairs of the beard, but also the skin and the flesh were burned. The man himself has related to me more than once this trick, with great chagrin. When another man, one not unknown to me, one that had a black beard and in general a somewhat dark-skinned countenance, such as witnesseth of melancholy (for he was a Spleneticus), came to Faust, the latter straightway said: 'Of a truth I weened thou hadst been my brother-in-law, wherefore I looked straight at thy feet, to see if they had long and crooked talons.' Thus he compared him with the Demon, of whom he

believed that he came to him, and it was his wont to call him his brother-in-law. At last he was found in a village of the Duchy of Württemberg dead beside his bed, with his face twisted all awry, and it is said that on the preceding midnight the house had quaked. A school-master in Goslar learned through the instruction of *Faustus magus*, or rather *infaustus malus*, the method by which Satan by means of spells might be shut up in a glass. In order that he might not be disturbed of any, he went on a certain day into a wood, and here, being so ill-advised as to engage in a magical incantation, there appeared to him a devil of most hideous form, with flaming eyes, with a nose crumpled like a cow's horn, with long tushes like those of a wild boar, with chaps like a cat, in sum, a most horrible sight. He swooned away of the horror of this phantom, and lay there some hours for dead. When at last he recovered in part his senses, and went towards the city-gate, some friends met him and asked him why he looked so pale and discomposed. He shuddered and held his peace, as if he were beside himself, and when they had got him home he began to utter fearful sounds and to grow altogether demented. In the course of a year he began at last to talk again, and related how that the Devil had appeared to him in that guise. After he had taken the Sacrament, he commended himself three days later to God and took leave of this miserable life."

In a manuscript chronicle of about 1580 M. Zacharias Hogel, writing of the period about the year 1550, relates as follows concerning the

"notorious sorcerer and desperate hell-brand Dr. Faust. Although he dwelt at Wittenberg, yet being wont with his restless spirit to roam ever about the world, he also presented himself at the University of Erfurt, took a lodging near the great College, and by his boasting brought it to such a pass that he was allowed to lecture in a public chair, and expound to the students the Greek poet Homer, and having thereby occasion to make mention of Priam, King of Troy, and of Hector, the warlike hero of that city, of Ajax, Ulysses, Agamemnon, and many others, he described them all, what manner of men they were to look upon. He was entreated (for indeed there be impertinent lads, and what there was behind him was no secret) to bring it to pass by his art that they should come and show themselves, just as he had described them." This he agrees to do, and fixes a time thereto. "Quickly he called them in one after another; now this one, now the other when he was gone, came in to them, looked upon them, and shook his head, as if he were still acting in the field before Troy. The last of all was the giant Polyphemus, who had only one horrible great eye in the middle of his forehead, and a long beard as red as fire; he was devouring a wight, whose thigh dangled from his mouth; he frighted men with the look of him, that their hair stood on end, and when Dr. Faustus beckoned to him to be gone, he made as if he understood it not; he smote upon the ground with his great iron spear until the whole College shook again, and thereupon betook himself away."

On another occasion in a learned gathering of theologians and councillors, the conversation turned upon the old poets Plautus and Terence, "and it was lamented that so much of these same writers was already lost, of which, could they but have them, they might with great profit avail themselves in the schools. Dr. Faust listened, began also to talk of both poets, recited divers speeches which he asserted had stood in their lost comedies, and made offer, provided he were held scathless, and that it was not distasteful to the theologians, to bring all the lost comedies to light again, and to lay them before them for some hours, when they must be speedily copied by divers students or scriveners, if they wished to have them, and hereafter they might avail themselves of them to their heart's content. The theologians and councillors, however, did not approve of his proposition: for, said they, the Devil might slip in all sorts of scandalous matter with these new-found comedies, and it was possible to learn enough good Latin even without them, from those that were extant."

Yet another of the theologians of Wittenberg, one Augustine Lercheimer von Steinfelden, a pupil of Melanchthon like the Johannes Manlius already quoted, has much to tell of the notorious sorcerer in his work entitled *Christian Reflection and Reminder Concerning Sorcery, etc.*, which appeared in an enlarged and improved edition at Strassburg in 1586. The following extracts are drawn from this source:—

"Harmless, and yet sinful, was the prank that Johannes Faust of Knüttlingen played in

the tavern at M—— where he sat with sundry, and they drank one to another now half a glass, now even a whole glass, as is the custom of the Saxons and other Germans. When now the host's lad filled his mug or goblet too full, he chid him, and threatened to eat him up, if he did the like again. But he mocked at him: 'Eat me up, quotha!' and again filled his mug too full. Thereupon Faust opens his jaws and eats him up. Then he whips up the tub that held the water for cooling the wine, 'After a good bite a good sup,' says he, and drains that too. The host spoke earnestly with the guest, that he should get him his servant again, or he would see what he should do with him. Faust bade him be content, and look behind the stove. There lay the lad, quaking with fright, drenched to the skin. Thither had the devil thrust him, poured the water over him, bewitched the eyes of the onlookers so that it seemed to them as he were eaten, and the water drunk.

"So Faust fared once on Fastens-eve with his company, after they had supped at home, from Meissen in Bavaria into the bishop's cellar at Salzburg for the night-draught, over sixty miles, where they drank of the best. And the cellarer coming in by hap, rated them as thieves, whereupon they betook themselves away, carrying him with them as far as a wood; then Faust set him upon a high fir-tree, and flew off with his crew, leaving him sitting.

"The lewd, devilish rogue Faust sojourned a while at Wittenberg, came upon a time to Master Philip (*i.e.* Melanchthon), who read him a good sermon, chid him and exhorted him to

depart from the thing, or he would come to a bad end, as indeed it fell out. But he gave no heed thereto. Now once it was about ten of the clock, and Master Philip went down from his study to table, and Faust was with him, whom he had chidden hotly. And he speaks to him: 'Master Philip, you always set upon me with rough words, one of these times I will bring it to pass, when you go to table, that all the crocks in the kitchen shall fly out at the chimney, so that you and your guests shall have naught to eat.' Thereupon answers him Master Philip: 'See thou let that be; I snap my fingers at thee and thine art.' And so he let it be. Another old God-fearing man exhorted him too to repentance. To him he sent by way of thanks a devil into his bed-chamber, whilst he was going to bed, in order to affright him. It goeth round about in the chamber, grunteth like a sow. But the man well-armed in faith jeereth at it: 'Marry now, what a fine voice and song that is, an angel's, that could not abide in Heaven, that was thrust thence by reason of his pride, and now goeth about in folk's houses changed into a sow,' etc. Thereupon the spirit betakes him home again to Faust, complains to him how he had been received there and packed off. He would not be there, where they flung in his teeth his fall and his damnation, and gibed at him thereupon."

This is how Lercheimer relates in a later edition of his work the sorcerer's appalling end:—

"In the aforenamed village he arrived on a

Holy Day in the evening, sick and ill at ease, for that the hour appointed him by the devil according to their bond was now at hand. Findeth in the tavern a boon company of peasants sitting with great uproar. Beggeth the host therefore to give him a separate chamber. When now the peasants cry the more the longer they sit, entreateth them to make less din, to bear with him as with a sick man. Thereupon they do it more than ever, as is the wont of peasants when they are entreated. Then Faust for the last time maketh proof of his art upon them: Setteth all their mouths ajar, so that they sit and gape each at other—none can speak a word: They hint and point to the room of the guest, that the host should entreat him to let their mouths go to again. That is done, with the condition that henceforth they shall be silent. Thereupon they straightway betake themselves off. At midnight the host heareth an uproar in Faust's bedchamber: findeth him in the morning in such wise that his neck was twisted awry and his head hanging down from the bed."

Lercheimer's book brings us down to 1586. Other references to the story of Faust antecedent to that date exist, but it would serve no purpose to quote them here, since they are either bare allusions, or are drawn from the sources already quoted at length. Together they serve to show the extent of the interest in the figure of the sorcerer, and the manner in which his extravagant pretensions gradually came to be accepted, and even capped by the popular rumour.

It is scarcely possible to sift truth from fiction in the reports concerning him, yet these contemporary or almost contemporary accounts leave no shadow of a doubt that such a man really existed, and enable us to form at least some conception as to what manner of man he was. He would seem to have been a man of no mean gifts and of considerable culture, inasmuch as he succeeded in commending himself to men of learning; yet there would seem to be as little doubt that he cultivated of set purpose the repute of a sorcerer, and lent himself to imposture to that end. Possibly he had some insight into secrets of nature generally unknown in his day, or possibly his feats were merely well-planned conjuring-tricks. The stories of his lecturing on Homer, and of his promise touching the MSS. of Plautus and Terence, would seem to represent him as a humanist, interested in the Revival of Letters in Germany; the conjuration of the spirits of Homeric heroes, if it rest upon any foundation of truth, may have been a skilfully-contrived masque, with or without intention to deceive. He was evidently a great wanderer, and if the reports may be believed, he was like Schwerdtlein, over fond of "foreign women and foreign wine." He was apparently not a welcome visitor everywhere alike, and presumably he came by a violent death. It has been ingeniously suggested—though of course it is the merest conjecture—that he blew himself up as the unpremeditated result of some chemical experiment.

The Faust-books.—With the year 1587 the

Faust-legend entered upon a new phase of development, for that year saw the definite crystallisation of all the scattered rumours concerning Faust, together with much foreign matter, in the form of what is generally known as the first Faust-book, printed at Frankfort-on-the-Main by Johann Spiess. The title-page of this, the first of a long line of Faust-books, runs as follows: "History of Dr. Johann Faustus, the far-famed Sorcerer and Master of the Black Art, How he sold himself to the Devil for an appointed time, What strange Adventures he saw, himself brought to pass and carried through in the meanwhile, till at length he received his well-earned reward. Compiled and printed largely from his own surviving Writings, an appalling Example, abominable Instance, and well-meant Warning to all presumptuous, curious, and Godless Men. James IV. *Submit yourselves to God. Resist the devil and he will flee from you.*"

Though this Faust-book is not the one that was known to Goethe, the later ones all follow it more or less closely, and a brief examination of it will enable us to dispense with anything more than an enumeration of its successors.

Dr. Faust then, according to this account, was a peasant's son, who was adopted and reared by a wealthy cousin at Wittenberg, and was put to the study of Theology, but "he departed from this blessed undertaking, and abused the Word of God." Nevertheless he became Doctor of Theology, taking his examination with distinction; but "what will to the Deil maun to the Deil," he lays the Holy Scrip-

tures behind the door and under the bench, turns to Medicine and the Magic Arts, "takes to himself eagles' wings, seeks to explore the reasons of everything in Heaven and on the Earth," and as a preliminary step, sets about to raise the Devil. He makes the attempt in a wood at eventide in four cross-ways, and once and again is unsuccessful, the Devil choosing to be coy, though on each occasion he treats the bold conjurer to such a startling devil's circus that the latter must have felt very thankful to have the safe bulwark of a magic-circle between himself and the uncouth performers. At length, however, there appears a sort of fire-work-display, which shapes itself into a fiery man, who goes round and round the circle for a quarter of an hour, and finally, assuming the form of a Grey Friar, asks Faust what is his wish. Faust wishes his obedient service during his life, and truthful answers to all his questions. But the devil is only a subordinate; he expounds to Faust the devilish hierarchy, and after further negotiations detailed articles are drawn up on both sides, the sum and substance of which is contained in the well-known pact. Faust accepts, for "he thought the Devil was not as black as he was painted, nor Hell so hot as was said."

Our author then proceeds to give us the very words of the bond, "a horrible and appalling work," which was found in Dr. Faust's dwelling after his "miserable decease."

The bond sets forth in legal parlance, with the accumulation of synonyms in which the lawyer's heart delights, that Dr. Faustus,

having resolved to "search the elements," and not finding in his own head the necessary skill thereto, hath submitted himself to the spirit sent to him and here present, Mephostopheles by name, a servant of the hellish Prince in the East, and hath chosen the aforesaid Mephostopheles to instruct and teach him in these matters, who hath further promised to be submissive and obedient in everything to the aforesaid Dr. Faustus. In consideration whereof the aforesaid Dr. Faustus doth promise and engage himself, that twenty-four years from the date of these presents the aforesaid Prince of Hell shall dispose of him as seemeth to him good, with body, soul, flesh, blood, and worldly wealth, and that in his eternity.

To sign this bond Dr. Faustus "took a pointed knife, opened a vein in his left hand, and they say that of a truth there was seen in that hand a graven and bloody writing, *O Homo fuge*, that is to say, 'O man, flee from him and do right,'" etc.

Faust now leads a merry life, his Familiar laying under contribution all the neighbouring wine-cellars and larders to purvey for his table. The Devil even makes him a yearly allowance of 1300 crowns, paid weekly. Things go on very smoothly between the high contracting parties until Faust proposes to marry. The Devil objects, "for wedlock is a thing of the Most High, but we are wholly opposed to it;" Faust persists, the Devil frightens him half out of his wits, whereupon Faust returns to his allegiance, and the Devil propitiates him with a seraglio of female demons in the form of fair women.

But Faust has not sold his soul merely for a mess of pottage. He also lusts *cognoscere rerum causas*, a very laudable ambition in these days, but to the biographer of Faust a "godless curiosity." Accordingly we find him engaging in a series of learned "disputations" with his Familiar. Guided by a curiosity not unnatural in one in his position, he first informs himself "concerning Hell and its antre," "concerning the regimen of the devils," and "concerning the former estate of the outcast angels."

The Devil's answers upon these points are sufficiently frank and by no means lacking in graphic detail, and Faust "goes out silently from his presence into his own chamber, lays himself upon his bed, begins to weep bitterly, to sigh, and to cry out in his heart," but takes no serious thought of becoming reconciled with God. He seeks distraction from his gloomy forebodings in almanack-making, and "his almanacks were not like those of divers inexperienced astrologers, the which in winter set cold and frost, or snow,—in summer and in the dog-days warm, thunder and storm," but "when he set mist, wind, snow, moist, warm, thunder, hail, etc., it fell out even so." He also pursues his studies in physics at the feet of Mephostopheles, plying him with questions concerning "the art of Astronomy or Astrology," "concerning Winter and Summer," and concerning the "course, adornment, and origin of the heavens." The devil's answer to the question "How God created the world and concerning the first birth of man" does not tally with the account in Genesis, which provokes in our

author an outburst of indignation in the form of a marginal note: "Devil, thou liest! the Word of God teacheth otherwise in this matter."

Faust now lays aside for a while his studies at home, and proceeds to make the *grand tour* of the universe. Urged on by the old morbid curiosity, he begins with Hell, but the devil cheats him with a "mere phantasy or dream," for had he really seen Hell aright, he "would have had no longing to go thither." Then he takes an eight-days' trip in a dragon-chariot through the sky. His third journey extends over the whole of Europe, and as far as Cairo and India. His charger is Mephostopheles, in the form of a horse, but with wings like a dromedary[1] (!) From the highest peak of the island (*sic !*) of Caucasus he gets a glimpse of Paradise, with the flaming sword that defends its entrance.

The third part of the book describes the various feats of magic performed by the sorcerer: how he raised the spirit of Alexander the Great and his consort at the court of the Emperor Charles V.; how he bewitched a stag's antlers upon the head of a gentleman; how he ate a cartload of hay, together with the cart and the horses, belonging to a peasant who disputed the passage with him; how he borrowed money from a Jew, giving the same his foot in pawn, the which he himself did saw off in the presence of the Jew; how he sold five swine to a pig-jobber, the which turned into wisps of straw when crossing a running stream; how he built

[1] The author possibly confuses the *dromedary* with the *ostrich*.

a castle by his magic upon a height; how with his cronies he fared into the cellar of the Bishop of Salzburg; how he called up the spirit of Helen of Troy to pleasure his guests, who were all inflamed with love of her; together with many other freaks of a like nature. In the twenty-third year of his contract with the Devil he takes the Grecian Helena to be his concubine, and by her has a son, Justus Faustus. In the twenty-fourth year he prepares for his end, makes his will, in which he names his servant Wagner his heir, bequeathing him further a familiar spirit named Auerhahn, and then delivers himself up to despair and lamentation, to a running accompaniment of jeers and gibes from Mephostopheles, who ingeniously exploits and adapts to this end the popular collections of proverbs of the day.

Faust's death is described with vivid realism: "Now it fell that between the hours of twelve and one of the night, there came against the house a great tempestuous wind, the which surrounded the house on all sides, as though all would fall in ruin, and it would tear the house to the ground; whereat the students well-nigh lost heart, sprang out of bed and began to comfort one another, would not quit the chamber, the host ran from his own house into another. The students lay hard by the chamber wherein Dr. Faust was, they heard a hideous whistling and hissing, as the house were full of serpents, vipers, and other noisome worms, thereupon Dr. Faust's door flies open in the room, he sets up a cry of 'Help! Murther!' but scarce with half a voice, shortly after they heard him no more.

When now the day dawned, and the students had not slept the whole of the night, they went into the room wherein Dr. Faust had been, but they saw no Faust, nothing save the room bespattered with blood, the brains cleaved to the wall, for that the Devil had beaten him from the one wall to the other. There lay there also his eyes and sundry teeth. A horrible and appalling spectacle."

Whether the compiler of this truly "appalling history" had indeed before him any of the surviving writings of Dr. John Faust or not, he certainly did not limit himself to them, but took good handfuls both from the books already quoted and from others dealing with kindred topics, troubling himself little whether the stories were originally told of his hero or of another. Thus the conjuring up of the spirits of Alexander the Great and his consort, the planting of the stag's antlers upon the head of the knight, the leg that was given in pawn to the Jew, the bewitched swine, the devouring of the cartload of hay, even the union of the sorcerer with the Grecian Helen, have all been traced to earlier, some to much earlier sources. The compact with the devil was a commonplace of the wizard-superstition of the day. The *motif* is found as early as the sixth century, in the oriental Theophilus-legend. Theophilus, like Faust, as has already been pointed out, signs the contract in his own life-blood, but, unlike him, is saved at last by the intervention of the Holy Virgin.

If the good faith of the author of the Faust-book in the matter of his sources is questionable,

it is equally permissible to doubt whether, in spite of the frequent Scriptural texts with which he interlards his story, he was entirely single-minded in his professed purpose of setting before his readers an "appalling Example, abominable Instance, and well-meant Warning." It is reasonable to suppose that his first aim was to produce a marketable book, and though he shows none of the qualities of a great writer, he certainly possessed the first requisite of success, the knack of hitting the public taste of his time.

There was something in the machinery of devilry and witchcraft that appealed strongly to a superstitious age, and is not without interest in our own; there was something in the "godless curiosity," the yearning after hidden knowledge of the hero of the Faust-book, that was by no means foreign to a society through which was passing with the Revival of Letters as it were a breath of fresh air through a long-closed chamber; there was in the lust for sensual gratification, in the very horse-play of the conjuring-feats, something that tickled the palate of an age that asked for "strong drinks." Accordingly the success of the Faust-book was immediate and enduring.

A first proof of this success is seen in the bitterness with which Lercheimer attacks it in a later edition of his already-mentioned book. Lercheimer takes it as a slight upon Wittenberg and the reformed religion, overlooking the fact that the writer is a Protestant like himself; he accuses it of error in various points, and concludes: "It is, however, an unseemly and grievous thing that our printers should venture

without fear or shame to scatter broadcast and make known to everybody such books, that are a slander upon honourable folk, and to curious youth, into whose hands they fall, a stumbling-block and a temptation to wish, like apes (whereby indeed the devil is not slow to present himself), to attempt to imitate the like wonder-works, thoughtless and heedless of the end of Faust and his likes; not to mention that the fair and noble art of printing given to us of God to a good end is in such a degree misused to an evil end."

In spite of this counterblast of Lercheimer the Faust-book appeared in two new editions in 1587, and again in two editions in 1588. In 1588 there appeared also a rhymed version of the Faust-story. In 1590 an enlarged edition of the prose version appeared at Berlin. One of the additional stories relates how Faust with a party of students visited the fair of Leipsic. As they were seeing the sights, "it fell out that they passed a wine-cellar, where certain draymen were busy with a great cask of wine, of about sixteen or eighteen runlets, and they were trying to hoist it out of the cellar, but could not." Faust gibes at their want of skill; one man, he says, could do it single-handed if he knew how to set about it. The host, nettled, retorts: "Well, then, he of you who can bring forth the cask alone, his shall it be." Faust asks nothing better; he forthwith "bestrideth the cask, as it were a horse, and rideth it so swiftly out of the cellar that every man was astonied." Thereupon Faust and his comrades invite other boon companions, and hold a carousal of several days around the cask.

Another of the new anecdotes relates how Faust asks his cronies at a drinking-bout whether they would not like to try one or two foreign wines. "Anon Faust asks for a gimlet, begins to bore four holes one after another along the edge of the table-top, sets pegs therein, as one sets spigots or corks into casks, bids bring a few clean glasses, then draws forth one peg after another, and to each there flows from the dry table-top, as it were from four casks, the wine he had asked for."

We shall not seek to enumerate all the successive editions, with their remodellings, additions, and variations, but must content ourselves with tracing the descent of the Faust-book which Goethe knew. In 1599 there appeared at Hamburg an entirely recast and greatly enlarged edition, that of Georg Rudolf Widmann. Notwithstanding its claims to originality, and its lofty contempt of the older Faust-book, it is throughout entirely dependent upon it.

In 1674 a Nuremberg physician, Johann Nicolaus Pfitzer, produced a new version based upon that of Widmann, and this lived on in a series of editions till 1729. Then there appeared a shorter version under the following title: "The compact of the world-famed Arch-Sorcerer and Black Magician Doctor Johann Faust with the Devil, wherein his adventurous career and his appalling end are all described in the plainest fashion. At this present time newly revised, abridged to an agreeable length, and prepared for the press, as an earnest exhortation and warning to all wilful sinners, by a Man of Christian Sentiments."

This version lived in successive editions until the year 1797, and it was doubtless in this form that Goethe made acquaintance with the story, though oddly enough he does not enumerate it amongst the books, of the type of the English chap-book, "printed from standing type on account of the great sale, almost illegibly, on the most abominable blotting-paper," which the children bought "for a few coppers from the little stall that stood before the door of a book-seller." (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Book I.)

The Faust-drama and the Puppet-play.—There was, however, a collateral branch in the descendants of the old Faust-book which also reached into Goethe's time, and shared with the Faust-book itself the honour of moving the mind of Goethe to its greatest creation. This was the stage-play of Dr. Faustus. The first to perceive the dramatic value of the story was our own Marlowe, who must have become acquainted with the book almost immediately after its appearance, possibly even before the publication of the first English translation, which there is reason to place in 1588 or 1589. Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* was in all likelihood written not later than 1589. Marlowe's play was practically a dramatisation of the story in the Faust-book, with the exclusion of unessential matter and with few alterations. This dramatised version was introduced into Germany by a troop of English players—we have evidence of at least two such troops for whom the excellence of the Elizabethan drama procured appointments at the courts of German princes, and who also made tours in the pro-

vinces. This play was handed down by one generation of actors to another, undergoing many changes, and becoming more and more a vehicle for spectacular display and buffoonery, something not unlike our Christmas pantomimes.

A play-bill of the year 1688 gives an excellent idea of what it had then become. It is advertised as "*the incomparable and world-famed play entitled the Life and Death of the great Arch-sorcerer D. Johannes Faustus, with excellent Jackpudding tomfoolery from beginning to end. In this main performance will be seen with wonderment :—*

1. *Pluto floating through the air on a dragon.*
2. *Dr. Faust's sorcery and conjuration of the spirits.*
3. *Jackpudding, whilst he is trying to collect gold, is tormented by all sorts of magic-birds in the air.*
4. *Dr. Faust's banquet, in which the show-dishes are transformed into fantastic figures.*
5. *Marvellous to see will be how men, dogs, cats, and other beasts come out of a pasty and fly through the air.*
6. *A fire-breathing raven comes flying through the air and announces to Faust his approaching death.*
7. *At length Faust is carried away by the spirits.*
8. *Lastly, Hell will be represented adorned with beautiful fireworks.*"

It may easily be imagined how this strange medley fell out of favour with the cultured taste

of the eighteenth century, which under the influence of Gottsched turned more and more for inspiration to the classical drama of France, and the last authenticated representation of the drama of Faust was in the year 1770. But the play had already found a new field in the marionette-theatre. Such theatres visited Frankfort, Goethe's birthplace, during fair-time, and it was in one of them that he saw the play as a boy, receiving from it a most profound impression.

The puppet-play had no place in the republic of letters until Goethe's play procured it citizenship. It lived only upon the lips of the showmen, in a hundred varying versions, as the hazard of circumstance shaped it. It was still largely played in the first half of last century, and an account of the efforts made by literary men to secure a copy of the libretto would make a story in itself. Often it was handed down from father to son, and did not exist in writing, or if it did exist, was jealously guarded as a trade secret. Various versions of it were obtained in more or less imperfect form by making notes at actual performances. Amidst much that is as wooden as the actors into whose mouth it was put, and much that is " in 'Ercles vein," there are not wanting many marks of its high lineage.

The version of which there follows the briefest *résumé* is that published by Dr. Wilhelm Hamm, who, thanks to the smartness of his amanuensis and the seductive powers of ale and wine, succeeded in diverting for a while from its lawful owner a well-thumbed stage-copy of the play.

The scene opens on Faust in his study; discontented with Theology, he is resolved to study "Nigromanticks." A voice on the right warns him against this resolution, a voice on the left confirms him in it. He decides to follow the voice from the left. Wagner enters, to announce the arrival of two students with a long-wished-for book on "Nigromanticks." He obtains from Faust permission to engage a boy to help him with the housework. The youth engaged is Casper, the clown of the play. Meanwhile Faust with the help of his new book conjures up five spirits. He wishes to have the swiftest for his servant. One is swift as the bullet from the gun, another as the wind, another as the ship on the sea, another as a snail, another as human thought. His name is Mephistopheles. Through him the usual bargain is struck with Pluto for four-and-twenty years, and the bond is signed with blood, in spite of the warning letters H. F. (*homo fuge*) writ by the blood on Faust's finger. Thereupon the bond is carried to Pluto by a raven. Faust and his household now travel to the court of the Duke of Parma, where the sorcerer conjures up several dead notabilities, mostly scriptural characters, for the entertainment of the court. Returned home, Faust is seized with remorse; the devil seduces him anew by the gift of Helen. The tragic tone of the last scene, which has many striking touches, is relieved by the buffoonery of Casper, now a night-watchman; the Furies carry off Faust amidst thunder and lightning, but the devil Auerhahn, who had come for Casper, will have none of him on learn-

ing that he is a night-watchman. With this jest at duly-constituted authority the curtain falls.

The Growth of Goethe's Faust.—We have seen how the Faust-drama underwent changes which brought it more and more out of harmony with the cultured taste formed upon the French classical drama. But even before the popular Faust-play finally disappeared from the boards, another movement had sprung up in German literature, which sought its models amongst the English poets, notably in Milton and Shakspere, which raked out from the dust again such monuments of ancient German literary glory as the polished lyrics of the Minnesänger and the popular epic of the Nibelungen, and which could not fail to be attracted anew by the romantic story of the great arch-sorcerer. There was even in the second half of the eighteenth century some intellectual kinship with the period which had first given birth to the Faust-legend. The impulse given to free inquiry by the French "age of reason," not in France alone, but in Germany, as in England, was akin to that which had resulted from the Revival of Letters and the Reformation; all minds were in a state of ferment, of revolt against old conventions in every branch of human activity; and the imperious thirst after knowledge, combined with the decay of religious belief, produced then, as it tends to produce in our own days, an inclination to dabble in all kinds of mystic lore. Faust, the ambitious spirit who aspired after all knowledge and all power, reckless of consequences, and shook

himself free from all trammels of moral or religious law, seemed the very incarnation of the spirit of the times, and could not possibly have escaped the attention of the fiery young geniuses of the age of Storm-and-Stress. And so we find there was scarcely a single aspirant to literary fame but had in his wallet his scheme for a Faust-romance, a Faust-poem, or a Faust-drama. And like the rest of them Goethe too had his.

If we may trust Goethe's own memory in the matter, it was in his twentieth year, in the year 1769, that he first began to toy with the thought of writing a Faust-drama. A severe illness had brought him home from the University of Leipsic to his father's house in Frankfort, and he whiled away the tedium of a protracted convalescence by studies of alchemy and magic, in half-credulous mood. In 1770, whilst he was pursuing his studies at the University of Strasbourg, he tells us "the significant story of the puppet-play again murmured and hummed in my soul with manifold voices. I too had roamed about in the whole field of science, and had early been brought to see its vanity. I had made trial of life too in every form, and had returned ever more discontented, more ill at ease. Now like many another I bore these things about with me, and took pleasure in them in my hours of solitude, but without writing any part of them down."

When he did actually set pen to paper it is impossible to say with certainty. Scattered allusions show us him busy with it at intervals between 1773 and 1775; portions were read to

his friends, and it even leaked out to a wider circle that Goethe, whose *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Werther* had already won him European notoriety, was engaged upon a *Faust*, which was awaited with the most lively expectation. But in 1775, on the invitation of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Goethe transferred his abode to Weimar, and the distractions and duties of court life put an end for fourteen years to all work upon the Faust. Not until his Italian journey, not indeed until his second year in Italy, did Goethe find himself again in the mood to take up the dog's-eared and time-stained manuscript and resume the interrupted task. The part then written was the Witch's Kitchen. The new impulse, however, carried him no further, and when in 1790 he published an edition of his works, the Faust-scenes, offering but a loosely-connected sequence, appeared under the title, *Faust, a Fragment.*

This fragment did not extend beyond the scene in the Minster, and even then, as compared with the completed Part I., it showed many gaps.

It begins with the first monologue of Faust in his study, "*I have studied, alas! Philosophy*," etc., includes the apparition of the Earth-Spirit, and the first conversation with Wagner, as far as the line "*In such a learnéd wise with you to reason.*" Of the following monologue of Faust it contains only the first four lines. The remainder of this monologue, together with the attempt at suicide and the Easter-music, is lacking, as are also the Easter-walk, the first scene in the study with the

exorcism of the poodle and the spirit-lullaby, the second appearance of Mephistopheles in the study, the dialogue between him and Faust, and the striking of the bargain as far as the words "*Each yearning assigned in sum to the whole race of mortals,*" which follow immediately on the first four lines of Faust's monologue after the departure of Wagner. Then come the remainder of the conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, the scene with the "freshman," Auerbach's Cellar, the Witch's Kitchen, and all the Gretchen-scenes with the exception of the dungeon-scene; also the two scenes between Faust and Mephistopheles, entitled respectively, "Street," and "Woodland and Cave," the second of which, however, is placed between the conversation of Gretchen and Lisbeth at the well, and Gretchen's prayer at the shrine of the Virgin.

Not until 1797 did Goethe again take up the Faust, and then largely, thanks to the repeated urgings of his friend Schiller. To this new growth belong the "Dedication," the "Prologue in Heaven," the "Prelude on the Stage," and the greater part of Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding, the latter not originally written for the Faust (see note, *Walpurgis-Night's Dream*, p. 241). Again the work was shelved for a while, but with the beginning of the new century the poet took the task earnestly in hand again, and in 1808, nearly forty years after its first conception, the First Part of *Faust* appeared complete as we now have it.

It was nearly twenty years from the publica-

tion of the First Part before any portion of the Second Part was given to the public. In 1827 there appeared the third act, briefly known as the "Helena," in 1828 the beginning of the first act, and the poet now worked continuously upon it until by the middle of the year 1831 the poem was completed, sealed up and laid away, with instructions that it should be opened and published only after Goethe's death. In 1832, however, he himself opened it, and made one or two trifling alterations. And thus the grey-headed old man of eighty-three set the finishing touches to the work first contemplated by the youth of twenty. Within two months of this he died, and in the same year the Second Part of *Faust* was published amongst his posthumous works.

The Second Faust.—The Second Part of *Faust* has not yet attained to anything like the popularity into which the First Part leapt at once upon its communication to the world. The reason of this diversity in their fortunes is not far to seek. The feature which captivated popular interest in the First Part was no part of the original ancient story which Goethe had set himself to revivify. The Gretchen-episode was a scion grafted upon the old stock, which blossomed into such beauty as completely to overshadow the fostering stem. It is not the medieval *diablerie*, still less the modern *Welt-schmerz*, which constitutes the universal appeal of the First Part of *Faust*. The central figure of the drama is neither the chafing human spirit nor the sneering devil. The soul of the play is the Gretchen-tragedy. The pitiful story of

sweet girlhood snapped from its stalk and trailed in the dust has no limit in the range of its appeal but that of the human heart. It grips alike the simple and unlettered, the cultured and refined.

That story is consummated in the First Part. It has and can have no sequel. And so the conviction naturally arose that there could be no continuation of the *Faust*, and the public—the pit, at least—was quite content to round off the story for itself, and take for granted that the villain of the piece—Faust, of course—met with his merited traditional reward.

When accordingly the story resumed its original course, and the Gretchen-episode retreated from the undue prominence which it had usurped—not, be it remembered, alone in the public mind, but also in the author's own elaboration of his scheme—the public would have none of it; perplexed and disconcerted, it refused in the new drama to recognise its *Faust*.

To this first cause of estrangement were added others, and this time it must be admitted, such as must ever circumscribe the readers of the Second Part within a relatively narrow, though it may be hoped, an ever-widening circle, from which the simple and the unlettered must remain excluded. Whilst the Second Part of the *Faust* touches upon, or rather searches deeply into, some of the profoundest problems of human destiny, it portrays none of those elemental emotions which link together from the humblest to the highest all degrees of human life, no touch of nature which, like the tragedy of Gretchen's betrayal, makes the

whole world kin. Its appeal is intellectual, rather than emotional; it addresses itself to the mind, rather than to the heart.

A further barrier to universal appreciation is erected by the fact that in the Second Part of the drama Goethe draws for his material not only upon his experience of the living world around him, but also, and in large measure, upon his experience of the no less real, but less commonly accessible world of books; and only those who have themselves frequented that world, or, at least, are content to accept a guide through it, will feel themselves at home in this creation of his riper years.

The earlier commentators scarcely mended matters. Those of them who took the continuation seriously persisted in seeing in it an elaborate allegory, which they proceeded to work out in detail, each along his own lines. Their labours, reciprocally contradictory, constitute an admirable illustration of a remark in the Preface to Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*, an allegorisation of classical mythology which might itself suffice to put us on our guard against the insidious process. *Neither am I ignorant*, says Bacon, *how fickle and inconstant a thing fiction is, as being subject to be drawn and wrested any way, and how great the commodity of wit and discourse is, that is able to apply things well, yet so as never meant by the first authors.*

Yet the allegorisers were not altogether without justification. Much of the Second Part of the *Faust*, and for the matter of that, some of the First, has a secondary figurative significance, whether we call it allegory or symbolism,

whether we regard it as abstract idea clothed in concrete form, or as concrete form shadowing forth abstract idea. But no mind, not even that of its author, could lay bare to us in hard and fast lines the whole of this inner significance. Each reader will interpret its content according to the range of his own objective and subjective experience.

The translator has thought it advisable to give the reader in the notes some hint of the various allegorical interpretations which have been read into parts of the text without, as a rule, pinning his faith to any.

The hostile critics disposed shortly of the Second *Faust* as the product of Goethe's declining powers, of his dotage, in short.

But the tide would seem to have turned, and Goethe's words in the First Part upon the slow growth of the appreciation of a great work have been prophetic of the fortunes of the Second *Faust* :—

Oft must it first through long, long years have striven
In perfect beauty ere it greet the light.
Tinsel is born to be the moment's pleasure,
The sterling gold will future ages treasure.

The *Faust* in its entirety is indeed altogether unique. Its composition synchronises with the whole period of intellectual productiveness of a life gifted with a length and fulness of experience such as are rarely vouchsafed to mortals. From its inception in 1769 to its consummation in 1832 it reflects the thoughts and moods of the greatest mind of the time, and of one of the most universally gifted minds of all times. It is the masterpiece of a poet who re-created

the literature of a nation and re-inspired the literature of a continent. Qualified to attain pre-eminence in letters, in art, in science, in statecraft, Goethe has made of the Second *Faust* in particular a vast receptacle for his overflowing reflections on these and kindred matters.

The Second *Faust* has not the impetuous rush of the First, when life moved *vehemently, with majestic passion;* but it abounds in the ripe reflections of that mellow age which treads *shrewdly now, in heedful fashion.* If there are in it traces of the advanced age of its writer, these are perhaps to be found in a certain self-complacency, akin to the licensed garrulity of honoured age, with which the poet protracts some portions beyond due limits, as if secure that all that falls from his lips will find respectful hearing, whereas a younger writer, standing in wholesome awe of criticism, would perhaps have been less sparing of the pruning-knife. In the *Mask* in Act I. and in the *Classical Walpurgis Night* this makes itself most felt. Yet it is hard to put the finger on this or that and say that one would wish it away. The present writer would be loth to sacrifice anything, unless, perhaps, it were those venerable, but utterly inexplicable and ineffably wearisome deities, the Kabiri.

But if there are some dull passages, there are magnificent bursts of poetry, such as Goethe in his highest flights never surpassed. The splendid *terza rima* in the first act (*Life's pulses newly-quickened now awaken*), in spite of some obscurities, is amongst the finest poetry the

world has seen; the stately re-creation of the forms of the Greek drama, the so-called *Helena* (Act III.) will appeal irresistibly to the classical scholar, and let us hope not only to him; the impassioned description of Arcadia in the latter part of that act (*And now, what though the mountain's giant shoulders*) is in itself a perfect poem, a yearning vision of that ideal land which men have never seen save in their dreams. The simple and touching idyll of Philemon and Baucis, the ghostly prologue to the Classical Walpurgis Night, the cloud-wrought pictures in the prologue to Act IV., the lyrical Euphorion, with its tribute to an English poet, the hymn of the *Pater Profundus* (*As at my feet, the gaze entrancing*), Faust's tranced dream, as also his waking vision of the wooing of Leda, these, and the countless passages of lesser moment which arrest and entrance the attention throughout the poem, show no trace of waning powers, and more than redeem the occasional *longueurs* which were perforce admitted above. So far from being a gigantic failure, the Second Part of the *Faust* is in itself a whole poetical literature from which it would be possible to cull no mean-sized anthology, without ever descending to the second-rate.

To the reader who by his reading desires to think as well as to feel, who is exhilarated by the rarer air of the heights and does not shrink from the labour of attaining to them, the Second *Faust* will be a perennial source of inspiration to which he will return again and again, as the mountaineer to the high summits. He will traverse many an arid tract, but there

will be revealed to him such shuddering depths, such an outlook over land and sea, such occasional vistas of the heavens, as will carry him along without weariness when even the First Part of the drama has grown monotonous from overgreat familiarity. As Mephistopheles says to Faust of Helen's robe, so we may say to him:—

> *'Twill bear thee swift above the trivial*
> *In ether high, so long thou weary not.*

The Present Translation.—The gratifying and growing success which the present translation has already enjoyed in the "Temple Classics" has encouraged the translator and the publishers to offer it to the public in this even more popular form. The opportunity thus furnished has been utilised to correct such misprints as had crept into the earlier editions and to remove a few flaws from the rendering. The translator is fully conscious of the fact that there is further room for this labour of the file, and promises himself at some future time, should his resolve be strengthened by continued appreciation of his work, to subject it to a yet more thorough revision than he has at present found himself able to undertake, when he trusts that a profounder study of the text and commentaries and a riper *technique* may enable him to render it a worthier reflection of its great original. In the meantime, whilst well aware that he has no title to speak as the final judge, he ventures again to express the hope that his version will be found on the whole a more adequate presentation in English of Goethe's masterpiece than its predecessors.

These, even the best of them, where they do not wantonly depart from the original or dilute it with otiose interpolations, are frequently disfigured by mistranslations, often serious ones, and that even where no excuse is furnished by obscurity in the original, or by the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm. Thus one of the best known translators, and one whose version has been most frequently republished, apparently misled by an accidental resemblance in the sound of the words, consistently renders the German *ehern*, brazen, by *iron*, not only in figurative uses where the substitution might be justified by certain obviously unsuitable associations of the literal English equivalent, but even when he thereby transforms the bronze age of the Homeric heroes into an age of iron! The same translator, again apparently misled by a resemblance in sound, consistently renders the German *darf* by its relatively rare sense of *dare*, even when the sense cries out for the common meanings of *may* or *need* or *must*.

The metres fare no better than the sense. In the Second Part of the poem, where the adaptation of the ever-varying rhythm to the sentiment is of the very essence of the conception of the poem, this defect is particularly conspicuous. The iambic trimetre and the Alexandrine, which bear a certain superficial resemblance in the number of feet, are in the extant translations hopelessly confused. The smooth flow of the latter is frequently dislocated by the neglect of the median cesura, which Goethe observed almost without exception, and the characteristic movement of the former, which certain

modifications introduced by Goethe do not destroy, sinks by a too frequent admission of the median cesura to a dead level of monotony, that is the merest travesty of Goethe's nervous lines. The choral odes, if anything, fare worse. Not only do the metrical schemes bear no resemblance to those of the original, but the essential metrical correspondence of strophe and antistrophe is completely ignored.

The word-plays, moreover, are frequently not seen, or if seen, shirked in translation.

The present translator does not claim to have steered clear of every reef, Nemesis forbid! But he does believe that his claim to have kept nearer to the fairway will be judged well-founded.

In the matter of rhyme the translator has felt no hesitation, in view of the difficulties of his task, in availing himself on occasion of every licence which can be justified by good precedent. In that he has but imitated both the theory and practice of his great original, who nevertheless had the richer rhyme-store of German whereon to draw and a greater liberty in modifying the expression of his thoughts than his translator has felt justified in assuming. Where greater fidelity seemed attainable by a little wresting of the rhyme, it seemed better that the unimpeachability of the rhyme should be sacrificed rather than the accurate reproduction of the thought. Happily it is not in the more highly-wrought lyrical passages, where impeccable rhyme is most essential, that the fetters of rhyme are most galling to bear. In grotesque or playful passages a far-fetched

rhyme, *e.g.* a compound trochaic rhyme, may even enhance the effect; and in the more humdrum dialogue, which in its exclusion of figurative language and of any but everyday words offers the greatest obstacles to a rhymed version, the occasional admission of imperfect rhyme is not only quite in keeping with the general quasi-prosaic effect, but affords also a not unpleasing contrast whereby the rest is thrown into higher relief. Even in music discords are admitted, and there may be such a thing as pedantry in rhyme. The present writer trusts he has made a judicious and not too frequent use of the liberty he has thought fit to arrogate to himself. Where the text of the original lends itself to varying interpretations, it has been the translator's endeavour to allow his version to reflect the various possible senses of the original. Only where, after careful reflection, the arguments in favour of any particular interpretation have seemed to him overwhelmingly conclusive, has he permitted himself to render that interpretation with unambiguous precision.

The problem which confronted the writer in the notes was greatly complicated by exigencies of space. It was a question of compressing into relatively few pages the essential results of volumes of criticism. He has perforce limited himself to the endeavour to furnish the average English reader with the most indispensable clues whereby to find his way through what is admittedly a tangled maze. Those who may be tempted by his labours to explore every corner of the labyrinth will doubtless seek further guidance.

The notes, though by no means entirely second-hand, are naturally largely gleaned from the labours of others. Except in a few specific instances the writer has not thought it necessary to make individual acknowledgment of his indebtedness. It did not seem desirable to support his conclusions with an array of references, which being mostly to German writers, would have been *eo ipso* useless to those readers for whom a translation of the great German poet was required. The writer prefers to make his acknowledgments once for all to the great host of his predecessors in this field, whose labours have, as they themselves would have wished, become common property.

Armstrong College
(in the University of Durham),
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
April 1908.

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TO

MY WIFE

THIS TRANSLATION

IS

Dedicated

As into some cathedral's echoing aisles,
Vast and mysterious in the failing light,
Where soaring arches melt into the night,
And massy pillars stretch out shadowy miles,
We enter here, O Master of many styles!
Without, grim gargoyles wing their frozen flight;
Martyrs and saints the storied windows dight,
Triumphant victors o'er the Tempter's wiles;
A crucifix o'er the high altar towers,
Great symbol of unconquerable Love;
Baffled the Evil Spirit limps away;
The air is heavy with Mother Mary's flowers;
Whiter than 'gainst an angry sky the dove,
With streaming eyes, a white soul kneels to pray.

H. L.

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DEDICATION

Ye wavering phantoms, yet again my leisure
Ye haunt, as erst ye met my troubled gaze.
Still doth mine heart the old illusion treasure?
Now shall I fix the dream that round me plays?
Ye throng upon me! Nay then, have your pleasure,
Ye that around me rise from mist and haze!
My bosom by the magic breath is shaken,
That breathing round your train, old dreams doth waken.

Dreams of glad days ye bring; and well-loved faces,
Dim shades of well-loved faces greet mine eyes.
Like an old tale that dies adown Time's spaces,
First Friendship and first Love with ye arise.
The old wounds smart, and grief again retraces
Life's labyrinthine course, and names with sighs
The trusty hearts, reft of their sunny season,
Rapt ere myself away by Fortune's treason.

Ah! of my songs they may not hear the latter,
Those souls for whom mine earlier songs were sung;
Scattered the friendly throng as mist-wreaths scatter!
Mute the first echo as a harp unstrung!

I sing to strangers, and when they would
flatter,
E'en by their very cheers mine heart is wrung;
And if there live whom once my song delighted,
In the wide world they wander disunited.

There seizes me a long unwonted yearning
For yonder silent, solemn spirit-realm;
My faltering, fitful song is tuned to mourning,
A harp Æolian in a windy elm;
A shudder seizes me, the tears throng burning,
And soft, sad thoughts my steadfast heart
o'erwhelm;
All that I have, now far away seems banished,
All real grown, that long ago had vanished.

PRELUDE UPON THE STAGE.

MANAGER, STAGE-POET, MERRY ANDREW.

MANAGER.

Ye twain, that oft have been my stay
In trial and in tribulation,
What hope you, in the German nation,
Of this our undertaking, say?
Fain would I please the crowd, and with good reason.
Their motto: *Live and let live*, I approve.
The posts, the boards are up, and for a season
Each looks for such a feast as he doth love.
Already, with uplifted eyebrows, yonder
They sit at ease, and fain would gape in wonder.
I know how best to please the vulgar taste,
Yet never was I in a like quandary!
True, they are not accustomed to the best,
But what they've read—it's extraordinary!
Pray, how shall we contrive, that fresh and new
And weighty all may be, yet pleasing too?
For of a truth the spectacle is stirring,
When to our booth in streams the people press,
And with convulsive throes and oft-recurring,
Thrust themselves through the narrow gate of grace;
By four, ere darkness overtake us,

On to the pay-box fight, with shoves and shrieks,
And as in direst dearth for bread about a bake-house,
So for a ticket almost break their necks.
On such a varied throng, none but the poet
This miracle can work. To-day, my friend, pray do it.

POET.

O ! tell me not of yonder motley legion !
Our spirit flees confounded at its sight.
Veil me the surging throng, whose wild contagion
Still draws us into the eddy in our despite !
Nay, lead me to that tranquil heavenly region,
Where only blooms the Poet's pure delight ;
Where Love and Friendship charm to bud and blossom,
With godlike hand, the bliss within our bosom !

Ah ! all that there deep in the breast hath risen,
What to themselves the faltering lips recite,
Miscarried now, now brought to full fruition,
Engulphs the wild, tumultuous moment's might.
Oft must it strive for life through many a season,
Ere in its perfect form it greet the light.
Tinsel is born to be the moment's pleasure ;
The sterling gold will future ages treasure.

MERRY ANDREW.

Marry ! don't prate to me of future ages !
If care of them my every thought engages,
Who will amuse this age ? for fun
It will and must have, that I can see.

The presence of a gallant lad, I fancy,
Is something too, when all is said and done!
Him who sets forth his thoughts in genial wise
The popular caprice will not embitter.
To sway the passions when he tries,
The bigger be the crowd, the fitter.
Take heart of grace, some masterpiece invent;
Let Fancy lead her witching train before us,—
Reason and Passion, Sense and Sentiment;
But mark me, let not Folly fail i' the chorus.

MANAGER.

Let plenty happen—do what else you will!
They come to see, then let them gaze their fill.
Before their eyes reel off a well-filled plot,
So that the crowd may gape in wide-mouthed wonder.
Thus greater breadth of interest you've got.
The house, well-pleased, its praise will thunder.
By mass alone the masses can you move.
Each man will pick his own from out your miscellany.
He who brings much, something will bring for many.
So all the house your efforts will approve.
Serve up your piece in pieces, for indeed a
Success is sure, with such an *olla podrida*.
'Tis easily dished up, as easily thought out;
And should you serve a whole, you'd fare no better I doubt.
The public still would tear it you to tatters.

POET.

A sorry handicraft, upon my soul!
How little that the genuine artist flatters!

The botchwork of that guild most worshipful
Is now, I see, your oracle in these matters.

MANAGER.

In such reproach for me no sting doth lurk.
The man who means to do good work,
Must choose the tool he deems the fittest.
Bethink thee now! 'tis but soft wood thou splittest.
Think whom ye write for, in a word!
One man will come because he's bored;
One from a sumptuous table, filled with vapours;
And, what is most to be deplored,
Full many a one from reading daily papers.
Distraught to us they come, as they go masquerading.
Each step but curiosity doth wing.
The ladies play their part, and in the pageant aiding,
Their charms and toilettes gratis bring.
Why dream ye idly on your heights poetic?
What makes a crowded theatre laugh?
Scan closely each you have for critic;
Half they are careless, brutal half.
After the play, this man will play at cards;
This on a wench's breast will spend the night in riot.
With such an aim, poor foolish bards,
The gracious Muses why disquiet?
I tell you, give them more, and more, and ever more,
And then the goal you surely cannot fail of.
Set their brains whirling, that's what *they* love!
To satisfy them's past your power.
What ails you? Rapture is it or vexation?

POET.

Away! and seek thyself another slave!
What! the sublimest right that Nature gave,
His birthright, shall the Poet for thy sake
Trifle away in such an impious fashion?
Wherewith all hearts doth he impassion?
Wherewith each element submissive make?
'Tis with the harmony his bosom doth conceive,
That in his heart knits up the ravelled sleave
Of this frayed world! When Nature on her spindle,
Impassive ever, twists her endless thread,
When all things clash discordant, and but kindle
Displeasure in the jarring notes they spread—
Who with the dull, monotonous flow doth mingle
Life, and doth mark it off with rhythmic swing?
Who to the Whole doth consecrate the Single,
Blended in one sweet harmony to ring?
Who bids the storm rage like a human bosom?
In tranquil hearts the evening splendour glow?
Who scatters every fairest spring-tide blossom
O'er the Belovéd's path, like snow?
Who twines from leaves as common as the clods
A glorious crown, each noble deed to gild?
Who stablishes Olympus, peoples it with Gods?
Man's Might it is, and in the Bard revealed!

MERRY ANDREW.

Then use these noble powers that sway you,
And ply your poet's trade, I pray you,
As one a love-adventure may.
You meet by chance, you're drawn to her, you stay;

Little by little, you're entangled ;
Your bliss still grows, then it is well-nigh strangled.
First rapture—then comes pain, and evil chance,
And ere you're 'ware of it, 'tis grown to a romance.
So let us give a play, friend Poet!
Take a good handful out of human life.
Though all men live it, few there be that know it.
Grasp where you will, with interest 'tis rife.
Your pictures vague—but crowd your mirror ;
A spark of truth—a sea of error.
Thus is the best drink brewed, whereby
All men you will refresh and edify.
Then round your play will flock the fairest blossom
Of youth, to listen to your revelation.
And from your work will every feeling bosom
Suck nurture for its melancholy passion.
Now to your touch this string, now that one stirs,
And each man sees what in his heart he bears.
Youth is still lightly moved to weeping and to laughter,
Still honours soaring thought, and still delights in dreams.
When once matured, you can't content 'em after,—
A heart in growth with gratitude still teems.

POET.

Then give me back the days departed
When I myself was still in growth ;
When from the fount the songs still started,
Unsought-for and unfailing both.
When still the world in mists was shrouded,

The buds still promised miracles;
When for my plucking all the dells
With thousand blossoms still were crowded.
Naught had I, yet enough I had,
Thirsting for Truth, and in Illusion glad.
Give me those passions all unfett'réd,
Bliss that is close akin to pain,
The might of Love, the strength of Hatred;
Ah! give me back my youth again!

MERRY ANDREW.

Youth, my good friend, I own is highly requisite,
When in the fray the foe hard presses;
When round thy neck with all their might
Fair maidens hang with fond caresses;
When far the runner's crown doth glance,
And from the hard-won goal doth beckon;
When, hushed the breathless, giddy dance,
The hours till dawn the goblets reckon.
But yours to sweep the well-known strings,
With grace and fire by age unfrozen;
To roam, with winsome wanderings,
Towards a goal yourselves have chosen.
That, aged Sirs, is yours, nor less
These childish ways we honour, e'en the elder in;
Old age not childish makes, whate'er one says:
It only finds us still as very children.

MANAGER.

Come, come, of words enough we've bandied;
'Tis time that deeds were now begun.
At compliments you're both neat-handed,
But meanwhile, something might be done.

What boots long talk of inspiration?
Your faint-heart never is in vein.
Seek you a poet's reputation?
O'er Poetry assert your reign!
You know our needs, why longer stickle?
Strong drinks alone our palates tickle—
Brew us strong drinks without delay.
To-morrow will not do what is not done to-day.
A day let slip is never overtaken.
The Possible let your resolve
Grasp by the forelock, all unshaken.
Be sure its grip will never slacken;
Caught in the whirl it must revolve.
Upon our German stage, you know,
Each may try what he will, and so
Stint not to-day in scenery,
And stint not in machinery!
Bring down the sun and moon from Heaven's abysses!
Lavish the stars from all the Zodiac!
Of water, fire, precipices,
Of beasts and birds, there is no lack.
Within our boarded house's narrow bound
Mete out Creation's spacious round,
And quickly move, yet thoughtfully as well,
From Heaven, through the Earth, to Hell.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, *later* MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*The three Archangels come forward.*

RAPHAEL.

THE sun, with many a sister-sphere,
Still sings the rival psalm of wonder,
And still his fore-ordained career
Accomplishes, with tread of thunder.
The sight sustains the angels' prime,
Though none may spell the mystic story;
Thy Works, unspeakably sublime,
Live on, in all their primal glory.

GABRIEL.

And swift, unutterably swift,
Earth rolls around her pageant splendid;
Day, such as erst was Eden's gift,
By deep, dread Night in turn attended.
And all the towering cliffs among,
In spreading streams upfoams the Ocean,
And cliff and sea are whirled along,
With circling orbs, in ceaseless motion.

MICHAEL.

And storms tumultuous brawl amain,
Now seaward and now shoreward blowing,

Round the great world a mighty chain
Of deepest force in frenzy throwing.
And lo! a flashing desolation
Heralds the thunder on its way!
Yet we, O Lord, in adoration
Mark the sweet progress of Thy Day.

ALL THREE.

The sight sustains the angels' prime,
Since none may spell the mystic story.
Thy Works, unspeakably sublime,
Live on, in all their primal glory.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sith Thou, O Lord, dost once again draw near,
And ask what news with us, if news be any,
And Thou wert wont to make me welcome here,
Me also dost Thou see amongst the meiny.
Pardon! to words sublime I cannot soar,
Though all Thy court in mockery were scoffing.
My sentiment would move Thy laughter, sure,
Hadst Thou not long unlearned the art of laughing.
No song of sun and worlds can I invent;
I only see how men themselves torment.
The little god o' the world, in type unaltered wholly,
Lives on, good lack! in all his primal folly.
He'd live a little better even,
Gav'st Thou him not a glimmer of the light of Heaven.
He calls it Reason, uses it but
More bestial to be than any brute.

He seems to me, saving your Grace's presence,
A long-legged grasshopper in very essence,
That ever flies, and flying springs,
Then straightway in the grass her ancient ditty sings.
And did he but lie i' the grass! but then he doesn't;
He sees no filth, but he must poke his nose in't.

THE LORD.

Is that the sum of thy narration?
Hast never aught but accusation?
Still upon Earth is nothing to thy mind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! all things on Earth still downright bad I find.
Mortals their piteous fate upon the rack so stretches,
Myself have scarce the heart to plague the wretches.

THE LORD.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

Aye, My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, and oddly of your will observant!
Nay, the fool's meat and drink not earthly are.
Him doth his ferment drive afar.

Half he is conscious of his madness.
On Heaven he calls for every fairest star,
He calls on Earth for every highest gladness;
Nor Heaven nor Earth, nor Near nor Far
Can win his deep-stirred bosom from its sadness.

THE LORD.

Though now his service be as a tangled skein,
Yet will I lead him soon to perfect vision.
The gardener knows, when the young tree is green,
'Twill glad the years with blossom and fruition

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you wager? Give me but permission
To lead him gently on my way,
I'll win him from you to perdition.

THE LORD.

Whilst still he sees the earthly day,
So long it shall not be forbidden.
Whilst still man strives, still must he stray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that much thanks, for with a dead 'un
To busy me was ne'er my hobby.
Most do I love a cheek that's rosy-red and chubby.
For a dull corpse I'm not at home.
I'm like the cat wi' the mouse—I like 'em frolicsome.

THE LORD.

Enough! his life into thy hand be given!
From its well-head draw thou this soul astray,

And canst thou grasp him, lead him even
Down with thee on the downward way,
And stand abashed, when thou must needs confess
That a good man, by his dim impulse driven,
Of the right way hath ever consciousness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, time will show who is the sager.
I'm not in the least concerned about my wager.
When I attain the goal I've chosen,
Grudge not if then I crow with swelling breast.
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
Like to the well-known snake, my cousin.

THE LORD.

Aye, show thy face, succeeds thy trial,
Freely. Thy likes Mine hatred ne'er have won.
Of all the Spirits of Denial,
Irks Me the least the mischievous buffoon.
Man's efforts lightly flag, and seek too low a level.
Soon doth he pine for all-untrammelled sloth.
Wherefore a mate I give him, nothing loth,
Who spurs, and shapes and must create though Devil.
But ye, God's sons in love and duty,
Rejoice ye in the living wealth of beauty.
Eternal Growth, that works and faileth not,
Within Love's golden bars ever enfold you.
In wavering apparition what doth float,
Bodied in thought unperishing uphold you.

[*The Heavens close. The Archangels separate.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *alone.*

I like to see the Ancient now and then,
And shun a breach, for truly 'tis most civil
In such a mighty personage, to deign
To chat so affably, e'en with the very Devil.

GOETHE'S FAUST

First Part of the Tragedy

NIGHT.

In a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber, FAUST, *restless, on his seat, at the desk.*

I HAVE studied, alas! Philosophy,
And Jurisprudence, and Medicine too,
And saddest of all, Theology,
With ardent labour, through and through!
And here I stick, as wise, poor fool,
As when my steps first turned to school.
Master they style me, nay, Doctor, forsooth,
And nigh ten years, o'er rough and smooth,
And up and down, and acrook and across,
I lead my pupils by the nose,
And know that in truth we can know—naught!
My heart is turned to coal at the thought.
I am wiser, true, than your coxcomb-tribe,
Your Doctor and Master, your Parson and Scribe;
To no idol of scruple or doubt do I grovel,
I know no fear of Hell or of Devil.
But joy is a stranger to my seclusion.
I hug to my heart no fond illusion,
As that I know aught worth the knowing,
Or men could better, my wisdom showing.

And then, I own nor wealth nor land,
Nor honour nor glory can command;
A dog would scorn such a life to lead!
So I've turned me to magic in my need,
If haply spirit-power and speech,
May many a hidden mystery teach,
That I with bitter labour so
No more need say what I do not know;
That I the mighty inmost tether
May know, that binds the world together;
All germs, all forces that lifewards struggle,
And with vain words no longer juggle.

Would thou, full-orbéd Moon, didst shine
Thy last upon this pain of mine,
Thou whom, from this my desk, so oft
I watched at midnight climb aloft!
O'er books and papers thou didst send
Thy radiance, melancholy friend.
Ah, could I, on some mountain-height,
Glide onward, steeped in thy dear light,
Round mountain-caves with spirits hover,
Or float the moonlit meadows over,
From fumes of learning purge my soul,
Bathe in thy dew, and so be whole!

Woe! still within this dungeon's thrall?
Accurséd, stifling hole i' the wall!
Where Heaven's own blessed radiance strains
But dimly, through the painted panes!
Whose room is cramped with tome on tome,
Fretted with worms, with dust o'erlaid,
And up to the ceiling's vaulted dome,
With smoke-stained paper all arrayed;
Glasses and gallipots crowd the rack,

Vain instruments the room encumber,
Crammed in with old, ancestral lumber ·
That is thy world! a world, good lack!

And canst thou ask, why in thy breast
Thy choking heart is ill at ease,
Why, with a nameless pain opprest,
Thy pulse of life doth fail and freeze?
God fashioned man that he should root
In living Nature;—thine the fault!
Thou dwellest in a charnel-vault,
'Midst mouldering bones of man and brute!

Flee! out into the boundless land!
This book of mystic Gramarye,
The work of Nostradamus' hand,
An all-sufficing guide will be.
Thou'lt see what course the stars do hold;
And, if but Nature teach thee, soon
Thy soul the mystery will unfold
How spirits each with each commune.
Dry meditation here in vain
The holy symbols would explain.
Yourselves, ye Spirits, hover near;
Answer me now, if any hear!

[*He opens the book, and his eye lights upon the sign of the Macrocosm.*

Ha! what a heavenly rapture at this sight,
In sudden flood, with all my senses mingles!
Through nerve and vein, young holy life's delight
With a new-glowing ardour thrills and tingles!
Was it a God, these symbols that did write,
Which soothe to sleep mine inner madness,
Which fill my yearning heart with gladness,

And with a strange, mysterious might
Withdraw from Nature's powers the veil, to cheer my sadness?
Am I a God? such light on me hath broken!
I see in this pure charactery
Creative Nature, limned in vivid imagery.
Now, now I know, what 'tis the sage hath spoken:
"The spirit-world shuts not its portal;
"Thine heart is dead, thy senses sleep;
"Up! in the crimson dayspring, mortal,
"All undismayed, thy bosom steep!"
[*He considers the sign.*
Into the Whole how all things weave,
One in another work and live!
What heavenly forces up and down are ranging,
The golden buckets interchanging,
With wafted benison winging,
From Heaven through the Earth are springing,
All through the All harmonious ringing!

A glorious pageant! yet a pageant merely!
Thou boundless Nature, where shall I grasp thee clearly?
Where you, ye breasts, founts of all life that fail not,
At which both Heaven and Earth are nursed?
For ye the withered breast doth thirst—
Ye well, ye slake, I faint, yet ye avail not!
[*He opens the book petulantly at another place, and his eye lights upon the symbol of the Earth-spirit.*
How otherwise upon me works this sign!
Thou, Spirit of Earth, to me art nigher;
My powers I feel already higher,

I glow, as if with new-made wine.
Full-steeled to tread the world I feel my mettle,
Earth's woe, Earth's bliss, my soul can not unsettle,
I would not blench with storms to battle,
Nor quail amidst the shipwreck's crash and rattle!—
Clouds gather overhead—
The moon withdraws her light—
The lamp is dying!
Vapours arise!—Red lightnings quiver
About my head!—A shudder
Down-wafted from the vaulted gloom
Lays hold on me!
Spirit conjured, that hovering near me art,
Unveil thyself!
Ah! what a spasm racks my heart!
To novel emotions
My senses are stirred with storm like the ocean's!
I feel thee draw my heart, with might unmeasured!
Thou must! thou must! though life stand on the hazard!

[*He takes up the book, and pronounces in mysterious wise the symbol of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes. The Spirit appears in the flame.*

SPIRIT.

Who calls to me?

FAUST, *turning away.*

Appalling Apparition!

SPIRIT.

Thou'st drawn me here, with might and main,
Long at my sphere hast sucked in vain,
And now—

FAUST.

Woe's me! I may not bear the vision!

SPIRIT.

Panting thou pleadest for my presence,
To look upon my face, my voice to hear;
Thy soul's puissant pleading compels me, I appear!—
What mortal dread, thou man of more than mortal essence,
Gets hold on thee? Where now the outcry of thy soul?
The breast, that in itself a world did fashion whole,
And hugged, and cherished? That, with rapture all a-tingle,
Puffed itself up with us that spirits are to mingle?
Where art thou, Faust, whose clamour filled mine ear,
Thou, that didst press amain into my sphere?
Say, is it thou, that by my breath surrounded,
In all Life's utmost deeps confounded,
Dost shrink away, a timorous, writhing worm?

FAUST.

Creature of Flame, thou shalt not daunt me!
'Tis I, 'tis Faust, thy peer I vaunt me!

SPIRIT.

In floods of being, in action's storm,
Up and down I wave,
To and fro I flee,
Birth and the grave,
An infinite sea,
A changeful weaving,
An ardent living;
The ringing loom of Time is my care,
And I weave God's living garment there.

FAUST.

Thou busy Spirit, that rangest unconfined
Round the wide world, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the Spirit thou graspest with thy mind,
Thou'rt not like me!

[*Vanishes*

FAUST, *in spiritless collapse.*

Not thee?
Whom then?
I, made in God's own image!
Not even like thee!

[*A knock without.*

O Death! I know it; 'tis my Famulus.
Thus doth my fairest fortune vanish!
That this dull groveller should banish
The fulness of my visions thus!

[*Enter Wagner, in dressing-gown and night-cap, lamp in hand. Faust turns round ill-humouredly.*

WAGNER.

Pardon—I heard your voice declaiming;
Doubtless some old Greek tragedy you read?
I too at progress in this art am aiming,
For now-a-days, it stands you in good stead.
Oft have I heard it vaunted that a preacher
Might profit, with an actor to his teacher.

FAUST.

Aye, marry, if your preacher be an actor,
As that from time to time well happen may.

WAGNER.

Alas! cooped in one's study, like a malefactor,
Seeing the world scarce on a holiday,
Scarce through a telescope, by rare occasion,
How shall one hope to lead it by persuasion?

FAUST.

Yourself must feel it first, your end to capture.
Unless from out the soul it well,
And with a fresh, resistless rapture
Your hearers' very hearts compel,—
You only sit and gum together,
Hash up the orts from others' feast,
Blow puny flames with lungs of leather,
From ashes whence the life has ceased!
Children and apes will gape in admiration,
If for such praise your palates thirst;
But heart to heart ye will not sway and fashion,
Save in your heart ye feel it first.

WAGNER.

Yet elocution makes the orator;
I'm far behind, I feel it more and more.

FAUST.

Seek thou an honest retribution!
Be thou no motley, jingling fool!
It needs but little elocution
To speak good sense by reason's rule.
If ye've a message to deliver,
Need ye for words be hunting ever?
Aye, all your tinsel speeches, where ye curl
But paper-shreds for Man, no more can quicken,
Than can the misty winds, that rustling whirl
The leaves that Autumn from the trees hath stricken!

WAGNER.

Ah God! but art is long,
And short our life, and ever,
Discouraging my critical endeavour,
Depressing thoughts through head and bosom throng.
How hard it is, the obstacles to level,
To gain the means which lead you to the source!
And haply, ere you've run but half the course,
Comes Death, and snaps you up, poor devil.

FAUST.

Parchment! is that the holy spring that quickens,
A draught from which for ever stills the thirst?
All unrefreshed the soul still sickens,
Till from the soul itself the fountain burst.

WAGNER.

Pardon! the joy may well be courted,
Into the spirit of the times transported,

To see what thoughts of old the wise have entertained,
And then, how we at last such glorious heights have gained.

FAUST.

Oh aye, up to the stars we've clomb!
My friend, the times gone by are but in sum
A book with seven seals protected.
What Spirit of the Times you call,
Good Sirs, is but your spirit after all,
In which the times are seen reflected.
And verily, 'tis oft a sorry sight!
At the first glimpse of it one runs away.
A dust-bin and a lumber-room outright!
At best, 'tis history in a puppet-play,
With excellent pragmatic maxims garnished,
Wherewith a puppet's mouth is fitly furnished!

WAGNER.

But then, the world, the heart and mind of men!
We all would fain know something of them, surely.

FAUST.

Aye marry, what *ye* call know, but then
Who to the child can fit the name securely?
The few who aught thereof have known or learned,
Who their hearts' fulness foolishly unsealéd,
And to the vulgar herd their thoughts and dreams revealéd,
Men in all times have crucified and burned.
I prithee, friend, 'tis far into the night,
We'll break off for this present season.

WAGNER.

I would have watched for ever with delight,
In such a learnéd wise with you to reason.
Grant me to-morrow, being Easter-Sunday,
On this and that to question you this one day.
I've been a student diligent and zealous;
True I know much, but all to know I'm jealous.
[*Exit.*

FAUST, *alone.*

How is the head by hope not all forsaken,
That ever cleaves to stalest stuff, and when
With greedy hand he digs for treasures, then
Is overjoyed, if earth-worms he hath taken!

Should such a mortal's voice mine ear beset,
Where spirits environed me, in throng bewildering?
Yet ah! this time I owe a debt
To thee, the meanest-souled of all earth's children
Me from my deep despairing didst thou wrest,
That instantly did threat to drive me frantic.
The apparition, ah! was so gigantic,
That I stood forth, a very dwarf confessed.

I, God's own image, that did fondly deem
Myself the mirror near of truth eternal,
Revelled in light and radiance supernal,
Mortal no longer in mine own esteem;
I, higher than the angels, whose free might
Through Nature's veins presumed in glad pulsation
To flow, and revel God-like in creation,
How bitter now must be my expiation!
A word of thunder dashed me from my height.

'Tis overbold myself with thee to measure!
Though I had might to draw thee at my pleasure,
To bid thee tarry had I not the might.
Yet in that moment soul-contenting
I felt myself so small, so great;
But thou didst spurn me, unrelenting,
Back into man's uncertain fate.
What shall I shun? and who will teach me clearly?
Shall I yon yearning dream obey?
Our very deeds, alas! and not our sufferings merely,
Shackle our steps along life's way.

Ever the mind's most glorious ideal
Strange and yet stranger matter doth o'ergrow;
When this world's Good is won, we count it real,
And count the Better but a mocking show.
The glorious fantasies, that erst our soul did quicken,
Soon in this earthly welter swoon and sicken.
Once her bold flight would Fancy fain increase,
All hopeful, to the Infinite around her;
A narrow space suffices, when she sees
Venture on venture in Time's whirlpool founder.

Deep in the heart nests Care, a guest unbidden.
There doth she work her sorrows hidden.
Restless she rocks herself, disturbing joy and peace.
Ever with some new mask she hides her face,
Herself as wife and child, as house and homestead veiling,

As fire, water, poison, steel;
Each blow that falls not dost thou feel,
And what thou ne'er shalt lose, that ever art
bewailing.

Not like the gods am I! Into the quick 'tis
thrust!
I'm like the worm, that wriggles through the
dust,
Which, as in dust it lives and dust consumes,
The passing foot annihilates and entombs.

Is it not dust, that cramps before mine eyes
This lofty wall, from its untold recesses,
The trumpery, that with trash in myriad guise
Me in this mothy world oppresses?
Here shall I find what fails, where with one
fact,
A thousand books the searching mind importune—
That mortals everywhere alike are racked,
That here and there, one hath had fairer
fortune?
What doth thy grin import, thou hollow skull,
Save that thy brain, like mine, perplexed and
harassed,
Sought the clear day, yet strayed in twilight dull,
Yearning for Truth, in Error's maze em-
barrassed?
In sooth, ye instruments make me your mock!
Your wheels and cogs, rollers and gimmals boot
not.
Ye should have been the keys, the portal to
unlock;
Your wards are daedal, truly, yet the bolts ye
shoot not.

Mysterious in the open day,
Nature lets no man of her veil bereave her.
What to thy mind herself will not betray,
Thou canst not from her wrest with screw and lever.
Ye ancient gear, whose aid I ne'er invoked,
Because my father used you, here ye moulder.
Thou too, old pulley, growest strangely smoked,
So long upon this desk the lamp doth dimly smoulder.
Far better had I spent my little without heed,
Than here to moil, where still that little doth but cumber!
What from thy sires thou hast, make thine indeed,
Ere that amongst thy goods thou number!
We use alone the tool framed by the moment's need;
The rest, all that we use not, is but lumber.

But why doth yonder spot rivet my roving glances?
Is then yon flask a magnet for the eyes?
What cheerful light breaks on my gloomy fancies,
As in the midnight woods when moonlight floods the skies?

Now hail, thrice hail, incomparable phial!
With reverent hand I bid thee to the trial.
In thee I honour human wit and skill.
Compendium of kindly, slumberous juices,
Essence compact of deadly, delicate uses,
Show now a favour at thy master's will!
I see thee, all the pain sinks into slumber;

I grasp thee, all the strife ceases to cumber ;
The spirit's flood ebbs with slow pulse away.
It draws me to the Deep, resistless streaming,
Full at my feet the glassy sea lies gleaming,
On to new shores, woos me the newer day.

A flaming car floats down on wafting pinions
Hither to me. Ready to cleave am I
On pathways new, the ethereal dominions,
Borne to new spheres of pure activity.
That life divine, that bliss of God-like being,
Dar'st thou, but now a worm, make it thy goal?
Aye, thou hast but to turn thy face from seeing
The Earth's sweet sun, with dauntless soul!
Be bold to wrench the brazen gates asunder,
Past which no mortal but is fain to slink!
'Tis time by deeds to show that e'en not under
The majesty of Gods, Man's dignity need shrink.
To face yon gloomy cavern never tremble,
Where Fancy dooms herself but self-bred torments to,
And though all Hell its flames assemble
About the narrow mouth, press boldly through ;
Blench not, but blithely let the step be taken,
Were it with jeopardy, ne'er from the Naught to waken!—

Now come thou down, thou goblet crystal-shining!
Come from thine antique case, where long reclining,
A precious heirloom, thou hast slept ignored!
Oft hast thou graced the banquet with thy splendour,

Thou the staid guests didst blithesome render,
As each to other pledged thee, round the board.
The quaint devices graven on thy walls,
The drinker's task, their sense in rhyme to blazon,
Or at a draught to drain thine ample bason,
Full many a night of jocund youth recalls.
Now I shall pass thee not to any neighbour,
My wit upon thine art to prove I shall not labour,
This juice doth drunken make, with brief delay.
It fills thine hollow with its brown effusion;
This I prepared, this have I chosen,
And this last draught I drink, with dauntless resolution,
A solemn, festal greeting to the new-springing day!

[*He sets the goblet to his lips. Chime of bells and choral-song.*

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Hail the meek-spirited,
Whom the ill-merited
Mortal, inherited
Failings did prison.

FAUST.

What clamorous boom, what silvery tone, compels
The glass to quit my lips, with might astounding?
Is it your herald-voice, ye deep-mouthed bells,
Easter's first festal hour already sounding?

Thrills your glad song, ye choirs, already through the gloom,
Which erst from angels' lips swelled round the darksome tomb,
A new-sealed covenant with mortals founding?

CHOIR OF WOMEN.

We myrrh and aloes,
Our poor memorial,
Mournfully zealous,
Brought for his burial;
Then did we bind him
All with fine linen o'er,
Ah! and we find him
Now here no more.

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended!
Blest be the pardoning
Love that the saddening,
Chastening, gladdening
Trial hath ended!

FAUST.

Ye heavenly strains, most mighty and most mild,
Why seek ye me, whereas in dust I grovel?
Peal where are men more apt to be beguiled!
I hear the tale ye tell, but Faith lends no approval,
And Miracle is Faith's most cherished child.
Me to yon spheres to soar your voice may not embolden,
Whence the glad tidings sweetly chime.
And yet to your sweet tones, beloved from childhood's prime,

For this recall to life I am beholden
Aforetime, in the solemn, Sabbath hush,
Down like a kiss Heaven's love upon me floated;
Then big with boding pealed the chiming bells, deep-throated,
And prayer my soul with ecstasy could flush.
Then did a sweet, mysterious yearning
Through field and woodland drive me ever on.
Whilst in mine eyes the tears were burning,
I felt a world within me dawn.
My childhood's merry games proclaimed this music golden,
Spring's free glad feast with it began;
With childlike feelings now hath memory withholden
Back from the last grim step, the man.
Chime on, ye sweet angelic songs that thrall me!
My tears well forth, to earth again ye call me!

CHOIR OF DISCIPLES.

O'er death victorious
He from His vaulted
Grave risen glorious
Sitteth exalted.
He filled with birth-delight
Near Joy Creative goes;
We in this earthly night
Still wail our native woes.
Here where we languish
Us He left that are His;
Master, in anguish,
Mourn we Thy bliss.

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Out of the mouldering earth!
Burst from your prison
Joyfully forth!
Live for the fame of Him,
Love by the shame of Him,
Give in the name of Him,
Publish what came of Him,
Pardon proclaim of Him,
Then is your Master near,
Then is He here!

WITHOUT THE CITY-GATE.

[*Holiday-makers of all classes stream forth from the city.*

PRENTICE-LADS.

Why do you turn that way?

OTHER PRENTICE-LADS.

On to the Hunters' Lodge we mean to stray.

THE FIRST PARTY.

Well, we shall stroll towards the Mill. Come, brothers.

A PRENTICE-LAD.

Go to the River-Inn, that's my advice.

SECOND PRENTICE-LAD.

The road is anything but nice.

THE SECOND PARTY.

And what will you do?

THIRD PRENTICE-LAD.

I shall join the others.

FOURTH PRENTICE-LAD.

To Burgdorf come. You'll find there, never fear,
The prettiest lasses and the choicest beer,
And first-class cudgel-play for pastime.

FIFTH PRENTICE-LAD.

How now, thou mad-brained fellow, thou!
Itches thine hide for its third tanning now?
I'll go no more; my bones ache from the last time.

SERVANT-MAID.

No, no, to town I'm going back.

ANOTHER.

There by the poplars—there he'll be I trow.

THE FIRST.

That's no great joy for me, good lack!
For ever at your side he'll go,
Your partner on the green he'll be,
But what is all your fun to me!

THE OTHER.

He won't be by himself, 'tis truth I tell;
He said that Curly-Pate would come as well.

STUDENT.

Gad! how the lusty wenches step away!
Come, Brother! we must squire them for the day.

A stinging beer, and a biting weed,
And a lass in her gayest trim,—that's bliss indeed.

BURGHERMAIDEN.

Look at those handsome fellows, now!
It really is a shame to see;
They're running after servant-maids, I vow,
When they could have the most genteel society.

SECOND STUDENT, *to the first.*

Nay, not so fast, there follow two behind,
So sprucely dressed they look quite striking!
And my fair neighbour's one, I find;
The girl is greatly to my liking.
And though they trip it so demurely,
Yet in the end, they'll take us with them, surely.

THE FIRST.

Nay, not for me your prudish damsels! Come!
Quick on the game, before it takes to cover.
The hand that plies on Saturday the broom,
On Sunday fondles best of all the lover.

BURGHER.

No, the new burgomaster likes me not, I say!
He grows more overbearing every day,
Since his preferment. Aye, and what for the town does he?
Are not things going from bad to worse?
Ever more wide must gape our purse,
And truckle more and more must we.

BEGGAR *sings.*

Good gentlemen and ladies fair,
With dresses gay and cheeks like roses,

One glance for my misfortunes spare!
Pity the woe my song discloses!
Hear not my organ grind unheeding;
Who gaily gives, alone is gay.
When all from work are blithely speeding,
Be it the beggar's harvest-day.

ANOTHER BURGHER.

On Sundays and on Saints' days, that's my humour,
When out in Turkey yonder, far away,
The nations clash in arms—to sit far from the fray,
And talk of war and warlike rumour.
You stand beside the window, quaff your ale,
Watch the gay ships glide merrily down the river,
And home you go, when day begins to fail,
And bless your lucky stars your days are peaceful ever.

THIRD BURGHER.

Aye, neighbour, that's a humour I'm with *you* in,
Let them, say I, split one another's pate,
Nay, let the world go all to rack and ruin,
So long as here at home things go the good old gait!

OLD CRONE, *to the Burghermaidens.*

Eh! but you're braw! What pretty innocence!
What lad could keep his heart that met you?
Nay, not so proud—there's no offence!
And what you want, Old Goody'll surely get you.

BURGHERMAIDEN.

Agatha, come! in public to be seen
With such a hag I never should get over!
'Tis true, she let me see last Hallowe'en,
In flesh and blood, my future lover.

THE OTHER.

To me she showed him in the crystal-ball,
In soldier-guise, with comrades bold around him.
I've sought him everywhere, yet spite of all
I've sought in vain, and nowhere have I found him.

SOLDIERS.

Castles with lofty
Bulwarks embattled,
Maidens disdainful,
Haughtily-mettled
Fain would I capture!
Glorious the rapture,
Bold though the toil!

Us do the trumpets
Win by their wooing,
Be it to joyance
Or be it to ruin.
Life is all tumult!
Life is all splendour!
Castles and maidens
Both must surrender.
Glorious the rapture,
Bold though the toil!
Gaily the soldiers
Bear off the spoil!

[*Enter* FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

Freed from ice are the water-courses,
For kindly and quickening, Spring hath scope.
The vale is abud with the boon of hope;
And aged Winter, with waning forces,
Slinks to the rugged mountain-slope.
Thence he can only send in his spleen
Impotent showers of hurtling hail,
Driving in gusts o'er the tender green.
But the sun will harbour no white in the vale.
With growth and with travail the earth is a-thrill,
The sun would have all things in colour arrayed;
Yet bare of blossom the fields are still,
So he takes the folk's gay dresses instead.
Back from the upland turn thee round!
View the town from this rising ground!
Forth from the hollow, gloomy gateway
Sways and surges a motley horde,
Fain to bask in the sunshine straightway.
'Tis the festal-day of the Risen Lord!
They too, in truth, are themselves arisen;
From stifling rooms in houses lowly,
From craft and traffic that chain them wholly,
From roof and gable—that press like a prison,
Forth from the straits of the crowded alley,
Forth from the church's solemn night,
All—they are brought again to light.
Look now! look! not a whit they dally.
Swiftly they scatter through garden and mead
O'er the broad river, the length of the valley,
Frolicking gaily the pleasure-boats speed.

See how its burden overfills
The last frail bark that puts from the bay!
See how even the distant hills
Send us glimpses of garments gay!
With rustic mirth the air is riven.
This is the people's very heaven!
Great and small cry out in glee:
Here am I man, here man may be!

WAGNER.

With you, Sir Doctor, thus to ramble
Is both an honour and a gain.
Alone, I should avoid this vulgar scramble,
For every kind of coarseness is my bane.
Your fiddling, bawling, skittle-playing,
I count most hateful sounds among.
They rage, as the Foul Fiend their will were swaying,
And joy they call it, call it song.

PEASANTS *under the lime-tree.*

Dance and Song.

The shepherd, all on a holiday
Donned for the dance his jacket gay,
His wreath and ribbons flying.
Already round the linden-tree
The dancers tripped it merrily.
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
The fiddle-stick went flying.

He squeezed him through, as bold as brass,
And there he jogged a buxom lass,
His lusty elbow plying.
The saucy damsel turned her head;

O! what an ill-bred clown! she said,
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
And that there's no denying!

But round they flew, with footing deft.
They danced to right, they danced to left,
With petticoats a-flying.
They grew so red, they grew so warm,
They rested breathless, arm in arm,
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
On hips their elbows lying.

Now do not make so free! she said.
How many a lover cheats his maid,
With lying and denying!
Yet as he wheedled her aside,
Rang from the linden far and wide,
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
Fiddle and voices vieing.

OLD PEASANT.

Sir Doctor, this is kindly done,
Amidst our rude and boisterous play,
For such a larnéd gentleman
To honour us plain folk to-day.
So please you take the finest mug;
With sweet, cool drink I fill it first,
And pledge you, speaking loud the wish,
It may not merely quench your thirst;
For every drop within the can,
A day be added to your span.

FAUST.

I thank you for your kindly speech,
And drink good health to all and each.

OLD PEASANT.

Nay, of a truth, it is but meet
Our joyful day should see you here.
You proved a very friend in need,
In evil days, when death was near.
And many a man stands here alive,
Whom your good father, wrestling yet,
Snatched from the fever's burning rage,
When for the Plague a bound he set.
And you yourself, a young man then,
In every stricken house were found,
And corpse on corpse was carried forth,
But you came out aye safe and sound.
Steadfast in trials did you prove ;
Helped was the helper from above.

ALL.

Health to the trusty man and tried,
That helpful still he long may bide !

FAUST.

To Him above bow down, my friends,
Who bids us help, and succour sends.
[*He goes on with Wagner.*

WAGNER.

O thou great man ! what must thy feelings be,
Hailed with such reverence by the people's voice !
O happy, who can win such joys,
And for his talents, find so rich a fee !

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AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

The father shows you to his boys,
No man but asks, and throngs and hurries,
The fiddle stops, the dancer tarries,
You walk along—in rows they stand,
The caps fly off as you draw nigh;
A little more, and every knee would bend,
As came the Holy Housel by.

FAUST.

Yet a few paces onward, up to yonder stone!
Here a brief while we'll rest us from our straying.
Here have I often sat and mused alone,
And racked myself with fasting and with praying.
For rich in hope, and staunch in faith,
With tears and sighs and frenzied wringing
Of aching hands, to stay the Death
I thought, Heaven's Lord to mercy bringing.
And now the crowd's applause rings in mine ears like scorn!
O couldst thou read what in my heart is hidden!
Father and son, no more than babe unborn,
Merit the fame that seeks them thus unbidden.
My father was a worthy gentleman,
To fame unknown, who sought with honest passion,
Yet whimsical device, as was his fashion,
Nature and all her holy rounds to scan;
In the Black Kitchen's murky region,
Cloistered with masters of the craft,
He, guided by prescriptions legion,
Concocted nauseous draught on draught.
There a Red Lion, with the Lily wedded,
A wooer bold, within the tepid bath,

From bridal-bower to bridal-bower was speeded,
Racked by the naked fire's flaming wrath.
If thereupon, in gorgeous hues attired,
Shone the Young Queen within the glassy cell,
There was the medicine. The patients still expired;
None asked the question: Who got well?
Thus have we wrought among these hills and valleys,
With hellish letuaries, worse havoc than the malice
Of that same desolating pest.
Myself to thousands have the poison given;
They pined away—and yet my fame has thriven,
Till I must hear their shameless murderers blessed.

WAGNER.

Why cloud your heart with vain contrition?
Doth it not for the honest man suffice,
If conscientiously, and in punctilious wise,
The art he practise, taught him by tradition?
If as a youth thy sire thou honourest,
Gladly from him his lore wilt thou receive.
If as a man thou further urge the quest,
Thy son may still a higher goal achieve.

FAUST.

O happy, who still hopes in very deed
This weltering sea of error to outwin!
The thing we know not is the thing we need;
If aught we know, at need we find no help therein.
Yet let us not becloud the fleeting boon
Of this bright hour with melancholy brooding!
See how the sunset-glory round us strewn
The green-embowered cots is flooding!

The sun slopes down—the day is overworn ;
He hastens hence, to call to life new being.
O that on wings from earth I were upborne,
On in his track and ever onward fleeing !
Then should I see the splendour never pale,
The tranquil world in endless sunset glowing,
And every peak aflame, and hushed lie every vale,
The silver stream in golden rivers flowing.
Then the wild mountain with its dread ravine
No more from him my god-like flight would sunder.
Straightway the sea before the eyes of wonder
With all its sunny bays is seen.
Yet now at last the god is surely sinking
But the new gift impels to flight.
Onward I speed, eternal radiance drinking,
Before me day, and far behind me night,
The sky o'erhead, and far beneath the billows.
A golden dream—meanwhile the glory fails.
Ah me ! on wings the spirit lightly sails—
Where shall this lumpish body find their fellows?
And yet the yearning Nature places
In every breast, upwards and onwards springs,
When high o'erhead, lost in the azure spaces,
His quivering song the sky-lark sings ;
When o'er the rugged, pine-clad highland,
On outspread wings the eagle soars,
And over sea and over dry land,
The crane toils on to homeward-shores.

WAGNER.

I too have had my whimsies and my fancies,
But no such freak as that by any chances.
On woods and fields, I soon have looked my fill.

I never shall begrudge the bird his pinion.
How elsewise flit we through the mind's dominion,
From book to book, from leaf to leaf, at will!
Such snug delights the wintry-eve console;
A blissful warmth in every limb comes o'er you;
Some venerable parchment then if you unroll,
Ah! then, all Heaven opens out before you!

FAUST.

One only passion is thy bosom's guide;
Seek not to know the other yearning!
Two souls, alas! within my breast abide,
The one to quit the other ever burning.
This, in a lusty passion of delight,
Cleaves to the world with organs tightly-clinging;
Fain from the dust would that its strenuous flight
To realms of loftier sires be winging.
O! spirits of the airy ways,
If such there be, 'twixt earth and heaven ranging,
Come down, come down, from out your golden haze!
Lead me to life unknown and ever-changing!
Aye, were some charméd mantle mine, to bring
To far-off lands its lord at pleasure,
The rarest raiment would not buy my treasure,
Not even the purple mantle of a king.

WAGNER.

Ah! from the atmosphere, wherethrough they stream,
I prithee, conjure not the well-known legion,

With dangers myriad for man that teem,
Thronging from every earthly region.
From the cold North the piercing Spirit-tooth
Searches you home, with tongue sharp as an arrow;
And from the East they flock, parching with drouth,
To feast upon your lungs and marrow;
Those the fierce South sends from the sandy waste,
With scorching glow on glow your sconce bemuddle;
Those from the West refresh you first, but haste
To drench yourself, and make your field a puddle.
Gladly they hear, on mischief blithely bent,
Gladly obey, for gladly would they cheat us;
They make believe from Heaven to be sent,
And when they lie, with angels' tongues they greet us.
But let us go, all grey are grown the skies;
The air is chilled, the mists arise.
At night, one's fireside gets its meed of praise.
Why do you stand and stare in such amaze?
What fills you in the twilight with such trouble?

FAUST.

Dost thou see yon black dog, ranging through shoot and stubble?

WAGNER.

I saw him long ago; he struck me not i' the least.

FAUST.

Look at him narrowly! What mak'st thou of the beast?

WAGNER.

A poodle, who like any poodle breathing,
Casts for the scent, strayed from his master's heels.

FAUST.

Mark how, a mighty spiral round us wreathing,
Nearer and ever nearer yet he steals.
And see! unless mine eyes deceive me queerly,
He trails a fiery eddy in his train.

WAGNER.

I see a poodle—a black poodle merely.
'Tis but some sport, some phantom of your brain.

FAUST.

Meseems he softly coileth magic meshes,
To be a sometime fetter round our feet.

WAGNER.

He frisks in doubt and fear around us, lest ungracious
The strangers' welcome be. He thought his lord to greet.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, now he's near!

WAGNER.

You see, no spectre, but a dog is here.
He growls and falters, grovelling he sues,
He wags his tail,—so all dogs use.

FAUST.

Come, join us, sirrah! Leave thy chase!

WAGNER.

He has the drollest poodle-ways.
Stand still—he too will stand and wait;
Speak but a word—he scrambles up you straight;
If aught you lose, that will he bring you;
Into the water for a stick he'll spring you.

FAUST.

Doubtless you're right; I cannot find a trace
Of mind or spirit—training takes its place.

WAGNER.

The dog, if fitly educated,
E'en by the wise a friend is rated.
Aye, he deserves your favour to the full,
The students' scholar, apt and teachable.
[*They go in by the City-gate.*

STUDY.

Enter FAUST, *with the poodle.*

FAUST.

Now field and mead have I forsaken,
Which Night enshroudeth, deep and still,
In us the better soul doth waken,
With a presaging, holy thrill.
Now stress of deed and storm of yearning
Sleep, at her all-compelling nod;
The love of man now bright is burning,
And burning bright the love of God.

Be quiet, poodle! Run not hither and thither!
On the threshold why snufflest thou?

Lie down behind the stove! Come hither!
My softest cushion I give thee now.
As thou without on the hilly byway,
To make us sport didst spring thy best,
So now I'll cherish thee in my way,
A welcome, if a silent guest.

When in our narrow chamber kindled
The lamp its cheerful radiance throws,
Bright gleams the light that erst had dwindled,
Within the heart itself that knows.
Reason again begins to parley,
And hope to bloom, that seeméd dead;
Then for life's fountains long we dearly,
Ah! dearly for life's Fountain-head.

Nay, snarl not, poodle! With these measures holy,
Wherein my soul is lapped completely,
The brutish tone doth jar unmeetly.
We are used that men should scoff in their folly
At what they grasp not;
At the Good and the Beautiful, which solely
Burden them oft, they should mutter and mumble;
At that will the dog now growl and grumble?

But ah! the best of wills proves unavailing.
Peace in my breast I feel no longer welling.
Yet wherefore hath the stream so swift a drying,
In thirst again to leave us lying?
I've known so oft this swift cessation.
Yet may we fill the void in ample measure;
We learn the Supernatural to treasure;
Our bosom yearns for Revelation,

Which brightest shines, and is most eloquent,
As shown in the New Testament.
I feel a prompting to determine,
From the original holy Text,
The sense, unwarped and unperplexed,
And this to render in mine own dear German.
[*He opens a volume, and sets to work.*
'Tis written: *In the beginning was the Word.*
Already I stick, and who shall help afford?
The *word* at such high rate I may not tender;
The passage must I elsewise render.
If rightly by the Spirit I am taught,
'Tis written: *In the beginning was the Thought.*
By the first line a moment tarry,
Let not thine eager pen itself o'erhurry!
Does *thought* work all and fashion all outright?
It should stand: *In the beginning was the Might.*
Yet even as my pen the sentence traces,
A warning hint the half-writ word effaces.
The Spirit helps me—from all doubting freed,
Thus write I: *In the beginning was the Deed.*

With thee if I must share my dwelling,
Poodle, let be thy yelling,
Thy howling and thy rioting!
A comrade so disquieting
I may not suffer near me.
One of us two, I fear me,
Must void the room; dost hear me?
I am loth to withdraw my hospitality;
The door is open, thy course is free.
But what is this I see?
Can this befall in the course of nature?
Is it a shadow, or is it reality?

How my poodle waxes in stature!
Bigger it looms and bigger!
Nay, that is no dog's figure!
What a spectre brought I into the house!
He looks like a hippopotamus,
With horrid jaws and fiery eyes.
Oh! I see through thy disguise!
For such a hybrid brood of Hell,
Solomon's Key doth passing well.

SPIRITS *in the corridor.*

One is trapped in the gin there!
Stay without, none follow him in there!
Like a fox in the snare,
Quakes an old Hell-lynx there
But give ye heed!
To and fro hover,
Under and over,
And he hath himself befreed!
Help! it were treason
To leave him in prison!
For he at his leisure
Hath oft done us pleasure.

FAUST.

With the beast to grapple well
First I need the fourfold spell:

Salamander, gleam candescent!
Thou, Undine, shalt wreathe and coil!
Sylph, disperse thee evanescent!
Goblin, thou shalt toil and moil!

Who ignorant is
Of the elements four,
Their inner power,

And qualities,
He little merits
To govern the spirits.

Vanish flaming and flashing,
Salamander!
Flow with a liquid plashing,
Undine!
Shine in meteoric sheen,
Sylph!
Bring household help, thou lubber-elf,
Incubus! Incubus!
Come now forth, the spell to close!

Of that four at least,
Lurks none in the beast;
It lies at its ease, and grins in my face.
Not yet have I touched its tender place.
Nay then, yet stronger
Thou shalt hear me conjure.

Art thou, fellow,
A scapeling from Hell? Lo,
Gaze on this symbol,
At which do tremble
The black battalions!

It bristles and swells, for all its valiance.

Thou outcast being,
Quake, this token seeing,
The Uncreated,
Undenominated,
Shamefully Immolated
By whom all Heaven is permeated!

Behind the stove now doth it skulk,
Swollen to elephantine bulk;
All the room 'tis swiftly filling,

Into mist 'twill melt and fleet.
Rear thee not up to the ceiling!
Down, sir, at thy master's feet!
Lo now! I do not vainly threaten!
With holy fire thou'rt singed and smitten!
Wait not to gaze
On the threefold glowing Blaze!
Wait not to gaze
On my magic's mightiest measure!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*As the mist clears, steps from behind the stove in the garb of a strolling scholar.*

What's all the coil? What is my lord's good pleasure?

FAUST.

So that then was the poodle's kernel!
A strolling scholar! The *casus* tickles me rarely.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Learned Sir, I greet you fairly!
You put me into a stew infernal.

FAUST.

What is thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A paltry question that,
For one that doth esteem the word so cheaply,
All outward show at naught doth rate,
And into the essence plunges deeply.

FAUST.

As for you, fair Sirs, as a rule your nature
Is easily read in your nomenclature,

Wherein too clearly writ it lies,
As when we call you Liar, Seducer, God of Flies.
Come, then, who art thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that Power that would
Ever the Evil do, and ever does the Good.

FAUST.

What meaning in this riddling answer lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit that Denies!
And rightly so, for all that from the Void
Wins into life, deserves to be destroyed;
Thus it were better nothing life should win.
And so is all that you as Sin,
Destruction, in a word, as Evil represent,
My own peculiar element.

FAUST.

A part dost call thyself, yet whole dost seem in sooth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I tell thee but the modest truth,
Whilst Man, the mad-brained Microcosm,
Fancies himself a Whole with swelling bosom.
Part am I of that Part that once was Everything;
Part of the Darkness, whence the Light did spring—
The arrogant Light, which now for Space doth joust,
And Mother Night from her old rank would oust.

And yet its aim not all its toil achieves.
Fettered to bodies still it cleaves;
It streams from bodies, bodies beautifies;
A body checks it on its way;
And so I hope 'twill have its day,
And with the bodies perish in like wise.

FAUST.

Now do I know thine honourable duty!
Since of the mass thou canst not make thy booty,
Thou'rt fain to try upon a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And verily, 'tis but of slight avail!
What to the Naught is as a challenge hurled,
This Something, this your lumpish World,
For all that I have undertaken,
Up to this day I have not shaken
With billows, tempests, earthquake, levin-brand.
Firm stablished as of old rest sea and land.
And this accursed spawn, this brute and human brood—
How have my onslaughts all miscarried!
What countless numbers have I buried!
Yet ever circulates a fresh young blood.
'Tis like to drive me mad, so swarm the vermin!
For ever myriad forms of germin
In Earth, and Air, and Water sprout!
In Warm and Cold, in Dry and Humid!
Had I not Flame to be mine own assuméd,
In sooth I had been elbowed out.

FAUST.

So thou dost coldly strive, thou Canker,
The eternal thrill of Life to blight!

Thy devil's fist in bootless rancour
Dost clench against Creative Might!
Nay! thou fantastic Son of Chaos,
Some other trade I rede thee try!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! perchance thine hint shall sway us.
But more on that head by and by.
Pray let me leave you for this present.

FAUST.

I do not see why thou shouldst pray.
Though our acquaintance be but recent,
Look in upon me day by day.
Here is the window, there the entrance,
A chimney I can offer you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let me confess—there is a trifling hindrance
Which bars my course the doorway through—
The wizard's foot upon your threshold.

FAUST.

The Pentagram! that gives thee pain?
If *that* thy foot within the mesh hold,
Thou Son of Hell, how didst thou entrance gain?
Say, how was such a spirit cheated?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well! the figure's not completed;
Here, if you look but closely, it remains
A little open at this outer angle.

FAUST.

A lucky chance, the Devil thus to entangle!
So thou'rt my captive for thy pains?
Nay, by my fay, that is a windfall!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle leapt across it all unmindful,
But now things wear another face!
The Devil cannot void the place.

FAUST.

But pray, what bars thine exit through the lattice?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A law that binds all ghosts and devils that is,
Which by the way they entered, bids them their steps retrace.
The first is open to us—we're bondsmen by the second.

FAUST.

In Hell itself are some laws binding reckoned?
Bravo! then Sirs, with you one might contract
A bond, and ye would keep it to a tittle?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From what we promise, not a shred we whittle,
And unalloyed thou shalt enjoy the pact.
Yet these things ask a lengthier comment;
We'll talk more of them by and by.
But now, I pray you instantly,
Dismiss me for the present moment.

FAUST.

Nay, yet a moment stay. Humour my bent,
And tell me of thy tidings, prithee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dismiss me now! I'll soon again be with thee,
Then thou shalt question to thine heart's content.

FAUST.

I set no snare! Thou in hot haste
Didst blunder in, thyself entrapping.
Who holds the Devil, hold him fast,
Nor hope a second time to catch the Devil napping!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well then, I'll bear thee company, and fain,
Sir Doctor, if it be thy pleasure,
So this proviso I obtain,
That with mine arts I while away thy leisure.

FAUST.

Do so! that will I gladly see,
So that thine art but pleasing be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, this hour will be more lavish
In all that may thy senses ravish,
Than is the year's monotony.
That which the dainty sprites shall sing thee,
The beauteous visions they shall bring thee,
Will be no empty, juggling show.
To glad thy smell, sweet scents shall trickle,
Sweet savours then thy palate tickle,
Thy feeling last with rapture glow,
No preparation do we need;
All are assembled, pray proceed!

SPIRITS.

Vanish! ye darksome
Vaultings above him.
Bright beyond measure
Shine in the azure

Ethereal sky !
Scatter, ye darkling
Clouds, and the tender
Starlight be sparkling;
Sun's softer splendour,
Beam from on high !
Spirits' aerial
Beauty ethereal
Heaven with tremulous
Hovering covers.
Yearning all emulous
After it hovers.
Garments bright gleaming
With ribbons a-streaming
Float o'er the teeming
Land and the arbour,
Where till death smite them,
Thought in thought merging
True lovers plight them,
Arbour by arbour !
Vine-tendrils burgeon ;
Into their harbour
Under the wine-press
Fruits of the vine press !
Forth in a torrent
Wells the sweet current ;
Foams effervescent
Through gems iridescent;
Streams from the highland ;
Widens to lakelets
Over the dry land,
Clasping like necklets
Emerald mountains.
Slaked at their fountains
Wildfowl soar onward,

Fluttering sunward;
On where the brightsome
Isles of the ocean,
Dance with a lightsome
Tremulous motion;
Where the entrancing
Jubilant chorus,
Singing and dancing
Flits on before us;
Flits o'er the meadows,
Scatters like shadows,
Some bent on scaling
Towering mountains,
Others on sailing
Ocean's salt fountains,
Others on flying,
Lifewards all hieing,
All to the far-away
Love-beaming star away,
Gracious and blest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! ye dainty, airy sprites, your numbers
Have lulled his sense in charméd slumbers!
For this sweet concert I your debtor rest.
Not yet art thou the man to hold the Devil thy vassal!
With dream-wrought wraiths his fancy dazzle
And in a sea of glamour steep!
And now, to cleave the threshold's magic puzzle,
A rat's tooth to my aid I clepe.
It needs no lengthy conjuration;
One rustles near already—he'll hear my incantation.

The lord of rats and bats and mice,
Of frogs and flies and bugs and lice,
Bids thee come forth and gnaw this door-sill,
Which he bedaubeth with a morsel
Of toothsome oil to tempt thy snout!

Already comes one hopping out.
Now quick to work! The point that doth perplex me,
Here at the corner stands and checks me.
Another bite and it is done!
Now, Faust, until we meet again, dream on!

FAUST, *awaking.*

What! am I once again then cheated?
And vanishes the spirit-foison thus,
That but a dream the Devil counterfeited,
A poodle from my room broke loose?

STUDY.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock! Come in! Who comes again to spite me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Three times you must invite me!

FAUST.

Come in then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! Now we shall be
Fast friends, I hope, through all that chances!
For here to chase your brain-sick fancies
I come, a squire of high degree;
In raiment red, with gold all braided,
In silken mantle, stiff brocaded,
A jaunty cock's plume in my cap,
And on my hip, a long keen weapon;
And here is counsel full of sap:
Rig thyself out in garb like-shapen,
All trammels rend in twain, and free
Henceforth what life is thou shalt see.

FAUST.

This cramping earthly life with one same curse
In every garb alike my soul would stifle.
Alas! I am too old to trifle,
Too young, no yearning wish to nurse.
What hath the world to tempt a trial?
But self-denial, self-denial!
That is the everlasting song
In all men's ears that ever rings,
Which every hour, our whole life long,
In hoarsest accents ever sings.
Only with horror every morn I waken.
Then could I weep as one of hope forsaken,
To see the day, which ere its course be done
Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!
Which carping ever, like a gnawing worm,
Before the fruit, blights pleasure in the blossom;
With grinning masks of life in myriad form

Mars the creations of my fruitful bosom.
Nay, and when peaceful night sinks softly down
All fearful on my couch I lay me;
E'en there no sleep my cares may drown,
But wildest visions will affray me.
The god that in my breast abides
Stirs to its depths mine inmost passion:
He that supreme o'er all my powers presides,
O'er naught without hath domination.
And so to me existence is a burden,
Hateful is Life, and Death a longed-for guerdon

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet Death's a guest 'gainst whom their hearts men ever harden.

FAUST.

Happy whose brows in Victory's flush and gladness
With blood-drenched laurels by Death's hand are laden!
Who from the dance's breathless madness
Dies in the arms of some fair maiden!
Would I, before the lofty Spirit's might,
Entranced, unsouled, from Earth away had sunken!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet hath some one, on a certain night,
Such and such a brown juice not drunken!

FAUST.

In eaves-dropping, it seems, is thy delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much do I know—though not omniscient quite.

FAUST.

Since from my spirit's dread upheaval
Charmed me yon sweet, familiar chime,
Cheating my will with vain retrieval
Of moods from childhood's blissful time—
Cursed be all baubles that enamour
With cheating, juggling charm, the soul;
Or chain it with elusive glamour
Within this dreary, dungeon-hole!
Cursed before all the high opinion
In which the soul itself ensnares!
Cursed be false seeming, Fancy's minion,
That takes the sensés unawares!
Cursed be the dreams that daylight shatters
Of name and fame outliving life!
Cursed be the owner's pride that flatters
In hind and plough, in child and wife!
Accursed be Mammon, when with treasures
He spurs us on to hardy deeds!
Accursed, when serving slothful pleasures
He smooths the cushion to our needs!
Cursed be the grape-vine's sweet effusion!
Cursed that last favour Love doth seek!
Cursed be Hope's vision, Faith's delusion,
And cursed, thrice cursed, be Patience meek!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS, *invisible*

Woe! woe!
See how it crumbles,
The beauteous world,
Beneath thy blow!
It totters, it tumbles!
A demi-god smote it asunder!
We wander,
Sadly bearing the wrack of beauty,

Where yonder
Gapes the Void with gloomy portal.
Dutiful
Do thou, great mortal,
Beautiful
In new splendour,
In thy bosom build it again.
A new life, if thou so ordain,
Commences
With clearer senses,
And songs more tender
Breathe a new strain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the tiny
Ones in my meiny.
They exhort to deeds and pleasure,
Shrewd beyond youth's measure.
Into the wide wide world they would
Draw thee from solitude,
Where sap and senses stagnate,
As draws the steel the magnet.

Cease toying with thy melancholy,
That like a vulture eats into thine heart!
No company so poor, but plentifully
'Twill teach that man with men thou art.
Yet that is not to say
I'd thrust thee among the rabble!
I'm none o' the fashionable,
Yet wilt thou take thy way
Through life with me united,
Then I shall be delighted
Thine on the spot to make me.
For thy fellow take me,

And so thy praise I have,
I'll be thy servant, be thy slave!

FAUST.

And what return on my part must be given?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There's time enough, on that we won't insist.

FAUST.

Nay, nay! The Devil is an egotist,
Nor ever, for the mere love of Heaven
Itches his neighbour to assist.
What thy conditions are disclose.
One of thy livery brings danger into the house.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here will I pledge myself to serve thee truly,
Be at thy beck, nor know repose nor rest.
When we meet yonder, shalt thou duly
In a like manner do my hest.

FAUST.

The Yonder is a trifling matter;
This world in ruins if thou shatter,
Why, let the other then arise!
'Tis from this world my life its joys doth borrow;
This sun it is that shines upon my sorrow;
Part me therefrom, and on the morrow,
Happen what will or can, I reck no wise.
No more on this head will I ponder,
Hereafter if men hate or love,
Or if too in the far spheres yonder
There be an Under or Above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thus minded canst thou safely venture.
Resolve thee! Set thine hand unto the indenture!
With joy mine arts forthwith thou'lt see.
What no man yet beheld, that give I thee.

FAUST.

And pray, what wilt thou give, poor Devil?
When could the like of thee rise to the lofty level
To which doth strive the human breast?
Yet hast thou food that fills not, yet thou hast
Red gold that trickles without rest,
Quicksilver-like, the fingers' clutch between;
A game at which we never win;
A girl that on my breast doth toy,
Yet ogling plights herself unto my neighbour;
And Honour's splendid, God-like joy,
That vanishes, like meteoric vapour.
Show me the fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot,
And trees that deck them with new verdure daily!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission frights me not.
I'll serve thee with such treasures gaily.
But, good my friend, the time draws on apace,
When at our ease, a royal feast we'll savour.

FAUST.

If on the bed of sloth I loll contented ever,
Then with that moment end my race!
Canst thou delude me with thy glozing

Self-pleased, to put my grief away,
Canst thou my soul with pleasures cozen,
Then be that day my life's last day!
That is the wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

Aye, done, I say!
When to the moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I cry, so fair thou art!
Then into fetters mayst thou cast me,
Then let come doom, with all my heart!
Then toll the death-bell, do not linger,
Then be thy bondage o'er and done,
Let the clock stop, let fall the finger,
Let Time for me be past and gone!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bethink thee shrewdly—we shall not forget it!

FAUST.

Thy right thereto none will deny.
Not rash my choice is, nor shall I regret it.
E'en as I am, a slave am I;
Thine or another's, one I rate it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This very day, my servant's part to do,
At the Doctor's banquet I'll be with thee.
But one thing still, come life, come death, I prithee
Give me a written line or two.

FAUST.

Thou pedant! what, and must thou have a scrawl?
Hast thou then known no man, nor known man's word at all?
Is't not enough my spoken word alone
Shall sway my life, until the crack o' doom is?
Doth not the world in all its streams sweep on,
And dost thou think to bind me with a promise?
Yet is this folly in each heart instilled,
And who would rid him of the error?
Happy whose breast with pure good faith is filled!
When falls the bond, he'll enter no demurrer.
Nathless a deed bescribbled and besealed,
A bugbear is from which all shrink in terror.
The word dies ere the pen record it,
And henceforth wax and sheepskin lord it.
What wilt thou, Evil Spirit, say?
Bronze, marble, parchment, paper, eh?
Shall graver, quill or chisel fix the story?
Say but the word, I am not nice!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How canst thou in such heated wise
At once o'erstrain thine oratory?
Any chance scrap of paper's good;
And for the signature, a little drop of blood.

FAUST.

To humour thy solicitude
We'll play the farce in all its glory.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood has quite matchless properties.

FAUST.

And fear not thou that with this bond I'll palter.
The essence of my promise is
To strive with all my might, nor shall I falter.
I puffed me up beyond my height;
In thy rank only is my place.
Me the great Spirit did but slight.
Nature her door shuts in my face.
The thread of thought is snapped in twain.
All knowledge long hath loathsome been.
Our glowing passions in a sensual sea
Now will we quench, nor in the shallows dabble!
In magic veils impenetrable
Straightway each marvel ready be!
Headlong we'll plunge in the turmoil of Time,
The roll of Circumstance sublime;
And then let Pain and Delight,
Fruition and Despite,
Each with each interchange as they can.
'Tis action alone attests the man!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For you no time or term is leased.
Would you all sweets of being rifle,
Or on the wing snap up a trifle,
I wish you joy of every feast.
Only fall to, and don't need pressing.

FAUST.

You hear! No dreams of joy am I caressing!
The giddy whirl be mine, with agonized delight,
With loving hatred, quickening despite.
My bosom, healed now from the lust of learning,
Henceforth unto no pain shall close its portals;
And in myself I'll gratify each yearning,

Assigned in sum to the whole race of mortals.
All heights and depths my mind shall compass single;
All weal and woe within my breast shall mingle;
Till mine own self to mankind's self expanded,
Like it at last upon Time's reef be stranded.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, take my word, who many a thousand year
This bitter cud to chew am driven,
That from the cradle to the bier
No man digests the old, old leaven.
Sure testimony we can render:
This Whole but for a God is made.
He thrones at ease amid eternal splendour;
Us hath He thrust in Stygian shade;
Your needs alone with Day and Night are stayed.

FAUST.

Nay, but I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's bravely spoken!
Alas! there is but one thing wrong:
Time is but short, and Art is long!
Why not take lessons, more by token?
Knock up acquaintance with some poet!
Then let him seek, in thought all Nature sweeping,
Each noble quality, on you bestow it,
With spoils your honoured pate upheaping—
The lion's dauntless mood,
The stag's fleet-footedness,
The Italian's fiery blood,
The Northern steadfastness.

Let him the secret find, to graft
On the same stock, nobility and craft.
And how, with youth hot in your bosom,
To fall in love according to a system.
I'd like to meet that paragon of wisdom!
I'd christen such an one Sir Microcosm.

FAUST.

What am I then, if Fate mine efforts thwart
The crown of all humanity from earning,
For which my senses all are ever yearning?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, in the end, thou'rt what thou art!
Though thou be crowned with wigs of myriad tresses,
Although thy foot on ell-high buskins presses,
Thou bidest ever what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it! vainly have I every treasure
Won by man's mind, raked up my hoard to swell!
When I sit down at last, my gains to measure,
I feel no new-born power within me well;
Not by a hair's breadth am I higher,
Nor to the Infinite am nigher.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, my good Sir, to put it crudely,
You see things just as things exist.
We must lay hold of life more shrewdly,
Ere all the joys of life we've missed.
Why, what a mischief! thine in truth
Are hands and feet, and head and belly;
Yet all that I enjoy, good sooth,

Is no less mine for that, I tell ye!
Six stallions if my money buy,
Their strength is mine in all its plenty!
I spank along, a right good man am I,
As though my legs were four-and-twenty.
Up then, let all this brooding be,
And out into the world with me!
Mark me! the wight that speculates,
Like to a beast on a bare common,
Led by an evil spirit, round and round gyrates,
Whilst fair green pastures round him vainly summon.

FAUST.

How shall we set about it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First get out of this!
Why, what a torture-hole it is!
And what a life—boxed up in bunkers,
To plague oneself and plague the younkers!
Pray, leave that to your neighbour Paunch!
Why thresh the old, old straw, over and over?
You haven't even got *carte blanche*
To tell the lads the best you can discover.
I hear one stirring in the lobby.

FAUST.

I cannot see him now, indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, but he's waited long, poor booby!
He must not go uncomforted.
Give me thy cap and gown here! Marry,
'Twill seem me well, this mummery to flaunt!
[*He disguises himself.*

Now trust my wits to do the necessary.
Some quarter of an hour is all I want;
Meanwhile equip thee for our little jaunt.

[*Exit Faust.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in Faust's long robe.*

Go to! slight reason, now, and science slight,
Wherein doth lie man's greatest might!
Let but the spirit of lies enamour
Thy soul of sorcery and glamour,
And pact or none—I hold thee tight!
To him hath Destiny a spirit given
That all unbridled, ever forward sweeps,
And by o'erhasty effort driven,
The Earth's delights still overleaps.
Through wildest life I'll hale him by the thrapple,
Through vapid insignificancy;
I'll have him wriggle, boggle, grapple,
And his insatiability
With meat and drink I'll mock, before parched lips that hover.
Vainly he'll crave refreshment for his flame.
Himself unto the Devil had he not made over,
He'd go to the devil all the same!

[*Enter a student.*

STUDENT.

Newly arrived, I come direct,
Filled with the most profound respect,
To know—since such your condescension,
A man whom all with reverence mention.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy rejoices me;
A man like many another you see.
Have you already sought elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I pray you let me be your care!
I come to you with courage good,
Fair store of money and fresh young blood.
Scarce would my mother let me to college.
Fain would I get me some useful knowledge.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You couldn't have come to a better place!

STUDENT.

Frankly, I'd fain my steps retrace!
Within these walls and chambers gloomy
I'm ill at ease. Were they but roomy—
But all so cramped is to my mind.
No green thing, not a tree I find.
And in the class-room, on the benches,
My brain reels and my reason blenches.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Believe me, 'tis but use you lack.
So at the first its mother's breast
A child not willingly doth take;
Yet soon it sucks with right good zest.
So you at Wisdom's breasts new pleasure
Will find each day in growing measure.

STUDENT.

I'll hang on her neck with rapture, do not doubt it.
But pray you, now, how shall I set about it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twere best, no further time to lose,
To say what Faculty you choose.

STUDENT.

Right learned would I be, and even
All things would compass, that in Heaven
Or on the Earth here are enacted,
All Science, all Nature would assail.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why there you're on the proper trail.
Yet must you not let yourself be distracted.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase;
Yet to be frank, a little leisure
On beautiful summer-holidays,
And a little pastime would give me pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Husband your time, Time fleets so swiftly on;
Yet order teaches how time may be won.
My dear young friend, I bid you therefore
A course of Logic first prepare for.
Then will your mind be drilled and braced,
In Spanish boots be tightly laced,
And henceforth greater caution taught,
Shuffle along the path of thought,
Nor zigzag, as the wind may blow,
Will o' the wisp it to and fro.
Then will they teach you many a day,
That what at a stroke you did alway,
Like eating and like drinking free,
Must needs be done with one, two, three.
True, the tissue of thought hath warp and weft,
Like a masterpiece of the weaver's craft.
One tread, and a thousand threads do flit,
Hitherward, thitherward, shoots the shuttle;

The threads flow out, unseen and subtle;
One stroke, and a thousand knots are knit.
Then the philosopher learnedly
Shows you that so the thing must be.
The First was so, the Second so,
Therefore the Third and Fourth are so;
And were not the First and Second, then
The Third and Fourth had never been.
All scholars praise it, but Lord love 'em,
It hasn't yet made weavers of 'em!
He who some living thing would study
Drives first the spirit out of the body,
And then the parts he holds in his hand,
And there fails him but the spiritual band.
Encheiresis Naturae, Chemistry calls it,
Mocks itself, knowing not what befalls it.

STUDENT.

I fear I don't quite grasp the matter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

After a while you'll manage better.
You'll learn to reduce things by and by,
And to classify all appropriately.

STUDENT.

My wits are dazed with what you've said
As went a mill-wheel round in my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then, the next thing I must mention,
Is Metaphysics. Give it your close attention.
With thought profound take care to span
What won't fit into the brain of man.
But fit or not—'tis small concern,

A pompous word will serve your turn.
But for this session—first of all
See that you be methodical.
Each day you're here for five hours' space,
With the first stroke be in your place.
Be well prepared before you start.
Get all your paragraphs by heart,
That you may spy, with watchful look
Lest aught he say that's not i' the book.
And write for dear life's sake, as though
The Holy Ghost dictated to you.

STUDENT.

Nay, there I'll need no second telling.
I think I know its worth aright;
For what one has in black and white
One takes with an easy mind to one's dwelling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But pray you, choose me a Faculty.

STUDENT.

For Jurisprudence, now, I've little inclination.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, there you don't incur my reprobation.
This science as it really is I see.
Like an eternal, rank contagion,
Statutes and laws are inherited.
They drag from generation on to generation,
And stealthily from place to place they spread.
Reason to nonsense turns, blessings to curses;
Woe's thee, that thou'rt the heir of Time!
But there's no question of that right sublime
That with us born into this universe is.

STUDENT.

Your words but make me shrink the more.
Happy who profits by your lore!
Theology, now, to my heart lies nearer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I were loth to lead you into error.
Thus hold I of this discipline:
In such a maze the road so hard to gain is,
Such store of hidden venom lies therein,
And scarce you know which medicine and which bane is.
Here too 'twere best one master you should hear,
And what he says, that do you swear.
In sum, hold fast by words, then straightway
You'll enter by the sure safe gateway
Into the Temple of Certainty.

STUDENT.

Yet some idea behind the word must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O yes! yet need we not with too great scruples rack us,
For just where all ideas lack us,
Comes an apt word to fill the vacancy.
With words you can argue, and subtly twist 'em;
From words, construct a goodly system;
In words believe, nor can you whittle
From a word, a single jot or tittle.

STUDENT.

Pardon! with many questions I detain you,
Yet must I tax your patience still.

On Medicine, if it be your will,
A pithy word to speak I would constrain you.
Three years—how quickly will they glide!
God knows, the field is far too wide!
If but a single clue is known
The maze is easier to unravel.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

I'm sick of this pedantic tone—
Now will I play the very devil! [*Aloud.*
Of Medicine easy 'tis to grasp the essence.
Through great and little world you studiously plod,
Then let things go, in spite of all your lessons,
As pleases God!
Vainly you range all round with scientific zeal,
For every one but learns just what he can.
Who puts a timely spoke in Fortune's wheel,
He is the proper man!
You're well-built, handsome, and robust;
Boldness you do not lack, nor must you,
For if yourself you only trust,
Be sure that others too will trust you.
And firstly, learn to lead the women;
With all their endless groans and sighs
In countless wise
There's but one way to physic *them* in.
Decorum! and you'll hold the band
All in the hollow of your hand.
First get a title—then be sure that *they*'ll come
Convinced thereby your art has scarce its peers.
So may you finger everything and welcome
Round which another prowls for years and years.

Press where the pulse so shyly dances!
Clasp her with sly and fiery glances,
Freely about the slender waist,
To see how tightly she be laced!

STUDENT.

Nay, that looks better, now! The Where and
How we see!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My dear young friend, grey is all theory,
The golden tree of life is green!

STUDENT.

I feel as 'twere some dream I wander in!
Might I still further trespass on your patience
Throughly to hear your lore on meet occasions?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What I can do, I gladly will.

STUDENT.

I cannot take my leave, until
Some word to grace my album I've bespoken.
Pray let your favour grant this token.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And fain!

[*He writes and gives it back again.*

STUDENT *reads.*

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

[*Closes the book reverently and takes his leave.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Follow the ancient saw, and follow the snake,
my cousin;

God's image as thou art, thou'lt rue the way
thou hast chosen!

[*Enter Faust.*

FAUST.

Whither lies now our way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whither it pleases thee.
The little world and then the great we'll see.
With joy and gain, led by the Devil,
Quite gratis through the course thou'lt revel.

FAUST.

Yet with this flowing beard bedight
I lack the ease of life polite.
I court but failure in the endeavour.
To mingle with the world, that could I never,
I feel so small where others are;
I should be awkward everywhere.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis use, my friend, all use; allay thy fever.
If but thou trust thyself, then hast thou *savoir vivre.*

FAUST.

Forth from the house how shall we speed?
Where hast thou carriage, groom and horses?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

An outspread cloak is all we need,
Thorough the air to take our courses.
But this bold journey as we make
No bulky bundle must thou take.
A little inflammable air, which I'll make ready,

From earth will waft us, sure and speedy.
Full quickly we shall rise, if light we are.
I wish you joy upon your new career!

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPSIC.

Boon Companions at a Drinking-bout.

FROSCH.

Will no one drink? Will none guffaw?
I'll teach you all to pull sour faces!
To-day you're all like sodden straw,
Whose wit is wont to flare like blazes.

BRANDER.

Thine is the fault—from thee we wait some sign,
Some trick such as befits a clown or swine.

FROSCH.

[*Pours a glass of wine over his head.*
There, that fits both!

BRANDER.

Thou double-swine!

FROSCH.

Nay, thou wouldst have it, the fault is thine.

SIEBEL.

Out at the door with them that quarrel!
Swill now, and bawl, and *down-down-derry-down* carol!
Up! Holla! Ho!

ALTMAYER.

Woe's me! I'm lost, alack!
Bring cotton-wool! the knave mine ears will crack!

SIEBEL.

The vault must fairly ring again,
Ere to the full we feel the bass's deep refrain.

FROSCH.

That's right! who takes offence, out with the surly loon!
Ri-tooral-looral-li!

ALTMAYER.

Ri-tooral-looral-li!

FROSCH.

Now are our throats in tune.

Sings.

The good old Holy Roman Realm,
How hangs it still together?

BRANDER.

A scurvy song! Faugh! A political song!
A filthy song! Thank God with day's return
The Holy Roman Empire's none of your concern.
At least I hold it gain that Fortune fated me
Nor Emperor nor Chancellor to be.
And yet some overlord there must not lack us;
We'll make a Pope to sit i' the seat of Bacchus.
You know what quality, you Sirs,
Decides the choice, the man prefers.

FROSCH *sings.*

Soar aloft, Dame Nightingale,
My Love with thousand greetings hail!

SIEBEL.

Greet me no greetings! I'll no word of greeting!

FROSCH.

A greeting i' thy teeth, and a kiss too for my sweeting!

Sings.

Draw the bolt at midnight stilly,
Draw the bolt, thy lover wakes.
Shoot the bolt i' the twilight chilly!

SIEBEL.

Nay, sing now, sing! and vaunt her till thy throttle aches!
I too shall have my turn of laughing.
She's played me false, the jade! She'll fool thee with her daffing.
Some lubber-fiend would be a gallant meet;
Let her in crossways wanton with her demon.
Some old he-goat good-night to her should bleat,
Back from the Blocksberg turned, a fitting leman.
A proper lad—a piece of flesh and blood,
Is for the baggage far too good!
I tell you flat—I use no inuendoes;
No greeting for the hussy! Smash her windows!

BRANDER, *hammering on the table.*

Give heed! give heed! A word with you!
And own, you Sirs, I don't lack breeding,

For love-sick folk sit here in view—
All honour to whom honour is due!
I'll give them a song that's worth their heeding.
Mark now! A brand-new song 'twill be,
And bear me a burden lustily.

He sings.

I' the cellar-nest there lived a rat
That fed on fat and butter.
He grew a little paunch as fat
As the paunch of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison one fine night,
Then grew his little world as tight
As had he love in his belly.

CHORUS, *jubilant.*

As had he love in his belly.

BRANDER.

About he flew and out he flew
And swilled from every puddle.
He gnawed and clawed the whole house through,
It booted not a bodle!
He leapt in agony aloft and alow,
But soon, poor beast, he had enow,
As had he love in his belly.

CHORUS.

As had he love in his belly.

BRANDER.

Then did he writhing i' the open day
Into the kitchen scuffle;
Fell upon the hearth and squirming lay
And piteously did snuffle.

Loud laughed the murderess to see him roll.
Aha! he's a-piping on his very last hole,
As had he love in his belly.

CHORUS.

As had he love in his belly.

SIEBEL.

The muddy rascals—how they rollick!
A noble art, good sooth! to strew
Poison to give poor rats the colic!

BRANDER.

They're high in favour, eh, with you?

ALTMAYER.

The bald pate with the big round belly!
He's tamed and humbled by his woes,
And in the swollen rat, I tell ye,
His faithful counterfeit he knows.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now is my very first anxiety
To show thee jovial society,
That thou mayst see how lightly life can sit.
Each day these fellows make a feast of it.
With little wit and mickle comfort
Each in his narrow circle wheels,
As playful kittens chase their tails.
Save when their heads do ache and hum for't,
So but the host will score the shot,
They live in mirth and worry not.

BRANDER.

They're fresh from travelling, as I'm a sinner!
One reads it in their dress and odd demeanour.
They've not been here a single hour.

FROSCH.

You've hit it! Well of towns, my Leipsic is
the flower;
A little Paris 'tis and polishes its people.

SIEBEL.

Canst guess their calling?

FROSCH.

Aye, beyond a doubt!
Let me alone for that! Over a brimming
tankard
I'll worm the fellows' secret out
As 'twere a milk-tooth, were they ne'er so
cankered.
It seems to me they come of a noble stock;
They have a haughty, discontented look.

BRANDER.

They're mountebanks, I'll lay a dollar!

ALTMAYER.

Maybe.

FROSCH.

I'll smoke them. Mark the event!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

The Devil the vulgar herd ne'er scent,
E'en though he have them by the collar.

FAUST.

We greet you fairly, Sirs.

SIEBEL.

We you, with thanks to boot.
[*Aside, looking askance at Mephistopheles.*
Why limps the fellow on one foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pray, have we leave to join your merry party?
Good drink is lacking here, yet fain we'd take our ease
Amongst a company so hearty.

ALTMAYER.

Gadzooks! You're very hard to please!

FROSCH.

'Twas doubtless late from Rippach when you started—
With Squire Hans, belike, you broke your evening fast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we only travelled past.
Last time we talked with him, and ere we parted
He'd much to say of this and the other cousin,
And loaded us for each with greetings by the dozen.
[*He bows to Frosch.*

ALTMAYER, *in an undertone.*

He's rapped you over the knuckles! He's a cunning dog!

SIEBEL.

Aye, he's all there!

FROSCH.

Wait now! I'll have him yet, the rogue!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Methinks we heard in chorus sing
Voices that lacked not cultivation;
And truly from this vault must ring
Your song with a rich reverberation.

FROSCH.

Are you perchance a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no! though fond of song, my singing is but so-so.

ALTMAYER.

Sing us a stave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, if you wish it, twenty.

SIEBEL.

Let it but be a brand-new strain!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We are but newly come from Spain,
The beauteous land of wine and song in plenty.

He sings.

A king once ruled a nation
And he had a fair big flea.

FROSCH.

A flea, quotha! Nay now, I pray you, heed!
A flea's a dainty guest indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A king once ruled a nation
And he had a fair big flea.
He loved him in such fashion
As his own son were he.
Now the king his royal pleasure
To the tailor did disclose:
Take me young master's measure
For doublet and for hose.

BRANDER.

And look you! see you warn the man of stitches
To take the measure to a hair.
'Twere pity of his life I'll swear,
An there were wrinkles i' the breeches.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and eke in velvet
Behold our hero dressed,
With ribbons on his doublet,
And a cross upon his breast.
Straightway he's made a minister,
And a sparkling star doth sport;
His kin, by intrigues sinister,
Are all great lords at court.

The lords and eke the ladies
Tormented are full sore.
Nor queen nor chambermaid is
From bite and sting secure.

And yet they might not track 'em,
Nor scratch 'em off they might.
We hack 'em and we crack 'em,
Whenever we feel 'em bite.

CHORUS, *jubilant.*

We hack 'em and we crack 'em,
Whenever we feel 'em bite.

FROSCH.

Bravo! bravo! that was fine!

SIEBEL.

This doom on all fleas I pronounce.

BRANDER.

Point your fingers and on them pounce!

ALTMAYER.

Long live Freedom! Long live Wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd gladly honour the toast, for Freedom I'm a zealot,
Were but your wines more kindly to the palate.

SIEBEL.

No more o' that, thou queasy gullet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mine host might take't amiss, or for this toast
I'd treat this honourable party
From our own cellar, blithe and hearty.

SIEBEL.

Here with the wine! I'll answer't with the host.

FROSCH.

Give us a right good glass, our thanks shall be right ample,
But pray you, stint us not i' the sample.
If I'm to judge, brim up the bowl.
I judge best when you fill my jowl.

ALTMAYER, *in an undertone.*

They're from the Rhine, I guess.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now straightway
A gimlet here!

BRANDER.

A gimlet? What's the gimlet for?
Pray, have you got the casks there in the gateway?

ALTMAYER.

His chest of tools the host keeps here behind the door.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *takes the gimlet. To Frosch.*

What would you like to taste, now, mild or heady?

FROSCH.

What mean you? Have you such variety?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For each his taste. The choice is free.

ALTMAYER, *to Frosch.*

Aha! you start to lick your chaps already!

FROSCH.

Good, I'll have Rhenish, then, since mine the choice is.

Our heart with richest gifts the Fatherland rejoices.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*Boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where Frosch sits.*

Get me a little wax, to make forthwith the stoppers.

ALTMAYER.

Tut! tut! They're tricks a juggler does for coppers.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Brander.*

And you, good Sir?

BRANDER.

Champagne for me,
And bright and sparkling let it be.

[*Mephistopheles bores; meanwhile one of the company has made the wax-stoppers and inserts them in the holes.*

BRANDER.

We can't quite shun the Foreign, howe'er we may determine;
The Good is oft so far away.
Your Frenchman's poison to your true-born German,
But your French wines he'd drink all day.

SIEBEL.

[*As Mephistopheles approaches his seat.*

I must confess your sour wines I don't care for,
Give me a glass of genuine sweet wine therefore.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *boring.*

Tokay forthwith shall flow into your glass.

ALTMAYER.

Nay, Sir, now look me in the face!
I see we are your butts. You do but flout us!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such noble guests! How can you doubt us?
Flout you? Nay nay! that were too bold!
What can I serve you with? Unfold
Your choice! I pray you, make suggestion!

ALTMAYER.

With any. Stand not on the question.

After the holes are all bored and plugged,
MEPHISTOPHELES, *with mystic passes.*

Grapes doth the vine-stock bear!
Horns doth the he-goat wear!
Wine is juicy, wooden is the vine,
The wooden table too can bring forth wine.
Nature with keen insight cleave;
Here is a miracle, but believe!
Draw now the stoppers and drink your fill.

ALL.

[*Drawing out the stoppers; whereupon there flows into the glass of each the wine he had asked for.*

O noble fount, that flows at will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But take good heed, lest any drop ye spill.

[*They drink repeatedly.*

ALL *sing.*

We're jolly dogs, as drunk as logs,
And happy as five hundred hogs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The rabble is let loose. It grows uproarious.

FAUST.

Let us be gone, I beg of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nay, heed them first! Now bestiality
Will be revealed in guise most glorious.

SIEBEL.

[*Drinks heedlessly; the wine is spilt on the ground and turns to flame.*
Help! Fire! Help! The flames of Hell!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *conjuring the fire.*

Peace, friendly element! Be still!
[*To the wassailers.*
This time 'twas but a drop of purgatorial fire.

SIEBEL.

What's this! Nay, wait! A lesson you require,
And marry, I'll give you one, aye, that I will!

FROSCH.

Don't dare a second time so to provoke us.

ALTMAYER.

We'd better softly bid him shog, that's clear.

SIEBEL.

What, Sir, d'ye take upon you here
To play on us your hocus-pocus?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Peace, thou old wine-tub!

SIEBEL.

Broomstick, out!
Must thou be gibing too, i' the top o' the matter?

BRANDER.

Nay, marry, wait! Like hail the blows shall patter!

ALTMAYER.

[*Draws a stopper out of the table. Fire spirts out upon him.*
I'm burning, burning!

SIEBEL.

Witchcraft! Draw!
Have at him! He's out o' the pale o' the law!
[*They draw their knives and rush upon Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *with solemn mien.*

False word and wraith of air,
Change place and sense impair!
Be here and there!
[*They stand in amaze and gaze at each other.*

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! See I aright?

SIEBEL.

And grapes here close at hand!

BRANDER.

Here 'neath this arbour green and shady,
See what a vine! what grapes hang ready!
[*He takes Siebel by the nose; the others seize each other in like manner and raise their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *as above.*

Loose, Error, from their eyes the band!
Mark how the Devil's jesting goes.
[*Vanishes with Faust; the wassailers draw away from each other.*

SIEBEL.

What is it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that thy nose?

BRANDER, *to Siebel.*

And thine I'm clutching in my hand!

ALTMAYER.

Through every limb the shock did dart and shiver.
Give me a chair! My knees are all a-quiver!

FROSCH.

Pray, what has happened? Well, I never!

SIEBEL.

Where is the rogue? His life's in peril!
I'll stretch him dead upon the floor!

ALTMAYER.

I saw him with these eyes bestride a barrel
And ride out at the cellar-door.
My feet like lumps of lead my legs hang under.
[*Turning to the table.*
My! will the wine still flow, I wonder?

SIEBEL.

Nay, all was glamour, cheat and show.

FROSCH.

Yet I was drinking wine, I vow.

BRANDER.

But what about the grapes, then, pray you?

ALTMAYER.

And miracles are naught but old wives' stories,
say you?

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

[*Upon a low hearth stands a great cauldron over the fire. In the steam that rises from the cauldron divers forms appear. A she-ape sits beside the cauldron, skims it, and watches lest it boil over. The he-ape with the whelps sits beside it, warming himself. Walls and ceiling are decked with the most fantastic implements of witchcraft.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

My gorge doth rise at this mad magic-dealing!
Dost promise I shall get me healing

In this wild waste of sorcery?
Do I need counsel from a withered beldam?
Will this foul broth my body free
From thirty years of age's thraldom?
Woe's me an thou naught better find!
My hope is stifled in this den unwholesome.
Hath Nature not, and hath no noble mind
Discovered to this use some gracious balsam?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now you talk sense again, my friend, and look!
There is a natural means, since such thou deemest apter,
Youth to restore—but in another book,
And sooth it is the oddest chapter.

FAUST.

I choose to know it!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! No money doth it need,
No leeches' aid nor aid of witches.
Betake thee to the field with speed,
Turn up the clods, and dig out ditches;
Move ever in a narrow round
Content, and tug not at thy tether;
With frugal fare keep body and soul together;
Live with the brutes as brute, and think not shame to dung
Thyself the field thou reapest. There's a truthful
And simple rule to make thee young,
And fourscore years to keep thee youthful.

FAUST.

I lack the use thereto. So low I may not grovel

To fit my hand to spade and shovel.
So cramped a life my very soul would irk!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why then, the witch must needs to work.

FAUST.

Is none but an old hag so skilled?
Canst thou not brew thyself the potion?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty pastime! I could build
As soon a thousand bridges, I've a notion.
Not skill nor lore suffice to brew
The draught. There must be patience too.
A tranquil spirit works on, whilst years still lengthen.
Time only can the delicate ferment strengthen.
And wondrous strange too, sooth to say,
Are all things that belong unto it.
The Devil showed them first the way,
And yet the Devil cannot do it.
[*Perceiving the beasts.*
Lo you now! What a dainty breed!
This is the man! that is the maid!
[*To the beasts.*
Your mistress then bides not the house in?

THE BEASTS.

Gone carousing,
Out she flew
The chimney through!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And how long goes she a-gadding, marry?

THE BEASTS.

So long as our paws to warm we tarry.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What think you of the dainty beasties?

FAUST.

I think them stale as stale can be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay now, a talk like this for me,
Above all other talk, a very feast is!
[*To the beasts.*
Tell me, accursed poppets, will ye,
What stir ye round and round i' the stew?

THE BEASTS.

We're boiling sloppy pauper-skilly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why then, your public is not few

THE HE-APE.

[*Sidles up and fawns upon Mephistopheles.*
Oh! rattle the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,
And let me be gainer!
I'm short of the trash,
And were I in cash
I were so much the saner.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How dearly would the ape now join the scramble,

And in the lottery for fortune gamble!

[*Meanwhile the ape-whelps have been playing with a large ball, which they now roll forward.*

THE HE-APE.

The world's a ball
Doth rise and fall,
As Fate doth spin it.
It rings like glass;
'Tis brittle alas!
There's nothing in it.
Here bright it seems,
Here brighter gleams;
I'm alive this minute!
My son, I say,
Keep thee away!
Death nothing hinders!
It is but clay!
'Twill fly to flinders!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whereto the sieve?

THE HE-APE *takes it down.*

Wert thou a thief
Disguise thee thou couldst not.
[*He runs to the she-ape and lets her look through.*
Look through the sieve
Dost know the thief,
Yet name him thou wouldst not!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *approaching the fire.*

And what is this pot?

HE-APE AND SHE-APE.

The simple sot!
He knows not the pot!
He knows not the kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly brute!

HE-APE.

Take the whisk, and to boot
Take a seat i' the settle!
[*He constrains Mephistopheles to sit down.*

FAUST.

[*Who in the meanwhile has been standing before a mirror, now approaching it, now retiring from it.*

What see I here? What vision heavenly bright
Within this magic glass? Thy fleetest pinion
Now lend me, Love, and into her dominion
Lead thou my swift, unerring flight!
Ah! if upon this spot I bide not—fate inhuman!
If near I venture, as my heart doth list,
I see her only through a veil of mist!
The fairest vision of a woman!
Is't possible? So fair can woman be?
Or in this couchéd form see I what no man
Hath ever seen, all heaven's epitome?
Is there on earth so fair a being?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, marry! if a God six days doth toil and moil,

And cries: Well done! i' the end o' the coil,
It must be something well worth seeing.
Gaze now thy fill, and presently
I'll look thee out just such a pretty sweeting;
And happy man be his dole, say I,
Who on her lips shall press the bridegroom's greeting!

[*Faust gazes ever in the mirror. Mephistopheles, stretching himself in the settle and toying with the whisk, goes on speaking.*

Here like a king I sit upon the throne,
Sceptre in hand, and lack but the crown alone.

THE BEASTS.

[*Who hitherto have been dancing in and out with all sorts of fantastic gestures, bring Mephistopheles a crown with loud shrieks.*

Oh! be so good
With sweat and blood
As stick it together!

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it into two pieces, with which they dance about.*

'Tis done, prate and see,
Hear and rhyme do we,
To the length of our tether,—

FAUST, *turned towards the mirror.*

Woe's me! I'm well-nigh sheer distraught!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *pointing to the beasts.*

Now even my tough pate reels as I listen!

THE BEASTS.

And if sense come unsought,
If we chance into thought,
Then our rhyme has its reason.

FAUST, *as above.*

What fire is kindled in my bosom!
Let us forthwith this Devil's Smithy quit!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in the same attitude as above.*

Well, well! one merit we can't refuse 'em;
They're honest poets, we must admit.

[*The cauldron, which the she-ape has hitherto neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame bursts out and flares up the chimney. The Witch comes riding down through the flame with a fearful shriek.*

THE WITCH.

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!
Thou curséd beast! Thou damnéd sow!
Dost let the pot boil over now?
Dost singe thy mistress? Damnéd sow!

[*Perceiving Faust and Mephistopheles.*

What have we here?
Who are ye here?
What seek ye there?
Who hath slunk thorough?
May hell-fire harrow
Your bones and marrow!

[*She dips from the cauldron with a skimming-ladle, and splashes flames towards Faust, Mephistopheles and the Beasts. The Beasts whimper.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*Turning about the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking right and left amidst glasses and pots.*

In two! In two!
There lies the brew!
The glass lies broke!
'Tis but a joke,
Foul hag, the stroke
Thy melody to!

[*Whilst the Witch falls back, full of wrath and terror.*

Thou Scarecrow! Knowst thou me? Thou Atomy!
Dost know thy Lord and Master? Nay, what hinders
My wrath from smiting ruthlessly,
And smashing thee and thine apish sprites to flinders?
Doth the red doublet claim no more respect?
Dost thou not know again the tall cock's feather?
My features doth some mask protect?
Must I needs name me altogether?

THE WITCH.

My Liege! forgive my greeting rough.
In truth I see no horse's hoof.
Thy brace of ravens, too, where is it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! this time we'll call it quits.
The case some leniency admits.
'Tis quite an age since my last visit.
And Culture, too, that fast licks into shape

The world at large, the Devil can't escape.
No longer now you see the Northern phantom.
Horns, tail and claws, no more I flaunt 'em.
As for the hoof, 'twould harm me with the folk.
And yet it may not well be lacking;
And so I've worn for years, like many a gay young buck,
In place of calf, a little packing.

THE WITCH, *dancing*.

I'm quite beside myself with glee
Squire Satan here again to see!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That name is now tabooed, old Dame.

THE WITCH.

Why, what's the matter with the name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This many a day 'tis written down a fable;
Yet men are nowise winners in the game.
They're rid o' the Evil One, the Evil still are able.
Sir Baron if thou call me, all is well and good.
A knight I am like others for the occasion.
Thou dost not doubt the blueness of my blood?
See here, now! such the arms are which I blazon.

[*He makes an unseemly gesture.*

THE WITCH, *laughing immoderately*.

Ha! ha! that's like you, I declare!
A rogue you are, a rogue you ever were.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

My friend, take lesson by my speeches;
That is the way to company with witches.

THE WITCH.

Now, Sirs, what is your errand, speak!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A bumper of the well-known juice we seek,
And for the oldest I am fain to trouble;
For with the years its virtues double.

THE WITCH.

Right gladly! Here now, from this bottle
Myself at times I wet my throttle,
And now no more i' the least it stinks.
I'll give you a nip with the greatest pleasure.
Whispering.
Yet if all unprepared this man the potion drinks,
Within an hour, ye wot, his sands have run their measure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's a good friend of mine; it shall agree with him.
I grudge him not the best within thy Kitchen.
Draw now thy ring, on with thy witching,
And fill him a bumper to the brim.

THE WITCH, *with antic gestures describes a circle, and sets fantastic objects within it; meanwhile the glasses begin to tinkle, the cauldron to chime and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, sets the apes within the circle, and makes them serve as a lectern, and hold the torches. She beckons Faust to draw near.*

FAUST, *to Mephistopheles.*

Nay, tell me now, what means this antic?
This crazy rubbish, these gestures frantic?
This stalest cheat, this tasteless stuff.
I know and hate them well enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A fiddlestick! Know what a joke is!
Thou'rt too straitlaced and circumspect!
As doctor, she must play her hocus-pocus,
So that the draught may have its full effect.
[*He constrains Faust to enter the circle.*

THE WITCH, *declaiming from the book in a bombastic manner.*

This must thou know!
From one make seven,
And two let go,
And three make even
Then art thou rich;
Thus saith the witch.
Now four prefix;
From five and six,
Make seven and eight.
'Tis ended straight!
And nine is one
And ten is none.
This is the witch's once-times-one.

FAUST.

The beldam raves as one distracted!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All is by no means yet enacted!
I know the book. 'Tis all in this one strain.

Myself too oft therewith have lost my leisure.
A downright contradiction doth remain
For wise men and for fools, mysterious in like measure.
The art, my friend, alike we see
Practised in far-off times and nearer,
With three and one, and one and three,
Instead of truth to scatter error.
Thus undisturbed they prate and preach,
For who with fools would make a pother?
So that the words be there, the sense men naught impeach,
For surely one can think—with words—some thought or other.

THE WITCH *continues.*

The lofty Might
Of Science quite
From all the world lies hidden.
Yet take no thought,
It comes unsought;
Ask not, it comes unbidden.

FAUST.

What balderdash doth she recite?
As though 'twould split my head is beating.
Methinks I hear in chorus, quite
A hundred thousand idiots prating.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! enough! incomparable Sibyl!
Give here thy drink! No grudging dribble,
But fill him a bumper to the brim!
Be sure thy draught my friend here will not injure,

For faith! he's swallowed many a swinger,
All his degrees ere he could climb.

[*The Witch with many ceremonies pours out the draught into a goblet; as Faust sets it to his lips there arises a slight flame.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Down with the stingo! Toss it off!
'Twill warm the cockles of thine heart!
What! with the Devil hand and glove,
And from a little flame dost start?

[*The Witch breaks the circle. Faust steps forth*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Up and away! Thou must not rest!

THE WITCH.

And may you thrive o' the dram, fair guest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And can I pleasure thee, thy wish be spoken
Boldly, on May-day Eve, upon the Brocken.

THE WITCH.

Here is a charm which sung at times, I trow,
Will shrewdly help along the operation.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come quickly! Some brisk occupation
Must set thee in a perspiration,
So that through every pore the potent juice may flow.
Later I'll have thee prize the *dolce far niente*,
And soon thou'lt feel, with ravishment in plenty,
How Cupid stirs, and flutters to and fro.

FAUST.

Let me but glance i' the glass that lovely form
doth swim in,
That vision of fair womanhood!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, nay! Thou'lt see the paragon of women
Before thee soon in flesh and blood.
Aside.
Thy body so this philter dwell in,
In every wench thou'lt see a Helen!

STREET.

FAUST, MARGARET *passing by.*

FAUST.

My fair young lady—bold the offer,
Yet may I my arm and escort proffer?

MARGARET.

I am not a lady, am not fair;
I can find my way home without escort, Sir.
[*Frees herself and exit.*

FAUST.

By Heaven, but this maid is fair!
I never have seen the like of her.
Modest and virtuous, through and through,
Yet with a touch of shrewdness, too.
Her flaming cheeks, her crimson lips,
I'll not forget till the world's eclipse!
How she casts down her shamefast eyes
Deep in my heart engraven lies.

What a curt answer did she fling!
Upon my soul, 'twas ravishing!
[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

FAUST.

Saw you the girl? I must possess her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She that passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis she you mean?
She is but come from her confessor,
Who hath assoiled her from all sin.
Beside the chair I stole me in.
Guileless she is in deed and thought,
And went to her shrift for very naught.
I have no power over her.

FAUST.

Yet hath she seen her fourteenth year!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, you talk like Jack-a-loose,
Who lusts for each sweet flower that blows,
And thinks no honour is—vain fool!
Or favour, which he may not cull.
But it cannot be always done, sweet Sir!

FAUST.

My worshipful Sir Lessoner,
Spare me, I pray, your moral sermon,
And mark me! fewest words are best—

Unless this sweet young thing doth rest
This very night upon my breast,
Our pact at midnight doth determine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bethink thee what is feasible!
I need a fortnight but to smell
A meet occasion out.

FAUST.

How speedy!
Give me seven hours—so short a while!
I'd need no devil to beguile
A simple lass!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay now, already
Like a Mounseer almost you speak!
Yet let the task not irk you, pray.
What boots it to enjoy straightway?
There's far more pleasure in the freak,
If first your puppet like a paste
You knead and trim to suit your taste
With long-drawn dilly-dalliance,
As taught in Italian love-romance.

FAUST.

I need not that to give me zest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now once for all, sans jape or jest,
I tell you, with the pretty lass
No sudden stroke you'll bring to pass.
This fort by storm will ne'er be shaken;
By stratagem it must be taken.

FAUST.

Get me a gage from my angel-love!
Lead me unto the sweet bird's nest!
Get me a kerchief from her breast!
A garter for my joy—a glove!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That thou may'st see how I remember
Our pact, to help and ease thy smart
I'll lead thee promptly, for my part,
This very day, into her chamber.

FAUST.

And shall I see her?—have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
She to a neighbour's house will go.
In her atmosphere enfolded, though,
Of all good hope of future pleasure
Shalt meanwhile take thy fill at leisure.

FAUST.

Can we go?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis too early yet.

FAUST.

See thou a present for her get!

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents already? Bravo! So he'll find her brittle.
Full many a goodly place I know,

With treasures buried long ago.
I must refresh my memory a little.

[*Exit.*

EVENING.

[*A small and cleanly chamber. Margaret plaiting and binding the braids of her hair.*

MARGARET.

I'd give a good deal, now, to know
Who 'twas to-day that stopped me so.
Indeed he had a gallant air!
He's of a noble house, that's clear.
His face alone high birth had told,
And else he had never been so bold.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in! Tread softly, but come in!

FAUST, *after a short silence.*

I prithee, leave me alone within.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *prying about.*

Not every girl hath her room so clean.

[*Exit.*

FAUST, *looking about him with uplifted gaze.*

Welcome, sweet twilight! thou that weavest
Thy misty veil throughout this shrine.
And thou, on the dew of hope that thirsting
livest,

Sweet pain of love, seize thou this heart of mine.
Breathed around me, what a sense of stillness,
Of order, of contentment is!
Ah! in this poverty, what fulness,
And in this prison, what a heaven of bliss!
[*He casts himself into the leathern arm-chair, by the bed.*
Receive me, thou, that oft with open arm
The forefathers didst take, when grief confounded
Or joy did gladden. Ah! how oft a swarm
Of children blithe this father's throne surrounded!
Here, for her Christmas gift, in artless bliss,
My Love, with cheeks by childhood softly rounded,
Haply her grandsire's withered hand did kiss.
I feel thy spirit, Maiden, fill the air,
Instinct with order, banning spot and wrinkle,
Teaching thee daily with a mother's care
Neatly to spread the cloth upon the table there,
Here at thy feet the cleanly sand to sprinkle.
Dear hand, how godlike is thy worth!
Thou makest this poor cot a heaven on earth.
And here!
[*He raises a curtain of the bed.*
What rapturous thrill! Here, nothing loth,
Whole hours would I tarry. Here, enfolded
In lightsome dreams, O Nature, hast thou moulded
The angel born to fuller growth.

Here lay the child! Its tender bosom
The warmth of life clasped in its hold.
Here, as unfolds a pure, sweet blossom,
Here did the angel-form unfold.

And thou! how hast thou hither erred?
I feel mine inmost being stirred!
What wilt thou here? Thine heart what burdens
so?
Unhappy Faust! No more myself I know!

Me doth some magic breath enclose?
My heart, that lust of joy did flatter,
Now in a dream of love dissolves like water.
Are we the sport of every breath that blows?

And came she in, where wouldst thou crawl?
How wouldst abye thine impious intrusion?
The great Jack Booby—oh, how small!
Would crouch before her in confusion.
[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick, now! The lass below there I discern!

FAUST.

Away, away! I never will return!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, pretty heavy.
I've made elsewhere a little levy.
Here in this coffer will we lay't.
I'll take my oath she'll faint with rapture.
I've put in trifles might be bait
A very different prey to capture.
True, lass is lass, and jest is jest.

FAUST

I know not; shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou questionest?
Dost think belike to keep the treasure?
Then spare thy wanton mood, I pray,
The sweet and sunny hours o' the day,
And spare to rob me of my leisure.
Thou'rt not a miser, art thou? Nay!
I rub my hands, I scratch my noddle—
[*He puts the casket into the coffer, and presses to the hasp again.*
Away! Make haste!
That forthwith to your wish and taste
The sweet young thing you may mould and model.
You look as glum
As must you into the lecture-room;
As gray before you in flesh and blood
Physics and Metaphysics stood.
Away!

[*Exeunt.*

MARGARET *with a lamp.*

How sultry 'tis!
[*She opens the window.*
How may that be?
Indeed 'tis not so warm without.
I know not what comes over me.
I would my mother stayed not out.
There runs a shudder through my frame.
What a silly, timorous girl I am!
[*She begins to sing as she undresses.*

There was a king in Thulé
Was faithful to the grave.
Him she that loved him truly,
A gold cup dying gave.

His dead love's gift the lover
At every banquet quaffed.
Ever his eyes brimmed over,
As he drank therefrom his draught.

His sands ran out their measure;
His royal towns he told.
He grudged his heirs no treasure,
Save but the cup of gold.

He held a royal wassail
With all his chivalry,
In the high halls of the castle
Of his fathers, by the sea.

There the old merry-maker
Drank standing life's last glow;
Then hurled the sacred beaker
Into the flood below.

He saw it falling, drinking,
And sinking in the sea.
His eyes in death were sinking,
And never again drank he.

[*She opens the coffer to put away her clothes, and catches sight of the jewel casket.*

How came in here this lovely casket so?
I locked the coffer, that I'll vow!
Indeed 'tis strange! What's in it, I'd like to know?
Nay now, belike a pledge 'twill be
That mother for some loan doth keep.
Here on the ribbon hangs a key.
I'd dearly love to take a peep.
What is this? Holy Virgin! Look!

I've never seen aught like it! Nay!
How lovely! Why, the lady of a duke
Might wear it on a festal-day.
How would the chain suit me now? Stay!
Whose can it be, this finery?

[*She adorns herself with it, and steps in front of the mirror.*

Did but the ear-rings belong to me!
In a moment how they change your face!
What helps good looks, or what helps youth?
'Tis all very fine and good, forsooth!
But then they let it be all, alas!
They praise you—yet half with pity.
For gold all throng,
On gold all hang,
Alas! we poor—and pretty!

A WALK.

[*Faust walking to and fro, deep in thought. To him enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By all the love ever was slighted! By the hellish conflagration!
I would I knew aught grimmer would serve as an imprecation!

FAUST.

What ails thee? Marry, such an air
I've never seen. There's madness in it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd give myself to the Devil this very minute,
An I myself no devil were!

FAUST.

Art wrong in thine head? What means this antic?
Doth it seem thee to rage as thou wert frantic?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! The finery for Gretchen got,
A parson has whipped me off the lot.
Her mother gets me a sight o' the thing;
Is seized with a secret shuddering!
She hath a scent like a beast of prey;
In her prayer-book sniffs and snuffles alway;
On every chattel she smells quite plain,
If the thing be sacred or profane.
The finery she but sniffs me at,
And she knows there's not much blessing in that!
My child, quoth she, ill-gotten gear
The soul ensnares, the blood doth sear!
We'll give it God's Mother—be she gracious!
With heavenly manna will she refresh us.
But Peggy draws me the wryest mouth!
'Tis a gift-horse, thinks she, and of a truth
Ungodly, I'll warrant, was not he
Who brought it hither so generously.
But the mother must needs a parson summon,
And scarce he hears the joke from the woman,
Than straightway his mouth begins to water.
Says he: That's the right spirit, my daughter.
Who overcometh, wins the crown.
A good digestion the Church doth own.
Whole lands and houses hath she eaten,
Yet never herself hath overeaten.
The Church alone, my sisters dear,
Can ever digest ill-gotten gear.

FAUST.

A universal custom! Why
A Jew or a king with the Church can vie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So he sweeps me up chain, and ring, and ouch,
Like so many truffles, into his pouch.
He thanks no less and he thanks no more,
Than a basket of nuts he might thank 'em for.
But a heavenly guerdon he prophesied,
And he left them—highly edified.

FAUST.

And Gretchen?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits in restless mood,
And knows not what she would or should;
Thinks day and night on jewel and gem,
Yet more on him that brought her them.

FAUST.

The dear one's grief doth pain me. Get
Forthwith, I prithee, another set.
The first was poor enough, on my word!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! All is but child's play, thinks my lord.

FAUST.

Bestir thyself, and do as I say!
Make up to her neighbour, affect the civil!
And don't be a milk-and-water devil,
But get new gems without delay!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, gracious Sir, with the greatest pleasure.

[*Exit Faust.*

Such a love-sick fool with an easy grace,
To while away his sweetheart's leisure
Sun, moon and all the stars would puff you into space.

[*Exit.*

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

[*Martha alone.*

MARTHA.

Now God 'a mercy on my dear spouse!
A scurvy game with me he's played!
Into the wide world off he goes;
Leaves me alone in my widowed bed.
Yet truly I did him no displeasure;
God wot I loved him past all measure.

[*She weeps.*

Perhaps he's dead!—O bitter fate!
If only I had a certificate!

[*Enter Margaret.*

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Margery, what is't?

MARGARET.

I've found—Oh! how my knees are trembling!
Another casket, near resembling
The first—of ebony—in my chest,
With things as fine as fine can be,
Far richer than the first ones. See!

MARTHA.

You mustn't tell your mother, marry!
Your gems again to shrift she'd carry.

MARGARET.

Oh, do but look now! See now, do!

MARTHA, *adorning her.*

You lucky, lucky creature you!

MARGARET.

I may not wear them, more's the pity,
At church, nor i' the streets o' the city.

MARTHA.

Only do thou come often hither;
Thy finery in secret don.
Before the glass mayst walk for hours together.
We'll have our pleasure in it, and anon
We'll find some opportunity, some feast,
Where we can let folk see them, one by one at least,
A chain, then pearl-drops—mother will not see,
Or I'll throw dust in her eyes, leave that to me.

MARGARET.

Who can have brought the caskets, through what cranny
Have slipped? I'm sure it isn't canny!

[*A knock.*

MARGARET.

My mother! God! if I be seen!

MARTHA, *peeping through the door-curtain.*

'Tis a strange gentleman!—Come in!

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I make so bold forthwith to enter.

Pardon that I disturb your leisure.
[*Steps back respectfully on seeing Margaret.*
Dame Martha Schwerdtlein, peradventure—

MARTHA.

'Tis I, Sir. Pray you speak your pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to her in an undertone.*

I know you now, no more I crave.
What a fine visitor you have!
Pardon the liberty I've ta'en.
This afternoon I'll call again.

MARTHA, *aloud.*

The gentleman—nay, mercy me!
For a fine lady taketh thee.

MARGARET.

Indeed I'm but a poor young thing!
The gentleman's too flattering.
The finery is not mine own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis not the finery alone!
You have a piercing glance—a way—
How glad I am that I may stay!

MARTHA.

Your errand, Sir? I long to hear—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would my tidings better were!
Pray, blame not me for this sad meeting.
Your husband's dead and sends you greeting.

MARTHA.

Is dead? The trusty soul? Alack!
My husband dead? My heart will crack!

MARGARET.

Alas, dear Dame, do not despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To hear the doleful tale prepare!

MARGARET.

For this I would not choose to love,
For loss would kill my heart with sadness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gladness must have its grief, and grief its gladness.

MARTHA.

My husband's end—tell me the way thereof.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In Padua his bones recline,
Hard by Saint Anthony his shrine,
In holy ground, like a true believer,
For his cool resting-place for ever.

MARTHA.

Have you naught else?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One thing there was he wanted—
A great and weighty matter. He commands
And prays you, have for him three hundred masses chanted.
But for the rest, I come with empty hands.

MARTHA.

What! Not a lucky-penny? Not a ring?

What every prentice-lad deep in his wallet hoards,
Though poor, as keep-sake still affords,
E'en should he starve or begging wander!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madame, your grief my heart doth wring!
Yet verily his cash he did not squander.
His failings, too, full sore he did repent;
Aye, and his cruel fate still sorer did lament.

MARGARET.

Alas! for the cruel lot of men! Sure I will pray
Full many a requiem for peace upon his spirit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Into the wedded state forthwith you merit
To enter, my sweet child.

MARGARET.

Ah, nay!
There is no thought of that at once!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband, then a gallant for the nonce.
Such a dear thing in one's arms—'tis even
One of the greatest gifts of Heaven!

MARGARET.

'Tis not the country's custom! Nay!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, it happens.

MARTHA.

Pray
Go on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Beside the bed where he lay dying
I stood. 'Twas dung, or better scarce a shade—
Half-rotten straw; but a good end he made.
Indeed upon his score, as he died testifying,
A heavier scot was chalked. Nay now! he cried, how scurvy
To leave my wife i' the lurch, my trade all topsy-turvy!
Ah, could she but forgive me ere I die!
For with the thought of it my heart is riven.

MARTHA, *weeping*.

Alas, poor soul! long has he been forgiven!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet she, God knows, was more to blame than I!

MARTHA.

He lies! What, on the brink o' the grave, and lying!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He rambled, sure, as he lay dying,
If I am only half a judge.
I didn't gape my time away, I'd something better
To do, said he. First children, and then bread to get her,
And bread i' the widest sense, I had to drudge.
Yet could not eat my share in quiet for yon fretful—

MARTHA.

Of all my love and truth could he be so forgetful?
My work and worry day and night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, but with kindly thought did them requite.
He said: Whilst Malta faded from our eyes,
For wife and bairns I prayed with ardent passion.
Heaven answered me in gracious fashion,
For of a Turkish craft we made our prize,
With treasure for the Soldan richly freighted.
Then valour had its guerdon due,
And I received my share thereof, naught bated,
As was indeed but fitting too.

MARTHA.

What is't? Where is't? Hid i' the earth he kept it
Mayhap?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows by this where the four winds have swept it?
A fine ma'am'selle took pity on him, rich
And lorn of friends in Naples as he tarried.
Tokens of love and truth she gave, the which
Your sainted husband to his death-bed carried.

MARTHA.

The scoundrel! What, his children's portion!
Could nothing, not so hard a lot
Check his loose life, not such ill-fortune?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, look you! Now he's paid the scot!
He's dead, and were I in your shoes,
For one chaste year I'd wear the willow,
And seek another spouse the while to share my pillow.

MARTHA.

Alas! to match my first, God knows,
In all the world I scarce shall find a second!
A sweeter chuck there scarce could be than mine!
His faults upon one's fingers could be reckoned:
His love of wandering, and foreign wine,
And foreign women, and those accursed dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! upon the supposition
He to as much in you had shut his eyes,
You might have hit it off. With this provision,
Myself with you, I take my oath,
Would change the ring, and nothing loth.

MARTHA.

Nay now, the gentleman is merry.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

Beshrew me, 'tis high time I stirred.
She'd keep the very Devil to his word!
[*To Gretchen.*
How is it with your heart, sweet fairy?

MARGARET.

How mean you, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

Thou artless, guileless child!
Aloud.
Farewell, fair dames!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Ah, could I have compiled
With how and when and where, a full averment
Of my dear spouse's death and his interment?
Order I love, and death, alas! is solemn.
I'd like to read his death i' the weekly column.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, aye, good dame, through the mouth of two
Whatever is testified must be true.
I have a fine comrade, who'll take if you crave it,
Before a justice his affidavit.
I'll bring him here.

MARTHA.

I pray you do'

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will the young lady be here too?
A gallant lad—has travelled much—
All courtesy he shows to such.

MARGARET.

Before him I must needs blush scarlet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Neither for king, nor yet for varlet.

MARTHA.

In the garden behind my house, this even,
We'll await the gentlemen, at seven.

STREET.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is't? Will't prosper? Will it speed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, bravo! All aflame with passion?
Gretchen is yours in speedy fashion.
This eve you'll meet—with neighbour Martha
'tis agreed—
Here at her house. There's no more arrant
Gipsy and go-between, I'll warrant

FAUST.

'Tis well!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet we the favour must requite.

FAUST.

Well one good turn—the proverb's somewhat trite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis but in all due form to testify
Her wedded lord all stiff and stark doth lie
In Padua, in consecrated soil.

FAUST.

How shrewd! And I suppose we first must journey yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta Simplicitas! No need of such a toil!
Why must you know, to swear, I wonder?

FAUST.

If that's the best you have, your plan is torn asunder.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O saintly man! Why, here's a coil!
What, hast thou never yet been driven
To swear to what thou couldst not prove?
Of God and of the world, and all that therein move,
Of Man, his heart and mind, his anger, hatred, love,
Hast not with might and main thy definitions given,
With brazen front, unfaltering breath?
And should one sift the matter throughly,
Thou knew'st as much thereof, confess it truly,
As now thou know'st of Gaffer Schwerdtlein's death.

FAUST.

Thou art and dost abide a liar and a sophist!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shouldst look a little deeper ere thou scoffest!
Thou in all honour wilt to-morrow
Beguile poor Gretchen to her sorrow,
And oaths of soul-felt love wilt borrow—

FAUST.

Aye, from my heart!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All very fine
And then of faith and love eternal,

Of passion single and supernal—
Will that spring from this heart of thine ?

FAUST.

Enough, it will ! If I this passion,
This maelstrom of emotion try
To name, yet vainly, then Creation
From end to end I range with all my powers,
Grasp at each word that loftiest towers,
This fire within my bosom flaming,
Eternal, endless, endless naming,
Is that a devilish, juggling lie ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm right for all that !

FAUST.

Hark you, pray,
And on my lungs have pity ! Wouldst thou carry
The day in wordy strife, have but a tongue, and
marry
Thou'rt right alway !
Come now, I'm sick of prating, spare thy voice !
For thou art right indeed, I have no choice.

GARDEN.

[*Margaret on Faust's arm and Martha with Mephistopheles, walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

I feel the gentleman but humours me,
But shames me by his condescension.

'Tis but a traveller's courtesy
That uses for the deed to take the intention.
Too well I know that my poor speech is such
As scarce can please one that hath seen so much.

FAUST.

One glance of thine, one word, hath dearer worth
Than all the wisdom upon earth.
[*He kisses her hand.*

MARGARET.

Nay, trouble not yourself! How can you press unto it
Your lips? It is so coarse, so rough!
No work so common but I needs must do it.
Mother is too near, sure enough!
[*They cross over.*

MARTHA.

And you, Sir, do you ever journey so?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! where trade and duty point the finger,
Though oftentimes, how loth! there must we go,
And though we would, we may not linger.

MARTHA.

In hasty youth no boding care
Hath such a roving life, one's peace to ruffle,
But the ill days come unaware,
And lonely to one's grave a bachelor to shuffle—
There's none hath thriven on that fare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such a lot I contemplate with terror.

MARTHA.

Wherefore, dear Sir, amend betimes your error!
[*They cross over.*

MARGARET.

Aye, out of sight is out of mind!
Your courtesy is ready ever,
But you have store of friends, and clever,
Far cleverer than me you find.

FAUST.

Dear maid, believe me, so-called cleverness
Is oft but vanity and dull pretence.

MARGARET.

How mean you?

FAUST.

Oh! that simple innocence
Its own most holy worth may never guess!
That meekness, lowliness, the richest treasure
That kindly lavish Nature can decree—

MARGARET.

One little moment if you think of me,
To think of you, I shall have ample leisure.

FAUST.

Then you are oft alone, withal?

MARGARET.

O yes! Our household is but small,
And yet one needs must see to all.

We keep no maid, so I must sweep and cook and cater
And knit and stitch and know no ease;
And mother is in every household matter
So hard to please!
Not that she really needs to pinch and squeeze!
We well might make a show, much more than many!
My father left behind a pretty penny,
A little house and garden that were his
Without the town. But now my life is very quiet.
My brother a soldier is;
My little sister's dead.
A pretty handful with the child I had,
Yet gladly would I now again be troubled by it,
So dear to me it was!

FAUST.

An angel, if like thee!

MARGARET.

I nursed it and it loved me heartily.
Before 'twas born we saw my father sicken
And die, and mother lay so stricken
That she was given up for lost.
And slowly, step by step, she mended, but at most
Had only strength to live, so strength had none
Herself the poor wee mite to suckle.
And so with milk and water, alone,
I reared it, and so 'twas mine, would chuckle
Upon my arm, and kicked and strove
Upon my lap, and smiled and throve.

FAUST.

The purest bliss hath surely been thy dower!

MARGARET.

Yet surely, too, full many a weary hour!
The little cradle stood at night
Beside my bed. A stir, and I would waken—
I slept so light.
And now it must have drink, and now be taken
Into my bed, now I must rise
And dandling pace the room, to hush its fretful cries;
Stand at the washtub then, betimes, with heavy eyes,
Cook, and for market too the precious moments borrow;
And so each day and each to-morrow.
Sometimes the heart will sink, Sir, yet what zest
Unto one's food it gives, and to one's rest.

[*They cross over.*

MARTHA.

Nay, we poor women are in evil case!
A bachelor to convert—'tis no light matter!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It needs but such as you—I do not flatter—
To teach me the error of my ways.

MARTHA.

Now frankly, Sir, are you not yet provided?
Is your heart still to no one's care confided?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says: Own hearth and trusty wife
Than pearls and gold more precious are in life.

MARTHA.

I mean—if you have never felt a longing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherever I have been, the courtesies came thronging.

MARTHA.

I spoke of love in earnest—a love you could not stifle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One never should presume with woman's heart to trifle.

MARTHA.

Ah! You don't understand me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That grieves me, I declare!
And yet I understand—how very kind you are!
[*They cross over.*

FAUST.

Didst know me as I came into the garden,
Thou little angel, at a single look?

MARGARET.

Saw you not how mine eyes fell?

FAUST.

And dost pardon
The unpardonable liberty I took
As thou from church didst come, the shameless boldness
That thou didst check with such a maiden coldness?

MARGARET.

I was dumbfounded. That was new to me!
None could speak evil of me, yet such daring
Made me think: Ah! what boldness in my bearing,
Or what unseemly freedom doth he see?
He seemed to think—some sudden plan pursuing—
Now here's a wench will ask but little wooing.
Yet I must own, straightway there stirred in me
I know not what, that pleaded in your favour.
Yet angry with myself was I, to be
No angrier with you and your behaviour.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Stay now!
[*She pulls a marguerite, and plucks off the petals one by one.*

FAUST.

What's that? A posy, shall it be?

MARGARET.

No, it is but a game!

FAUST.

What?

MARGARET.

Nay, you'll laugh at me.
[*She plucks and murmurs.*

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET, *under her breath.*

He loves me—loves me not—

FAUST.

Thou Flower from Heaven's own garden-plot!

MARGARET *continues.*

Loves me—not—loves me—not—
[*Plucking off the last leaf with winsome glee.*
He loves me!

FAUST.

Aye, mine own, hold thou this flower-word
An oracle divine! *He loves thee!*
Dost understand that word—he loves thee?
[*He clasps both her hands.*

MARGARET.

A thrill runs through me!

FAUST.

O shudder not, but let this glance,
Let thou this hand-clasp say to thee
What is unspeakable.
'Tis self-surrender, 'tis to feel a rapture
Which surely is eternal!
Eternal! Aye, an end would be despair!
Nay, no end! no end!
[*Margaret presses his hands, frees herself and runs away. He stands a moment lost in thought, then follows her.*

MARTHA, *coming*

The night is falling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, we must away!

MARTHA.

This is a shocking place for scandal,
Else I would beg you still to stay.
You'd think no man had a tool to handle,
No trade, no labour,
Naught but to gape and stare at every step of his neighbour.
People get talked about, though reason they give none.
Where is our pretty pair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Along the alley flitting—
Frolicsome butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems with her quite smitten.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she with him. And so the world wags on!

A SUMMER-HOUSE.

[*Margaret runs in, hides behind the door, puts her finger-tip on her lips and peeps through the chink.*

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST *comes.*

Ah rogue! A very tease thou art!
Thou'rt caught!

[*He kisses her.*

MARGARET.

[*Clasping him and returning his kiss.*
Dearest of men, I love thee from mine heart!

[*Mephistopheles knocks.*

FAUST, *stamping his foot.*

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A beast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We must take leave now, come!

MARTHA *comes.*

Aye, Sir, the hour is late!

FAUST.

May I not see you home?

MARGARET.

Mother would—Nay, farewell!

FAUST.

And must I go? Ah then,
Farewell!

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

But soon to meet again!
[*Exeunt Faust and Mephistopheles.*

MARGARET.

Dear God in Heaven! is there aught
That such a man has never thought?
I stand ashamed before his face
And falter *yes* to all he says.
What a poor untaught child am I!
I know not what he can find in me!
[*Exit.*

WOODLAND AND CAVE.

FAUST, *alone.*

Spirit sublime, didst freely give me all,
All that I prayed for. Truly not for naught
Thy countenance in fire didst turn upon me.
This glorious Nature thou didst for my kingdom give,
And power to feel it, to enjoy it. Not
A cold, astonied visit didst alone
Permit, but deep within her breast to read
As in the bosom of a friend, didst grant me.
Thou leadest past mine eyes the long array
Of living things, mak'st known to me my brethren
Within the silent copse, the air, the water.
When in the wood the tempest roars and creaks,
The giant-pine down-crashing, neighbour-branches
And neighbour-stems in hideous ruin sweeps,

While to its fall the hill rings hollow thunder,—
Then to the sheltering cave dost lead me, then
Me to myself dost show, to mine own heart
Deep and mysterious marvels are revealed.
And if before my vision the pure moon
Rises with soothing spell, from craggy cliff,
From the moist wood, float up before mine eyes
The silv'ry phantoms of a vanished age,
And temper Contemplation's joy austere.
Oh! now I feel there falls to mortals' lot
No perfect gift! Thou gavest with this rapture
Which brings me near and nearer to the Gods,
The comrade whom I now no more can spare,
Though he abases, cold and insolent,
Myself before myself, and with a word
Breathed from his mouth, thy gifts to naught he withers.
Within my heart with busy zeal he fans
A fire devouring for yon beauteous form;
And so from longing to delight I reel,
And even in delight I pine for longing.

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have you not led this life for long enough?
How can it win so long approval?
'Tis well belike to put it to the proof,
But then again to something novel!

FAUST.

Would thou hadst more to busy thee!
Thou Plague, that in bright day returnest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay now, I'll gladly let thee be!
Thou must not tell me that in earnest.

In thee as mate, ungracious, testy, mad,
In very truth, I should lose but little!
The livelong day my hands are full, and gad!
What one must leave undone, and what will glad
The gentleman, his face tells not a tittle

FAUST.

That's the right tone! It stirs my mirth!
He bores me and must needs have thanks withal!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Without me, thou poor Son of Earth,
Through life how wouldst make shift to crawl?
Yet for a while at least I've driven forth
Thy whimwhams of imagination all,
And but for me and my poor worth
Long since thou hadst strolled off this earthly ball.
Why must thou, pray, in caverns, rocky crannies,
Mope like an owl that under ban is?
Why suck from sodden moss and dripping stone, content,
Like a cold toad, thy nourishment?
A fair, sweet sport! There sticks, I'll bet,
The Doctor in thy carcase yet!

FAUST.

Dost understand what fresh new strength to live
This sojourn in the wilderness doth give?
Nay, hadst thou but an inkling of it,
Blighted to see my bliss thy devil's heart would covet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A joy drawn from no earthly fountains!
In night and dew to lie upon the mountains,

All earth and heaven to clasp with rapture flooded,
To swell and swell and deem oneself a Godhead,
With boding stress to pierce earth's very marrow,
The six days' work to compass in one narrow
Bosom, in haughty strength some phantom joy to capture,
To overflow in all anon with loving rapture,
The child of earth vanished away,
Then close the lofty intuition—
[*With a gesture.*
Nay,
I must not tell the end o' the chapter!

FAUST.

Fie on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now I've shocked you! now I've hurt you!
You have the right to voice offended virtue,
And that before chaste ears we must not mention,
Wherefrom chaste hearts nathless brook not abstention!
Marry, I grudge you not by such evasion
To blind yourself a little on occasion.
Yet by this life you'll soon be sped!
You're overspent again already,
And should this last 'twill end in speedy
Madness, or else in fear and dread.
Enough of this! Thy Love sits yonder yearning,
Her world is grown so sad, so small!
Ever to thee her thoughts are turning,
And love of thee her heart doth thrall.
First flowed thy frenzied love with swollen current,

As when a brook o'erflows from melted snow
and rain;
Into her heart didst pour thy torrent,
And now thy brook runs dry again.
Methinks instead of throning in the forest,
'Twould better seem the noble lord
The poor young monkey to reward
For her true love, now at its sorest.
The hours drag wearily along—
She at her window watches the clouds drift by,
Over the old town-wall, across the sky.
I would I were a bird! so runs her song,
All day long, half the night long.
Now merry, mostly sad, poor dove!
Now hath wept out her tears,
Now calm, as it appears,
And ever in love!

FAUST.

Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside*.

I bet I'll catch thee!

FAUST.

Thou vilest reptile! Get thee hence!
Name not to me that fairest woman,
Nor yet the lust for her sweet body summon
Again to haunt my half-distracted sense!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou then? She thinks thee flown,
forsooth,
And half and half thou art in truth.

FAUST.

Near her am I, and were I ne'er so far!

Forget her can I not, nor lose her ever!
I envy, when her lips upon it are,
The very Body of the Lord that favour!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just so! My heart to envy oft disposes
Yon sweet twin-pair that feeds amongst the roses.

FAUST.

Avaunt, thou pander!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! Your scorn provokes my laughter.
The God that lads and lasses made,
Sanctioned thereby the noblest trade
Likewise to make occasion, after.
Away! A piteous case! Remember
Your path leads to your sweetheart's chamber
And not belike to death!

FAUST.

Though in her arms I cull the heavenly blossom
Of bliss, and glow upon her bosom,
Still do I feel her bitter scathe!
Outlawed and homeless, man no more I wander!
I have no goal, I have no peace!
I am the cataract! From crag to crag I thunder
With hungry frenzy, headlong to the abyss.
And sideways she, with childlike clouded senses
Her shieling hath, on the small Alpine mead,
Her little world, within whose fences
Her homely cares are limited.
And I, the God-abhorréd—

It sated not my lust
To seize the craggy forehead
And dash it into dust.
Her and her peace—I needs must undermine them!
Thou Hell, to be thy victim didst design them!
The time of anguish, Devil, help to shorten,
What must be, let it quickly be!
Upon my head come crashing down her fortune,
One ruin whelm both her and me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Again it bubbles, again it glows!
Thou fool, go in and comfort her!
Where such a shallow pate no outlet knows
Straightway it thinks the end is near.
Long live, say I, the gallant heart!
Thou'rt pretty well bedevilled else—this drivel
Seems thee not. In the world there is no duller part
Than that of a despairing devil.

GRETCHEN'S ROOM.

GRETCHEN *at the spinning-wheel alone.*

My peace is fled,
My heart is sore;
I shall find it never,
Ah! nevermore.

Save him I have
For me 'tis the grave;
The sweet world all
Is turned to gall.

My weary head
Is sore distraugnt,
And my poor wits
With frenzy fraught.

My peace is fled,
My heart is sore ;
I shall find it never,
Ah ! nevermore.

Him only I watch for
The window anear ;
Him only I look for
When forth I fare.

His lofty gait,
His lordly guise,
The smile of his lips,
The might of his eyes,

The charméd flow
Of speech that is his,
The clasp of his hand,
And ah ! his kiss !

My peace is fled,
My heart is sore ;
I shall find it never,
Ah ! nevermore.

My bosom yearns
For him, for him,
Ah ! could I clasp him
And cling to him,

And kiss him, as fain
I would, then I,
Faint with his kisses,
Should swoon and die !

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET, FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Heinrich!

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

Tell me, how is't with thy religion, pray?
Thou art a good and kindly man,
And yet, I think, small heed thereto dost pay.

FAUST.

Enough, dear child! I love thee, thou dost feel.
For those I love, my life, my blood I'd spill,
Nor of his faith, his church, would any man
bereave.

MARGARET.

That is not right! We must believe!

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah! could I sway thee in any manner!
The Holy Sacraments thou dost not honour!

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

Yet dost thou not hunger
To share therein. To mass, to shrift thou
goest no longer.
Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

What man can say, my dearest,
I believe in God?
Ask priest or sage, and what thou hearest
Prompted will seem by such a mood
As mocks the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou believest not?

FAUST.

Thou winsome angel-face, mishear me not!
Who can name Him?
Who thus proclaim Him:
I believe Him?
Who that hath feeling
His bosom steeling,
Can say: *I believe Him not?*
The All-embracing,
The All-sustaining,
Clasps and sustains He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Springs not the vault of Heaven above us?
Lieth not Earth firm-stablished 'neath our feet?
And with a cheerful twinkling
Climb not eternal stars the sky?
Eye into eye gaze I not upon thee?
Surgeth not all
To head and heart within thee?
And floats in endless mystery
Invisible visible around thee?
Great though it be, fill thou therefrom thine heart,
And when in the feeling wholly blest thou art,
Call it then what thou wilt!

Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name for it!
Feeling is all in all!
Name is but sound and reek,
A mist round the glow of Heaven!

MARGARET.

'Tis all very fine and good! 'Tis even
Almost what the priest doth speak,
Only in somewhat different phrases.

FAUST.

Aye, all hearts in all places
Beneath heaven's daylight say it, each
In its own speech,
And why not I in mine?

MARGARET.

It seemeth fair in these words of thine,
But yet there's something stands awry,
For thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST.

Dear child!

MARGARET.

Long have I grieved to see
That thou dost keep such company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

That man thou hast with thee, thy mate,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate.
In all my life hath nothing

So stabbed my heart or filled me with such loathing
As that man's hateful countenance!

FAUST.

Sweet poppet, fear him not!

MARGARET.

His glance,
His very presence maketh my blood run chill.
To all men else I bear good-will.
I long to see thee, no maid longs sorer,
Yet that man thrills me with secret horror;
And if I must speak what's on my tongue,
He's a knave, too! Now if I do him wrong
May God forgive me!

FAUST.

Such odd fish
There must be too.

MARGARET.

I would not wish
To live with his likes! If he come but in
At the door, he hath such a mocking grin,
Yet wrathful more.
You can see that there's naught he careth for.
Upon his brow 'tis writ full clearly
He loves not a single soul. So dearly
I yield me unto thy clasping arm,
So wholly thine, with a love so warm;
Like a chill hand his presence grips my heart.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel that thou art!

MARGARET.

It overpowers me so
That whenever he comes to us, I even
Fancy I love thee no longer, and oh!
When he is there, I could not pray to Heaven!
Thou too must feel it, for thy part!

FAUST.

Nay, nay, 'tis but an antipathy!

MARGARET.

I must go now.

FAUST.

Ah! cannot ever I
Upon thy bosom hang in peace, one brief, one single
Hour, breast upon breast, and soul with soul commingle?

MARGARET.

Ah! if alone I did but sleep!
I'd leave my door on the latch to-night, but we should waken
Mother, her slumbers are not deep;
And were we thus together taken
I were dead forthwith upon the spot!

FAUST.

Thou angel! that it needeth not!
Here is a phial. Three drops if she take
Within her posset, in a deep slumber
Its kindly aid her senses will encumber.

MARGARET.

What would I not do for thy dear sake?
'Twill do her no hurt, I hope?

FAUST.

My dearest!
'Tis I advise it, and thou fearest?

MARGARET.

Dear one, thy face if I but look upon,
I know not what compels me to thy will!
So much for thee already have I done,
That almost naught to do remaineth still!
[*Exit Margaret.* *Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

What, eavesdropping again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I heard it, every letter on't!
Sir Doctor was put through his catechism.
I hope he'll be the better on't!
The lassies are fain to know, God bless 'em,
If a man be pious and plain in the good old way.
If he knuckles there, he'll follow us too, think they.

FAUST.

To thee, thou Monster, 'tis not known
How this true, loving soul, that nurtures
One single faith supreme,
In which alone
For her salvation lies, doth suffer tortures,
That she the man she loves for ever lost must deem.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou supersensual, sensual wooer!
A green girl leads thee by the nose!

FAUST.

Thou monstrous birth of filth and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And in Physiognomy what wondrous skill she shows!
She knows not in my presence what she ails!
My mask forebodes some mystery to unravel.
I am a genius at the least, she feels,—
Who knows, perhaps the very Devil!
To-night, now—

FAUST.

What is that to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, the thought on't gladdens me!

AT THE WELL.

[*Gretchen and Lisbeth, with jugs.*

LISBETH.

Hast nothing heard of Barbara?

GRETCHEN.

Nay, not a word! I leave the house but rarely

LISBETH.

'Twas Sibyl told me yesterday.
She's played the fool at last, and fairly!
So much for her fine airs!

GRETCHEN.

What.

LISBETH.

Pah!
Now when she eats and drinks, it's two she's feeding.

GRETCHEN.

Ah!

LISBETH.

It serves her right! A prètty tangle!
How long with the fellow did she dangle!
Out a-walking in all weather!
To village and dancing-green together!
Must have the first place everywhere!
With wine and with pasties he courts me her!
Thinks herself, please you, mighty fair!
So little she cares for her good name,
To take his presents she thinks no shame!
There's cuddling and slobbering enough,
Till he nips me the dainty blossom off!

GRETCHEN.

Poor thing!

LISBETH.

Poor thing indeed! Dost pity her?
When the likes of us a-spinning were,
When the mother o' nights let us not i' the street,
There stood she with her gallant sweet.
On the bench by the door, i' the alley dark,
No hour hung heavy for her and her spark.
So now let her hang her head, and thole
The sinner's shift and the cutty-stool.

GRETCHEN.

Of course he'll take her to be his wife?

LISBETH.

He'd be a fool! A sprightly lad
Has sport enough elsewhere egad!
He's off and away!

GRETCHEN.

But that's not fair!

LISBETH.

And if she gets him, let her beware!
The lads 'ill tear her garland off,
And we at her door will scatter chaff!

GRETCHEN, *going home.*

How could I once upbraid so well
When some poor girl in error fell!
For others' sins my tongue could find
Scarce words enough to please my mind.
Black 'twas, with black I overlaid it,
Yet black enough I never made it,
And hugged myself my virtue in,
And now myself am bare to sin.
Yet all that urged me into it
Was oh! so dear, and oh! so sweet!

THE TOWN WALL.

[*In a niche in the wall, a picture of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower-jugs before it.*

GRETCHEN *putting fresh flowers into the jugs.*

Ah, bow
Thy gracious brow,

Mother of Woes, to the woebegone!
With piercéd heart,
With bitter smart,
Thou liftest Thine eyes to Thine own dead Son.
Thou liftest Thine eyes,
Thou sendest sighs,
For Him and Thee, to the Father's throne.

Who knows
The throes
That rack mine every bone?
How my heart is wrung with anguish,
In what dread, what hope I languish,
Knowest Thou, and Thou alone!

Ever, where'er I go,
What woe, what woe, what woe
Within my breast is nursed!
When lonely watch I keep,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
My aching heart will burst.

The flower-pots at my window
I watered with tears, ah me!
As in the early morning
I broke these flowers for Thee.
The sun within my chamber
His early radiance shed,
And I, alas! as early,
Sat weeping on my bed.

From shame! from death . oh! hear my moan!
Ah, bow
Thy gracious brow,
Mother of Woes, to the woebegone!

NIGHT.

[*Street before Gretchen's door.*

VALENTINE, *a soldier, Gretchen's brother.*

When at a drinking-bout I sat,
Where oft the drinkers brag and prate,
And heard my fellows praise the flower
Of lasses all, my face afore,
And with full glass wash down the toast,—
Then on my elbow would I lean,
Sure of my warrant, sit serene,
And bide my time, and hear them boast,
Then smiling, stroke my beard, and say,
Taking the brimming glass in hand:
Well, well, let each be as she may,
But is there in the whole wide land
My own dear Gretel's peer, or who
Is fit to tie my sister's shoe?
Rap! rap! cling! clang! ran round the board,
And some would cry: 'Tis truth he speaks,
She is the pearl of all her sex!
The vaunters sat without a word.
And now! oh, I could tear my hair,
Run up sheer walls in mad despair!
With bodkin-speeches, curled-up noses,
May every scoundrel gibe that chooses!
Like a bad debtor must I sit,
At every chance-dropped word must sweat!
And though I should smash them on the spot,
Yet could I not give them the lie i' their throat!

But what comes here? What skulks along?
Two of them, an I judge not wrong.

If he's one, by the scruff I'll catch him,
And dead upon the spot I'll stretch him!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from the window of the chancel there
Upwards the never-dying lamp doth glimmer!
Sideways is twilight, dim and ever dimmer,
Whilst darkness throngs th' encircling air.
So in my breast the shades are thronging.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat sick with longing,
That on the fire-ladders slinks,
Close by the walls then softly shrinks.
Quite virtuous withal am I,
A touch of thievishness, a touch of lechery.
Already thrills my body thorough
The glorious Walpurgis-night!
We keep it on the morrow's morrow,
And well the vigil 'twill requite.

FAUST.

And will the treasure rise into the air
Meanwhile, which I see glimmering there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full shortly shalt thou have the pleasure
To lift the pot that holds the treasure.
The other day I took a squint;
Saw splendid lion-dollars in't.

FAUST.

What! not a trinket, not a ring,
Wherewith to deck mine own dear leman?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw within it some such thing
As 'twere a string of pearls a-gleaming.

FAUST.

'Tis well! it hurts me, if my sweet
Without a present I must greet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It should not be a sore annoyance
To get for naught a little joyance.
Mark! to a masterpiece I'll tune my tongue,
The while the stars Heaven's vault bespangle:
I'll treat her to a moral song,
Her wits the surer to entangle.

[*Sings to the cithern.*

Fie, Kate! wherefore,
Dost stand before
Thy lover's door,
All in the dawn so leaden?
Nay, nay! not so,
For in thou'lt go
A maid, I trow,
But not come out a maiden.

Heed ye aright!
Is't ended quite?
Nay, then, good-night!
Poor things, he will not linger.
Love is but brief!
To no fond thief
Be overlief,
But it be ring on finger

VALENTINE, *coming forward.*

Whom wilt thou lure? God's element!
Damned rat-catcher! I'll stay thy laughter!
First, devil take the instrument!
And devil take the singer after!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The cithern is in twain! Its fate is past all hazard!

VALENTINE.

And now to split in twain thy mazzard!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Sir Doctor, stand your ground now, wary!
I'll guide your hand, here at your elbow.
Come briskly, now! Out with your bilbo!
Lunge you! Let me alone to parry!

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And why not, pray?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, aye!

VALENTINE.

The Devil's in the fray!
What meaneth this? My hand grows sudden lame!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Thrust home!

VALENTINE *falls*

Ah, God!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the lubber tame!
A murd'rous outcry rises, we must vanish!
For the police I fear not, I can blunt their fang.
But the swift doom to 'scape that doth o'erhang
The bloodguilty, thyself thyself must banish.

MARTHA, *at the window.*

Out, neighbours, out!

GRETCHEN, *at the window.*

A light! a light!

MARTHA, *as above.*

They bawl and brawl, they shriek and fight!

CROWD.

There's one lies here in parlous case!

MARTHA, *coming out.*

The murderers! what, are they flown?

GRETCHEN, *coming out.*

Who is't lies here?

CROWD.

Thy mother's son!

GRETCHEN.

Almighty God! what sore distress!

VALENTINE.

I'm dying! that is quickly said,
And still more quickly done!
Ye women-folk, come here! give heed!
What boots to wail and moan?
[*All gather round him.*
My Gretchen, still but young thou art,
Nor shrewd enough. Dost play thy part
But sorrily, I doubt.
I speak in confidence withal.
Thou art a strumpet once for all,
Then be one out and out.

GRETCHEN.

My brother! God! to me you spoke?

VALENTINE.

Nay, leave our Lord God out o' the joke!
What's done is done, and there's an end!
Go as it may, it will not mend.
With one by stealth thou didst begin,
But others soon will follow in.
When one is to a dozen grown,
Then art thou common to the town.

Shame at her birth in mist is clouded;
In secret first she sees the light.
And head and ears i' the veil of night
Are eagerly enshrouded.
Nay, we would murder, and would not spare her.
But as she grows and waxes, soon
Naked she goes, i' the light o' noon,
And yet is she grown no fairer.
The loathsomer her face alway,

The more she seeks the light o' the day.
Now of a truth, I see the day
When honest folk will shrink away,
As from a corpse that breeds infection,
From thee, thou harlot, for protection.
Thine heart within thy breast shall falter,
I' their eyes to read what's written there.
No more a golden chain shalt wear!

I' the church no more shalt stand by the altar!
In fair lace-collar, with careless pleasure,
No more i' the dance shalt tread a measure!
In some dark woeful nook shalt hide thee,
With none but cripples and beggars beside thee!
And e'en though God i' the end forgive,
On Earth accurséd shalt thou live!

MARTHA.

With God thy soul be reconciling!
Wilt spend thy last breath in reviling?

VALENTINE.

Could I but come at thy withered skin,
Thou sinful, shameful go-between,
For all the sins my soul that burden,
I'd trust to find abundant pardon!

GRETCHEN.

My brother! Oh, what agony!

VALENTINE.

I tell thee, let thy weeping be!
When with thine honour thou didst part,
Gav'st me the sorest stab i' the heart.
Now through the sleep of death I go
To God, a soldier brave and true. [*Dies.*

MINSTER.

[*Service, Organ, and Choir.*

GRETCHEN *amongst many people*, EVIL SPIRIT *behind Gretchen.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Once with what other feelings,
Gretchen, thou, still guileless,
Cam'st to the altar,
And from thy well-thumbed missal here
Thy prayers thou lispedst,
Half toys of childhood,
Half God thine heart in!
Gretchen!
Where are thy thoughts?
And in thine heart too
What a deed of sin!
Is't for thy mother's soul thou prayest, that
Through thee to long, long torment fell asleep?
Upon thy threshold whose the blood?
And 'neath thine heart already
Leaping and fluttering,
What is it anguisheth
With boding presence thee and itself?

GRETCHEN.

Woe! woe!
Would I could free me of the thoughts
That to and fro within my bosom throng
Despite me!

CHOIR.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla.

[*Organ.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wrath takes thee!
The great trump sounds!
The graves are heaving!
And thine heart
From ashen rest
To flaming torments
Now again created,
Quakes up!

GRETCHEN.

Would I were forth!
I feel as did the organ here
Stifle my breathing,
The song mine heart
Did melt to water!

CHOIR.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

GRETCHEN.

I cannot breathe!
The massy columns
Imprison me!
The vaulted arches
Crush m !—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thee! Sin and shame
Abide not hidden!
Air? Light?
Woe's thee!

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL SPIRIT.

From thee their faces
The Glorified avert!
To thee to stretch their hands out
Shudder the Stainless!
Woe!

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

GRETCHEN.

Neighbour! Your smelling-salts!
[*She falls into a swoon.*

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

(*Mayday-eve.*)

[*The Harz Mountains, in the neighbourhood of Schierke and Elend.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wouldst not be fain a broomstick to bestraddle?
Upon this road the goal is far, I would
A sturdy he-goat bare me in the saddle.

FAUST.

While on my legs I'm fresh, this knotted staddle

Is all-sufficing to my mood.
What boots to shorten thus the road?
To steal along the labyrinth of valleys,
And then the cliff, whose rocky chalice
Pours forth the ever-bubbling spring, to climb—
Such toil gives to these paths a zest sublime.
Spring is already busy in the birches;
The very firs already feel her touch!
What wonder if the thrill our own limbs searches?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, I feel no trace of such!
Within my body Winter reigneth.
Upon my path I'd wish for frost and snow.
How drearily the blood-red moon now deigneth
To lift her dwindling disk with tardy glow!
So dim the light, on cliff and tree we blunder
At every step, within the gloomy glade.
By your good leave! There blazeth merrily yonder
A will-o'-the-wisp; I'll bid him to our aid.
Ho, there! my friend, a word! Come hither with thee!
Why wilt thou flare for naught, I prithee?
Pray be so good as light us up the hill.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

By reverence my nature may be steadied
I hope, yet is it but light-headed.
Our course is wont to go but zigzag still.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost think to ape mankind, thou giddy flame
See thou go straight, a' devil's name,
Else will I blow thy flickering candle out.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Nay, you're the master o' the house, I doubt.
Gladly I'll make your will my pleasure.
Bethink you, though, the mount is magic-mad
to-day,
And if a will-o'-the-wisp must lead you on your
way,
You must not use too nice a measure.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* WILL-O'-THE-WISP
in alternate song.

In the realm of dreams and glamour,
As it seems, we now are entered.
Lead us truly through the clamour
Thither, where our aims are centred,
Through the waste and womby spaces.

Lo now! lo! how swiftly races
Tree past tree! How the gigantic
Crags lean over, and the antic
Rocky snouts that stand in cluster,
How they snort and how they bluster!

Through the stones and turf what lustre.
Stream and streamlet downward springing.
Hark! 'tis murmurs! Hark! 'tis singing!
Hark! 'tis love-plaints, sweet and olden,
Voices from yon days all golden!
All our hope and love and longing!
Echo, too, like tales once told in
Far-off times comes faintly ringing.

Whoo-hoo! shoo-hoo! nearer hover
Cry of screech-owl, jay and plover.
Do they all keep vigil thronging?

Is't the salamander brushes
Fat-paunch, long-legs, through the bushes?
And the roots like serpents writhe and
Wriggle forth from sand and rifted
Rock, and wave long fingers lithe and
Weird to scare and snare, and gifted
With a monstrous life malicious,
Knots and gnarls like devil-fishes
Stretch out tentacles to take us;
And the mice troop on together
Myriad-hued through moss and heather
And the fireflies in a hazy
Swarm about us weave their mazy
Morrice till our wits forsake us.

Nay, but tell me! are we biding
Still, or are we onward riding?
Cliffs and grinning trees are sliding,
Will-o'-the-wisps—their number doubles,
Blown up like transparent bubbles—
All in giddy wheels are gliding.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come now! grasp my mantle cheerly!
Here a midpeak stands, and clearly
To our gaze astonied shows
In the mount how Mammon glows!

FAUST.

How weirdly glimmers like a dismal
Dawn the red glow through the dales!
And e'en to penetrate the abysmal
Depths the lambent light avails.
Here rises reek, there hover vapours,
Through mist and haze the glow doth gleam.

Here to a slender thread it tapers,
Here gushes forth, a living stream.
Here for a space it weaves a tangle
Of myriad veins through all the dell;
And there within the crowded angle
They all unite with sudden spell.
There sputter sparks, as from a fountain
That sprinkles golden sand, and lo!
The beetling cliffs that fringe the mountain
From base to brink are all aglow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lord Mammon for this feast his palace
With lavish splendour lights. Dost mark?
Thou'rt happy to have seen it! Hark!
The boisterous crew swift to the banquet rallies.

FAUST.

How through the air the wind doth howl and hiss,
And with what buffets beats upon my shoulders!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Clasp thou the cliff's old ribs! Cling to the boulders!
Else will it hurl thee headlong into the deep abyss!
The night is thick with rack.
Hark how the groaning woods do crack;
Startled flutters up the solemn
Owl, and splinters column on column
In the evergreen halls, and ever
The branches crackle and shiver,
The stems make a mighty moaning,
The roots are gaping and groaning,

And all crash down in a hideous tangle
One on another, and choke and strangle
With their wrack the wild abysses,
And through them howls and hisses
The storm-wind. Hear'st thou voices o'er us
Far and near that sing in chorus?
All the magic-mount along
Wildly streams the wizard-song.

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

The witches to the Brocken sail,
The shoot is green, the stubble is pale.
There the rabble musters thick,
And high above them thrones Old Nick.
On we fare o'er stock and stone,
The he-goat stinks and ——s the crone.

VOICE.

Old Baubo comes, with none she pairs,
Alone on a farrowed sow she fares.

CHORUS.

Then honour be where honour's due
In front, Dame Baubo, lead the crew!
A beldam on a sow, and hollo!
All the warlock-throng will follow.

VOICE.

Which way comest thou here?

VOICE.

Over the Ilsensteep.
I' the owlet's nest I took a peep.
She had eyes like moons!

VOICE.

To Hell with a wanion!
Why so hot-foot, thou ronyon:

VOICE.

She hath well-nigh flayed me!
See the wounds she hath made me!

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The road is wide, the road is long,
Was ever such a Bedlam throng?
The broom doth scratch, the fork doth poke,
The dam doth burst, the brat doth choke.

SEMI-CHORUS OF WARLOCKS.

Like the house-bound snail we crawl,
Far ahead are the women all.
When to the Devil's house we speed,
By a thousand steps the women lead.

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS OF WARLOCKS.

Such nice distinction we not make.
A thousand steps doth Woman take,
But hurry as she hurry can,
With a single bound o'ertakes her Man.

VOICE *above.*

Come with us, come, fro' the Felsenmere!

VOICES *from below.*

We would climb with you the mountain sheer,
We wash and are white as white can be,
Yet barren, ever barren are we.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars are dead,
The misty moon doth hide her head ;
The wizard rout that hurtles by
Sheds ruddy sparks athwart the sky.

VOICE *from below.*

Halt! ah, halt! ye swarm uncanny!

VOICE *from above.*

Who calls from out the rocky cranny?

VOICE *below.*

Take me with you! Take me up!
Three hundred years I've clambered zealous,
And yet I cannot reach the top.
Fain would I be beside my fellows!

BOTH CHORUSES.

The broomstick bears and bears the stock,
The stovefork bears and bears the buck.
He who cannot rise to-day
Is lost for ever and lost for aye.

HALF-WITCH *below.*

So long I hobble on behind,
The others pass me like the wind.
At home I know nor peace nor rest,
Nor find them in this weary quest.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The salve puts heart in every hag,
For sail she hoists a fluttering rag,
A trough is a boat all trim and tight,
Fly not at all, or fly to-night!

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when we sail the summit round,
Flit ye, float ye, o'er the ground,
That far and wide the heath may be
Hid 'neath the swarm of warlockry.
[*They alight on the ground.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They thrust and throng, they rush and clatter,
They whirl and whistle, stream and chatter,
They glitter, sputter, stink and burn,
The very air to hags doth turn!
Keep close, or we are parted. Whither art thou borne?

FAUST, *in the distance.*

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! so far? Nay then, to save disaster
I must assert my right as master.
Room, ho! Squire Clootie comes! Room! ye sweet rabble! room!
Here, Doctor, seize my mantle now, and come!
One bound will take us out o' the hurly-burly.
E'en for my taste this is too mad, and surely
There gleameth something yonder with a peculiar glow.
To yonder bushes draws me this same ferlie.
Come, come, my friend, let us slip through.

FAUST.

Thou Spirit of Contradiction! Nay then, be my pilot.
And yet how shrewd, to the Brocken thus to fare

On a Walpurgis-night, then seek, once there,
Wilful seclusion in some narrow islet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yon gay flames that light the heather.
A merry club is got together;
We're not alone in a coterie.

FAUST.

Up yonder though I'd rather be!
The smoke with lurid splendour lit
Rolls on. The crowd streams to the Devil.
What riddles there one might unravel!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, and what riddles will be knit!
Let the great world roll on in riot,
Here will we harbour us in quiet.
'Tis a time-honoured custom so
In the great world to fashion smaller worlds, you know.
There fair young witches prank in naked state,
Whilst beldams shrewdly veil their treasure.
Be affable—do me that pleasure!
The trouble is small—the sport is great.
I hear a tuning of instruments. The deuce to't!
Accurséd twang! Well, well, we must get used to't.
Come with me, come! Nay, I'll not be denied!
I'll introduce thee, I will be thy guide.
Of gratitude I'll fill thee up a brimmer.
That is no niggard space—what say'st thou, friend?
Just glance along! Scarce canst thou see the end!
There, all arow, a hundred bale-fires glimmer.

They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink,
they love.
Tell me now, where is aught above
A scene like this, aught better or aught bigger?

FAUST.

As sorcerer or as devil wilt thou figure
To gain us welcome here?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, it is my way
To go incognito, but on a gala-day
One may display one's orders. True
No Garter graces me, but here the horse-hoof too
Is honourable wear. See where yon snail comes
creeping.
She with her groping face hath nosed
Some inkling of my secret out. Its keeping
Were hopeless here, e'en were I so disposed.
Come now, of all the fires we'll make the tour.
I am the wooer's man—thou art the wooer.
[*To divers who are sitting about fading embers.*
Old gentlemen, what do ye here aloof?
There, where the throng is thickest, there had I
rather found you,
There, where the rush and crush of youth sur-
round you.
At home is every man alone enough.

GENERAL.

What man can set his trust in nations!
No matter what his services, forsooth!
'Twas ever thus! The mob's ovations,
Like women's favours, are bestowed on youth.

MINISTER.

From the right path too far we're strayed.
The good old times and ways for ever!
For when our word was law, or never,—
Then was the age of gold indeed.

PARVENU.

We weren't fools, and oft, I'll own,
We did in those days what we shouldn't;
But now the world is turning upside-down,
And that precisely when we wish it wouldn't.

AUTHOR.

A work that has a single grain of sense
They simply will not read, and naught 'll make 'em.
And the young folk, confound their impudence!
They've never been so malapert, plague take 'em!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *suddenly appearing very old.*

For Doomsday ripe I feel the people is
When up the wizard-mount for the last time I clamber,
And think the world is on the lees,
Because my little cask no more runs clear as amber.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Good Masters, pray you, pass not by!
Let not the chance slip through your fingers!
Who by my wares attentive lingers
The oddest medley here will spy.
Yet in my booth—there's not its fellow
On earth—nor in it will you find
One gewgaw but foul wrong doth hallow,

Wrought on the world and on mankind;
No dagger but hath dripped with blood; no chalice
But from its Judas-lips into the healthy frame—
The guilty tool of treacherous malice—
Hath poured the poison's slow-consuming flame:
No jewel but to shame beguiled some winsome woman;
No sword that hath not foully stabbed i' the back the foeman.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, thou dost read the times but badly, Gammer
For done is past, and past is done!
Only for novelties we clamour,
Shouldst lay in novelties alone.

FAUST.

That *is* a Fair! I'm taking speedy
Leave o' my senses!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All the eddy
Sways and swirls, still upwards moving.
Thyself art shoved that thinkest thou art shoving.

FAUST.

Speak! What is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Look at her narrowly!
'Tis Lilith!

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife is she.
Have thou a care before her beauteous tresses,
The sole adornment she doth deign to wear!
The young man whom she taketh in their snare,
Not lightly doth she loose from her caresses.

FAUST.

Yonder sit twain, a quean beside a beldam.
They leapt right lustily.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, seldom
The rout to-day hath need of rest.
A new dance is afoot—we'll trip it with the best.

FAUST, *dancing with the young witch.*

Once on a time there came to me
A fair dream of an apple-tree,
Whereon two beauteous apples shone.
They tempted me—I clomb thereon.

THE FAIR ONE.

For apples did you ever lust
From Paradise ere you were thrust,
And I am overjoyed to know
That such within my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *with the old witch.*

Once on a time there came to me
A foul dream of a cloven tree,
Wherein——————
——though it was, it liked me well.

THE OLD WITCH.

I tender here my best salute
Unto the Knight o' the Horse's Foot.
Let him a————prepare,
If him————doth not scare.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

What take ye on yourselves, you curséd train?
Have we not proved past all disputing
That ghosts stand never on a proper footing?
And yet you're dancing now, just like us men.

THE FAIR ONE, *dancing*.

Why at our ball doth he appear?

FAUST, *dancing*.

Why, bless your heart, he's everywhere!
He needs must criticize, no matter
Who dances. Can he not bechatter
Each step, it is as had that step not been.
When we go forwards, most we move his spleen.
If in a ring to turn you were contented,
As he goes round and round in his old mill,
Then you'd be sure of his good-will,
Especially if to all he twaddled, you assented.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

Are you still there? Well, well! Was ever such a thing?
Pack off, now! Don't you know we've been enlightening?
This crew of devils by no rule is daunted.
We're mighty wise, but Tegel still is haunted.
I've swept, and swept, and swept, at this vain fancying,

Yet cannot sweep it clean! Was ever such a thing?

THE FAIR ONE.

Then pray relieve us of your tedious visit!

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

I tell you spirits to your face,
Of spirit-tyranny I'll have no trace.
My spirit cannot exercise it.

[*The dancing continues.*

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

Alas! to-day 'tis useless, now I know it.
At least I'll take a journey with them, though.
And still I hope, ere my last step, to show
My mastery alike o'er devil and poet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To seek relief, as usual in a puddle
He'll seat himself, and when the leeches feast
Upon his rump, from all his brains that muddle,
From phantoms and from fancy he's released.

[*To Faust, who has left the dance.*

Why hast thou let the beauteous maiden from thee,
That while ye danced so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah! even as she sang, there sprang
A small red mouse from her lips of coral.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A mighty matter! Thou'rt too squeamish! Nay,
Thank thy good stars it was not grey!

When love is kind, who with such toys would quarrel?

FAUST.

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, look! Turn thou thy face!
A pale, fair girl, alone, afar that bideth.
But slowly doth she shift her place;
With gyvéd feet meseems she glideth.
I must confess, it seems to me,
That like the loving Gretchen she.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No more o' that! It worketh naught but scathe.
'Tis glamour—show! 'Tis lifeless! 'Tis a wraith!
Who meets it, falls beneath a ban.
Its chilling stare doth chill the blood of man,
And almost he is turned to stone.
To thee Medusa cannot be unknown.

FAUST.

Those are the eyes of Death! Not softly shielded
By loving hands within their lids they lie!
That is the breast that Gretchen to me yielded,
That the sweet body that I did enjoy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis sorcery, thou lightly-cozened fool!
Like his own love she seems to every soul.

FAUST.

What ecstasy! Yet ah! what anguish!
I needs must gaze, yet gazing languish.
How strange, that there should run, as 'twere
In width a knife's-back, round that tender
Snow-white neck, one single, slender
Thread of scarlet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, 'tis there!
Her head beneath her arm may'st yet behold her,
For Perseus lopped it from her shoulder.
Still for illusion longs thy soul?
Come, climb with me this grassy knoll!
'Tis as merry here as in the Prater;
And look! an there be no cantrip in't
Here players for our pleasure cater.
What is the piece?

SERVIBILIS.

We're just about to begin't.
A brand-new piece—'tis the last piece of seven.
That is the custom here, so many and so few.
A dilettante wrote it. Even
The players are dilettanti too.
Excuse my vanishing. I too am a dilettante,
And my pet branch of art is pulling up the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, even the Blocksberg summits haunt ye?
Nay, that is well! There ye belong, that's certain!

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM,

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Intermezzo

STAGE MANAGER

We may take a rest to-day,
Ye sturdy sons of Mieding.
Misty vale and mountain grey
Are all the scene we're needing.

HERALD.

Golden the wedding after years
Of wedlock fifty holden,
But that which ends the strife appears
To me the better golden.

OBERON.

Are ye spirits hovering nigh,
Then come when ye are cited.
King and Queen with loving tie
Are once again united.

PUCK.

Up comes Puck and twirls amain
And slides his foot in measure.
Hundreds follow in his train
To share with him the pleasure.

ARIEL.

Ariel doth move the song
And heavenly sweet his lute is.
Many guys he draws along
But also draws the beauties.

OBERON.

Spouses who would live in peace
Learn from us the lesson ;
When to love a couple cease
Just part them for a season.

TITANIA.

Hath he the sulks, the vapours she,
Seize me each wedded traitor !
Lead me him to the Polar Sea,
And her to the Equator.

ORCHESTRA, TUTTI, *fortissimo.*

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
With kin of all conditions,
Croaking frog and cricket shrill,
These are the musicians.

SOLO.

Lo ! the bagpipes ! and the sack
Is a bubble blown up.
Hear the snecker-snicker-snack
Through his snub-nose drone up.

SPIRIT IN PROCESS OF FORMATION.

Spider's claw and belly of toad
And wee, wee wings unto 'em !
If not a wee, wee beast, at least
'Twill be a wee, wee poem !

A LITTLE COUPLE.

Mincing step and lofty leap
Through honey-dew and fragrance.
Marry, daintily ye trip,
Yet soar ye not, sweet vagrants !

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Is this not Lenten-mummery?
Refuse mine eyes their duty?
Or Oberon do I really see,
The god in all his beauty?

ORTHODOX.

Nay now, he hath no claws, and eke
He hath no tail, but cavil
The case admits not, like the Greek
Gods he too is a devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

Sketchy in these northern climes
I feel my grasp of art is.
But for Italy betimes
My firm resolve to start is.

PURIST.

My misfortune brings me here!
All decency they're mocking!
And of all the crew, dear! dear!
But two are powdered! Shocking!

YOUNG WITCH.

Powder is like the petticoat
For an old and grizzled goody.
So I sit naked on my goat
And show a lusty body.

MATRON.

Far too much good-breeding we
To rail with you have gotten;
Yet young and tender though ye be,
I hope to see you rotten!

CONDUCTOR.

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
Leave ye the naked witch there!
Croaking frog and cricket shrill,
Pray you, keep time and pitch there!

WEATHERCOCK *in the one direction.*

Such company as heart can wish,
Just maidens ripe for marriage!
And bachelors of promise, such
As envy can't disparage!

WEATHERCOCK *in the other direction.*

And doth the earth not yawn and gape
To swallow all this rabble,
Then straightway into Hell I'll leap
As quickly as I'm able!

XENIA.

With scissors small to nip and gnaw
As insects we come flitting,
Satan, our worshipful papa,
To honour as is fitting.

HENNINGS.

In a thronging swarm they flit
And jest in manner artless.
I' the end we'll have them saying yet
They really are not heartless!

MUSAGETES.

To mingle with this witches' rout
My fancy gladly chooses,
For these I could mislead no doubt
More easily than the Muses!

Ci-devant GENIUS OF THE TIMES.

Come, seize my robe ; with proper folk
Much honour one amasses ;
The Blocksberg hath a fair broad yoke
As hath our Dutch Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Say, who stalks yonder ? Prouder than
A turkey-cock he swells out.
He snuffles all he snuffle can,—
'Tis Jesuits he smells out.

CRANE.

In the clear I fish full fain
And eke in troubled waters,
And so you see the pious man
With devils too foregathers.

CHILD OF THE WORLD.

Aye, marry, for the pious all
Is a means of edification.
And on the Blocksberg they instal
Full many a congregation.

DANCERS.

There's a new chorus, I'll engage !
I hear a distant drumming.
Nay, 'tis the bitterns in the sedge
Monotonously booming.

BALLET-MASTER.

How each one lifts a leg i' the dance,
This peasant-like, that duke-like.
The buxom hop, the crooked prance,
Nor care they what they look like.

FIDDLER.

Tag-rag-and-bobtail! how they hate
And fain each other would do for.
What Orpheus' lyre for the beasts did, that
The bagpipes doth this crew for.

DOGMATIST.

I never will be silenced more
By doubts nor yet by cavils.
The Devil must be something, or
Pray how could there be devils?

IDEALIST.

Fancy too imperiously
Doth sway me. Hoity-toity!
If everything I see is me,
To-day I must be doity!

REALIST.

That which is, is torture, and
Me on the rack 'tis putting!
For the first time here I stand
On an uncertain footing.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Gladly I join this jovial crew
And share with joy their revels,
For that there are good spirits too
I argue from the devils.

SCEPTIC.

They think them near the treasure, when
They track the flamelet flitting.
With *devil* rhymes but *cavil*, then
My presence here is fitting.

CONDUCTOR.

Croaking frog and cricket shrill,
Plague on ye, dilettanti!
Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
Musicians sure ye vaunt ye!

SKILFUL TRIMMERS.

Sanssouci we're called—just see
Each merry little creature!
On our heads we go, since we
No more are on our feet sure.

THE HELPLESS.

At court we licked the platter clean,
I' the dance we had a rare foot.
We've danced our shoes through to the skin,
God help us—we go barefoot!

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From the bog we come, whence we
First rose as ragged callants,
And yet in rows we're here to see
A train of brilliant gallants.

SHOOTING-STAR.

Hither from the zenith I
Did glance, a gleaming meteor.
All of a heap i' the grass I lie,—
Who'll help me to my feet here?

HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

Room and room and room all round!
Down the grasses trample!
Spirits come—yet shake the ground
With massy limbs and ample.

PUCK.

Tread ye not so cumbrously
Like elephants with turrets,
And the heaviest this day be
Puck, the lob of spirits.

ARIEL.

If boon Nature gave ye wings,
If wings your mind uncloses,
Follow my airy wanderings
Up to the hill of roses.

ORCHESTRA, *pianissimo.*

Misty veil and cloud-wreath flush
By dawn illuminated.
Breeze in leaf and wind in rush
And all is dissipated!

A GLOOMY DAY.

Open Country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! Despairing! Long a piteous wanderer on the face of the Earth, and now a captive! Shut up in a felon's cell! abandoned to appalling torments—that sweet, that ill-starred creature! To that depth! to that depth! Thou false Spirit! thou vile Spirit! this hast thou hidden from me! Aye, stand now! stand! Roll thy devil's eyes wrathfully round in thine head! Stand and beard me with thy

loathsome presence! A captive! In irretrievable misery! Abandoned to evil spirits and to the pitiless justice of mortals! And me thou lullest meanwhile in the most tasteless dissipations! her growing wretchedness thou hidest from me, and lettest her perish unaided!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first!

FAUST.

Thou hound! Thou hideous monster! Change him, thou Infinite Spirit! change the worm again into his currish form, as oft in the hours of night it was his whim to trot before me, to roll at the feet of the harmless wayfarer, and as he fell to fasten upon his shoulders. Change him again into his favourite semblance, that he may grovel on his belly in the sand before me, that I may trample him underfoot, the caitiff! Not the first! Woe! Woe! Such woe as the soul of man cannot conceive of! that more than one creature hath been whelmed in the depths of this misery, that the first atoned not in its wrestling death-agony for the guilt of all the others in the eyes of Eternal Forgiveness! It racks me through life and marrow, the misery of this single one; thou grinnest coldly over the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are again already at our wits' end, where you mortals lightly slip over into madness. Why dost thou seek community with us if thou canst not carry it through? Wilt thou fly, and

art not proof against giddiness? Did we thrust ourselves upon thee or thou thyself upon us?

FAUST.

Bare not thus thy wolfish fangs upon me! My gorge rises at it! Thou great and glorious Spirit, thou that didst vouchsafe to appear to me, thou that readest mine heart and soul within me, why hast thou shackled me to this infamous comrade, that battens on mischief, that drinks destruction as a refreshing draught?

MEPHISTOPHÉLES.

Hast thou done?

FAUST.

Deliver her, or woe betide thee! The most hideous curse be upon thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger! I cannot shoot back his bolts! Deliver her? Who was it plunged her into ruin, I or thou?

[*Faust glances around him furiously.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost clutch at the thunderbolt? Well that it was not given to you pitiful mortals! To smash to pieces the innocent that crosses his path, that is your true tyrant's way of giving his fury a vent in perplexities.

FAUST.

Bring me to her! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the risk that thou wilt run? Know that still there lieth blood-guilt upon the town from thine hand. Over the place of the slain hover avenging spirits, lying in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That too from thee! Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Lead me thither, I tell thee, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will lead thee, and what I can do, hear thou! Have I all power in Heaven and on Earth? I will becloud her gaoler's senses; do thou possess thee of the keys, and lead her forth with the hand of man. I will keep watch! The magic horses are ready and I will bear ye away! So much I can do.

FAUST.

Up and away!

NIGHT.

Open country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *storming past on black horses.*

FAUST.

What do they weave round the raven-stone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they are brewing and doing.

FAUST.

Ascending, descending, bowing and bending!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' guild.

FAUST.

They pour a libation, a consecration
They make!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Away! Away!

DUNGEON.

FAUST *with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.*

There seizes me a long unwonted shudder;
The woes of all mankind upon me throng.
Here, in these foul, dank walls, have they immewed her,
And a fond dream was all she wrought of wrong!
And dost thou flinch to her to go?
Dost fear to look upon her woe?
Away! thy faltering lingers death along.
[*He seizes the lock. Singing is heard within.*

My mother, the wanton,
She did me to death!
My father, the villain,
He eaten me hath!
My bones one and all,
My sister small
I' the cool did lay;

Then I turned to a beautiful woodland-bird!
Fly away, fly away!

FAUST, *unlocking the door.*

She doth not dream her lover list'neth near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw can hear.
[*He goes in.*

MARGARET, *cowering upon her pallet.*

Woe! woe! they come. O bitter death!

FAUST, *softly.*

Hush! hush! I come to free thee, dearest one.

MARGARET, *grovelling at his feet.*

Have pity, if thou'rt man, and liv'st by breath.

FAUST.

Thou'lt shriek thy warders from their drowsy swoon!
[*He lays hold of the chains to unlock them.*

MARGARET, *on her knees.*

Nay, Headsman, whence hast thou this right?
Whence didst thou power receive
To lead me forth at dead of night?
Have pity! Let me live!
Wait till the matin-bell hath rung!
[*She rises to her feet.*
Alas! I am still so young, so young,
And now to death am going.
Fair was I too, and that was mine undoing.
Near was my love, now is he far;
Rent is the wreath, the blossoms scattered are.
Lay not such violent hands on me!

Spare me! What have I done to thee?
Be not deaf to my pleading tongue,
I've never seen thee my whole life long!

FAUST.

Shall I ever outlive this woe?

MARGARET.

I am thine; now do what thou needs must do.
But let me first give suck to the child!
I fondled it the whole night through;
They took it from me to drive me wild,
And now they say my babe I slew,
And never again shall I be glad.
The folk sing ballads at me! they have no pity!
An old, old fairy-tale such ending had;
Why taunt they me with the ditty?

FAUST *casts himself down.*

A lover at thy feet doth kneel,
Thy piteous bondage to unseal.

MARGARET *casts herself down beside him.*

O let us kneel, the holy saints adoring!
See! under the flooring,
The threshold under,
Hell seethes in thunder!
Satan,
With din appalling,
Doth rage and threaten!

FAUST, *in a loud voice.*

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET, *listening attentively.*

That was my dear one calling!
[*She springs to her feet; the chains fall off.*
Where is he? Nay, but I heard him call me.
I am free! and none shall thrall me!
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom lie!
Gretchen! he cried, from the door of my cell!
Not all the wailing and gnashing of Hell,
Not all the hideous, devilish jeers,
Could drown the dear accents that gladdened mine ears.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! O, say it yet again!
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where now is all the pain?
Where is the dungeon's, where the fetters' agony?
'Tis thou! Thou comest to set me free!
I am free!—
Already I see again the street
Where thou and I for the first time did meet,
And the garden gaily blooming,
Where I and Martha waited oft thy coming.

FAUST, *urging her to go.*

Come with me! Come!

MARGARET.

O tarry!
I tarry so blithely where thou dost tarry.
[*Caressing him.*

FAUST.

Hurry!
Unless thou hurry,
Sore we shall rue our loit'ring, sore!

MARGARET.

What, and canst thou kiss no more?
My love, so short a while a-missing
And hast unlearned thy kissing?
Why hang I upon thy neck with heavy soul?
Once at a word, at a glance, at a trifle,
A very heaven o'er me stole,
And thou didst kiss, as my breath thou wouldst stifle.
Kiss thou me!
Or I kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*

Alas! for thy lips are mute,
Are chill.
Where is thy loving
A-roving?
Who wrought me this ill?

[*She turns away from him.*

FAUST.

Come! Follow me! Dear heart, but now be bold!
And I will fondle thee with passion thousandfold;
But follow me! This one entreaty heed!

MARGARET, *turning to him.*

And is it thou? And is it thou indeed?

FAUST.

Tis I! Come with me!

MARGARET.

Wilt thou loose my chain?
And wilt thou take me to thine heart again?
I marvel thou canst see me and not shrink.
Thou knowest not whom thou wouldst free, I think!

FAUST.

Come! come! deep night doth swiftly wane

MARGARET.

My mother have I foully slain,
My babe I've drownéd deep.
'Twas given thee and me to keep.
Thee too!—'Tis thou, though false it seem!
Give me thine hand! It is no dream!
Thy dear, dear hand! Ah God! but it is wet!
Wipe it off! 'Tis dripping yet.
There's blood on it!
Dear God in Heaven! what hast thou done?
Put up thy blade,
I prithee, in its sheath!

FAUST.

Let the dead past bury its dead!
Each word to me is death!

MARGARET.

Nay, thou must live! There's work for thee!
I'll tell thee how the graves shall be.
The time is narrow—
They'll be thy care to-morrow;
My mother in the best place lay,
And close beside her, my brother, I pray;

Me a little space aside,
But not too wide.
And my little one lay on my right breast,
None but my babe by me will rest!—
Close into thy side to nestle,
That was a sweet, a gladsome bliss!
But now I know not what is amiss!
I am fain to come near thee, yet needs must wrestle,
As thou wert putting me away;
And yet 'tis thou, thou lookest good and kind.

FAUST.

O come, if such thou hold me in thy mind.

MARGARET.

Out yonder?

FAUST.

Into the open.

MARGARET.

Is the grave there?
Lies Death in wait? Then come!
From here, into the bed of endless sleep,
And further, not a step!—
Thou'lt leave me now? O Heinrich, could I but go!

FAUST.

Thou canst, but will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I may not go; naught can I hope for more.
And what boots flight? they'll hem me with their snares.

It is so wretched to beg one's bread,
With an evil conscience, ill-bestead.
It is so wretched to roam forsaken;
And do what I will, I shall still be taken!

FAUST.

I shall stay with thee.

MARGARET.

O haste! O haste!
Save thy poor babe.
Away by the path
That skirts the brook,
Over the bridge
And into the wood,
There to the left by the plank
In the pool.
Seize it straight!
It strives to rise,
It struggles still!
Save it! Save it!

FAUST.

O, but thine own self be!
'Tis but a step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Ah! would we were only past the hill!
There sitteth my mother on yonder stone,
An icy chill creeps o'er me!
There sitteth my mother on yonder stone
And wags her head before me.
She winks not, she blinks not, so heavy her head,
She'll waken no more, her sleep is of lead.

She slept, that our love might have leisure.
O! days of bliss beyond measure!

FAUST.

Here boots it not to pray and reason,
I'll bear thee forth with loving treason.

MARGARET.

Hands off! Nay, I'll not brook violence!
Handle me not so murderously!
What did I not once, for the love of thee?

FAUST.

The grey dawn breaks! 'Tis day! Dear heart! Dear heart!

MARGARET.

Day! Aye, it grows to day! The last day struggles in;
My wedding-day, it should have been!
Tell none thou hast been with Gretchen already.
My garland! O pain!
Nay then, so it chances!
We shall meet yet again,
But not where the dance is.
How surges the crowd, in silence wrapt!
The square below
And the alleys o'erflow,
The death-bell tolls, the wand is snapped!
My limbs with thongs the Headsman lashes!
They seize me, they drag me to the block!
No neck but winces from the stroke,
As swift at my neck the keen edge flashes.
Hushed lies the world as the tomb!

FAUST.

Would I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES *appears without.*

Up! or ye are lost and lorn!
Bootless and fruitless your paltering and faltering!
My horses are quaking!
The dawn is breaking!

MARGARET.

What rises yonder from out the earth?
Him! him! send him forth!
What doth he here? the ground is consecrate!
Me! he seeks me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! Myself to thee I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Come! or I leave thee with her to thy fate!

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Save me!
Ye angels! ye holy battalions! shield me!
Encamp about me! To you I yield me!
Heinrich! I shudder at thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemned!

VOICE *from above.*

She is redeemed!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Hither to me!

[*Vanishes with Faust.*

VOICE *from within, dying away.*

Heinrich! Heinrich!

NOTES TO PART I

Page 9. *The Dedication.*—The *Dedication* was written in 1797, some quarter of a century after Goethe had written the first words of the Faust.—See Introduction, xlix. For the last eight years the poem had remained untouched, and now the ripe mind of the man (Goethe was forty-eight) again began to busy itself with the work first projected with the "troubled vision" of youth. The *wavering phantoms* are the misty forms of the personages of the drama, the "airy nothings" to which the poet had given "local habitation and a name."

Page 11. *The Prelude upon the Stage.*—The Hindoo drama *Sakuntala*, which was known to Goethe in translation and greatly prized by him, has a prelude in which the manager and one of the actresses converse. This probably gave him the hint for the *Prelude upon the Stage.* He imagines a discussion between the Manager, the Merry Andrew and the Poet of a company of strolling players as to what sort of play they shall give, and makes this the vehicle for an exposition of three different views of the aims of dramatic art. The Manager sees in it merely a means of filling his theatre, and thereby his coffers, the Merry Andrew thinks only of the amusement of the public, the Poet will hear of nothing but "art for art's sake."

Page 19. *The Prologue in Heaven.*—It is scarcely necessary to point out that for the general conception Goethe is indebted to the Book of Job, which Düntzer aptly styles an "inverted oriental Faust."

Page 22.

> *Whilst still he sees the earthly day,*
> *So long it shall not be forbidden.*
> *Whilst still man strives, still must he stray.*

These lines are important as marking the extent of

the permission granted to Mephistopheles, which the latter strangely misinterprets. They make it clear that Faust is delivered into the hands of Mephistopheles only during his lifetime. It follows that the Lord gives no sanction to the pact by which under certain contingencies Faust forfeits his soul to Mephistopheles, and is accordingly guilty of no breach of faith in wresting from the demon at the last moment his coveted booty. They also make clear why Faust in spite of his relapse into sin is worthy of the Divine intervention at the last moment. Sin is, in imperfect man, the necessary accompaniment of effort. It can only be avoided by stagnation.

Page 27.

The work of Nostradamus' hand.

Michel de Notre-Dame (latinized as Nostradamus) was physician-in-ordinary to Charles IX. of France, and a noted astrologer. He published a weather-almanack and a set of prophecies in rhyme (1555). His book of magic is an invention of the poet.

Page 27. *Macrocosm.* — The Greek word *kosmos* signifies an "orderly arrangement," and is used to denote visible creation, the universe, as opposed to *chaos*—the yawning void. The *macrocosm* or great world is used of the universe external to man, who is himself the *microcosm* or little world. In the mystico-cabbalistic lore of the Middle Ages the macrocosm embraced three closely-interrelated realms, the earthly, the heavenly and the super-heavenly. The ceaseless interchange of influences amongst these three is figured by the "golden buckets" of the following passage. Man, the microcosm, consists of three parts, body, mind and soul, which are analogous to the divisions of the macrocosm.

Page 28.

Now, now I know what 'tis the sage hath spoken.

The *sage* has not been identified, and probably like the magic-book of Nostradamus, is a creation of the poet's brain, together with the precept professedly quoted from him. Possibly Nostradamus himself is intended.

Page 28. *The Earth-Spirit.*—A recent commentator[1] says: "The Earth-Spirit is an invention of Goethe which owes nothing discoverable to any particular myth, still less to any man." But is it not a development of the doctrine held by Plato in common with the Stoics, and thus expressed by the former in his *Phaedo:* "This universe is a living creature in very truth, possessing soul and reason by the providence of God" (Archer-Hind's Translation)? The idea finds further expression in Vergil (*Æneid*, Bk. VI.): "First, the sky, and earth, and watery plains, and the moon's bright sphere, and Titan's star, a Spirit feeds within; and a mind, instilled throughout the limbs, gives energy to the whole mass and mingles with the mighty body. Thence springs the race of men and beasts, and the lines of winged fowl, and the monsters Ocean bears beneath his marble floor" (Lonsdale and Lee's Translation). The Spirit here portrayed has many features in common with Goethe's Earth-Spirit. The Earth-Spirit as conceived by Goethe is a personification of the active, vital forces of nature, the principle of change and growth within the universe. As such he is the giver of all gifts to man, both good and evil (see page 156, Woodland and Cave, and page 210). Goethe's first conception of the Faust assigned to the Earth-Spirit a much more important part than that which he plays in the completed Faust. As is seen from the passages to which reference has just been made, Mephistopheles was originally regarded as an envoy of the Earth-Spirit, not of the Lord as in the final version, nor of the Prince of the Devils as in the Faust-book.

Page 31.

And I weave God's living garment there.

God's living garment is visible nature, in which God clothes Himself for our perception.

Page 31. *Famulus.*—The Famulus was a student who dwelt in the professor's house and performed menial duties, in return for which he enjoyed free instruction and the privilege of intercourse with the great man, as here Wagner.

[1] Professor Calvin Thomas.

Page 38.

Thou too, old pulley, growest strangely smoked.

The word *Rolle* is ambiguous. It is frequently rendered by *scroll*. Düntzer's explanation that it is the Zugrolle, or lamp-pulley, by which the lamp is suspended, seems to me preferable. What should one particular parchment roll do lying year in year out untouched on Faust's desk? And would it grow smoky even then?

Page 39.

A flaming car floats down on wafting pinions.

Death, conceived as a swift translation to a higher sphere, is figured as a *flaming car*, in allusion to the chariot of fire in which Elijah was caught up to Heaven.

Page 43. *Without the City-Gate.*—The topography of the scene is conceived upon that of the neighbourhood of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the poet's birthplace, which, however, is not a university town. The places of popular resort, the Hunter's Lodge, etc., can easily be identified under the thin disguise of slightly-altered names.

Page 46.

When out in Turkey yonder, far away,
The nations clash in arms.

Düntzer points out that the Russo-Turkish war of 1767–1774 had but recently ended when Goethe wrote. But it is worth noting that there was a Turkish war contemporary with Faust himself, and one which ultimately must have come home to the comfortable burgher with not a little force. In 1521 Suliman the Magnificent took Belgrade, in the following year Rhodes, in 1529 Buda-Pesth, but happily for Western civilization the tide of invasion broke itself before the walls of Vienna.

Page 47

She let me see last Hallowe'en,
In flesh and blood, my future lover.

The German has "on St. Andrew's Night." On this night, the 29th of November, German lasses are

wont to practise divinations, similar to those with which Burns has familiarized us in his *Hallowe'en*.

Page 51.

When for the plague a bound he set.

Nostradamus (see note to page 27) is said to have saved the lives of many peasants during a plague that devastated Provence in 1525.

Page 52.

A little more, and every knee would bend,
As came the Holy Housel by.

The consecrated wafer of the Eucharist in the Roman Catholic Church, enclosed in a transparent receptacle, the *monstrance*, is borne abroad in processions, *e.g.* on Corpus Christi Day, or for the administration of the viaticum to the dying. Inasmuch as according to the doctrine of transubstantiation Jesus Christ is "truly present whole and entire, both God and man, under the appearance of bread," it logically follows that true believers are expected to prostrate themselves reverently as the Holy Host is borne past them.

Page 52. *The Black Kitchen.*—By the Black Kitchen is meant the laboratory of the alchemists, so called rather in allusion to the Black Art than from the thought of its being begrimed with smoke.

Page 52.

There a Red Lion with the Lily wedded, etc.

In this passage Faust describes processes still familiar to the chemist, in the fanciful jargon of the alchemists. The *Red Lion* and the *Lily* are chemical substances, possibly preparations of gold and silver respectively. To these are attributed different sexes They are "wedded together" in a retort, which is the first "bridal-bower," under the influence of the uniform heat of a "water-bath." Then the retort is exposed to the naked flame, and thus the newly-wedded pair are driven over as vapour into the receiver, the second "bridal-bower," where, if the experiment has been successful, a richly-coloured sublimate is formed. This sublimate, resulting from the union of the two, is regarded as their offspring,

and is known as the Young Queen. It is in fact the Philosopher's Stone, which transmutes base metals into gold, and is a panacea for all diseases.

Page 60.

'Tis written: In the beginning was the Word.

The Greek word *logos*, translated in the Authorized Version (John i. 1) by "Word," is indeed susceptible of more than one interpretation, but scarcely of those which Faust successively puts upon it. It is not the meaning of the Greek *logos*, but the philosophical explanation of the origin of all being that Faust is really in search of.

Page 61.

For such a hybrid brood of Hell
Solomon's Key doth passing well.

Faust mistakes at first the nature of his uncanny visitor. He takes him to be one of the elemental spirits, Salamander, Nymph, Sylph or Gnome, inhabitants respectively of Fire, Water, Air and Earth. These are but half-devils, a "hybrid brood of Hell." Readers of the *Thousand and One Nights* will not need to be reminded of the dominion exercised by the wise Solomon over the spirits. A book appeared in 1688 called the *Clavicula Salomonis, the Little Key of Solomon*, which contained spells for their evocation and exorcism.

Page 61. *Undine.*—The *Undine* is the nymph or Water-Spirit (Latin *unda*). Cf. De la Motte-Fouqué's romance, *Undine.*

Page 62. *Incubus.* — The Incubus was with the Romans the fiend that caused nightmare by sitting upon the sleeper's chest. It is here identified with the gnome or goblin, the *earth-sprite.*

Page 62.

. . . this symbol
At which do tremble
The black battalions.

Some symbol of the Christian religion is meant, as the Cross, or the significant letters I.N.R.I.

Page 63. *The threefold glowing Blaze.*—The sign of the Trinity.

Page 63. *A strolling scholar.*—See Introduction, page xv.

Page 64.

Liar, Seducer, God of Flies.

Satan and Devil mean in Hebrew and Greek respectively *slanderer*, Abaddon and Apollyon *destroyer*, Beelzebub, in Hebrew, *god of flies*.

Page 64.

Man, the mad-brained Microcosm.

See note to page 27, upon the Macrocosm.

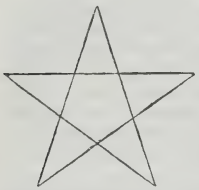
Page 66.

The wizard's foot upon your threshold.

FAUST.

The pentagram!

The pentagram or pentalpha is a well-known and widely-spread magic-symbol, which has the form of a five-pointed star, and may be drawn by producing the five sides of a regular pentagon to the points of intersection, thus:—



The figure has the peculiarity that it may be drawn from beginning to end without removing the pencil from the paper, beginning at one angle and returning thither The pentagram shares with the horse-shoe the virtue of protecting a house from the intrusion of evil spirits. It is apparently an innovation of the poet to attribute this virtue to the perfectly-formed angles and withhold it from those not completely closed. In German the pentagram is also called the *Druden foot*, which, following previous translators, I have rendered by the not altogether satisfactory *wizard's foot*. In German mythology the *Druden* were the clouds personified as beneficent winged maidens with swans' feet. After the advent of Christianity they shared the fate of the heathen deities in general and were degraded into demons or witches. The pentagram was called the *Druden foot*

because of a fancied resemblance to the footprint of a bird, in allusion to the swan feet of the *Druden*.

Page 71.

The lord of rats and bats and mice,
Of frogs and flies and bugs and lice.

All vermin, as destructive and disgusting creatures, belong to the Devil. In the first Faust-book, when Belial and six of the princes of Hell visit Faust, he is curious to learn of them "who created the vermin." They said: "After the Fall of man the vermin came into being, that they might work plague and scath upon mankind." The devils then change themselves into vermin at his request, and give him such a taste of their quality that he turns tail and flees from the house to escape them.

Page 72.

I come, a squire of high degree;
In raiment red, with gold all braided,
In silken mantle, stiff brocaded,
A jaunty cock's plume in my cap.

In the first Faust-book the devil appears to Faust "in the guise of a Grey Friar." In the Puppet-Play he appears in red, with a black mantle and a cock's feather. In German popular mythology he is known as Squire, Squire Jack, Handsome Jack, Squire Voland. Luther calls him Squire Devil, Squire Satan. Red is his chosen colour as being the colour of fire and of blood, of destruction and of murder.

Page 74. *Chorus of Spirits.*—The commentators are unable to agree as to whether these are good or evil spirits. They mourn the wreck of the beauteous world, which Faust, so far as he is concerned, has struck into ruins by his curse—are they sincere, or do they but mock? They urge him to build it up again in his own bosom—is it repentance, a return to harmony with the moral order of things, to which they exhort him, or is it, as Mephistopheles asserts, mere sensual experience and enjoyment of life, which he has cursed without having tasted it? Mephistopheles claims them as his—is his claim well founded, or is it put forward merely to divert Faust's attention

from an angelic warning? The reader must decide for himself.

Page 75.

Cease toying with thy melancholy,
That like a vulture eats into thine heart.

So the eagle of Zeus eats into the undying liver of Prometheus on the rocks of Caucasus.

Page 75.

I'm none o' the fashionable.

Goethe's conception of Mephistopheles' rank in the hierarchy of devils fluctuates in a very perplexing manner. Sometimes, as here (and also in the Faust-book and puppet-play), he is thought of as a mere subordinate, on other occasions he is as clearly regarded as *the* Devil. The discrepancies arise from changes in the poet's original plan as the work grew beneath his hands.

Page 76.

Here will I pledge myself to serve thee truly, etc.

The pact is here proposed in the first instance in the traditional form. It assumes a very different form before it is signed.

Page 77.

Yet hast thou food that fills not, etc.

The unsubstantial nature of the gifts of magic, as of "fairy-gold," is notorious, but Faust's bitter catalogue of them has a wider application. It is a repetition of his already iterated denunciation of the pleasures of life, they are Dead-Sea fruit, one and all, whether we pluck one here and there ourselves, or receive them wholesale at the hands of the Devil.

Page 77.

Show me the fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot,
And trees that deck them with new verdure daily!

The *fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot* is the prize coveted at first, but which loses its charm for us even before we attain it; the *trees that deck them with new verdure daily* are the pursuits which lure us with ever new promises, but in which we never draw

nearer to fruition. The first are Dead-Sea fruit, the second are the fruits of Tantalus

Page 78

When to the moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I cry, so fair thou art!
Then into fetters mayst thou cast me,
Then let come doom, with all my heart!

These lines contain the essence of the wager between Faust and Mephistopheles. If the demon can for one instant still his aspirations, can make him wallow content in a sensual sty, then the bond shall fall due. The words take us back to the words of the Lord in the Prologue in Heaven, *Whilst still man strives, still must he stray.* They also point us on to the speech of Faust in the second part, on the strength of which, somewhat prematurely, Mephistopheles ventures to foreclose the mortgage. Busied with a scheme of unselfish activity, with the draining of a pestilential marsh and its conversion into a happy and healthful dwelling-place for men, and carried away by hopeful anticipations of the realization of his scheme, Faust cries out:—

To such a moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I'd cry, so fair thou art!

Yet the words have a very different meaning from that implied in the present passage. They are not the lazy sigh of contented sloth, they are the pledge of further effort. Mephistopheles, however, seeks to avail himself of the verbal resemblance to claim his victim, and Faust is forthwith seized by Death. Mephistopheles and his devils surround the corpse ready to pounce upon the soul when it flutters out, but the angels shower upon them the roses of Heavenly Love, which burn them like flakes of fire Thus they possess themselves of the immortal part of Faust, which they bear aloft into the blissful region of further growth.

Page 78.

At the Doctor's banquet I'll be with thee

It is the custom for a German student, on his "promotion" to the degree of Doctor, to entertain

his professors and the more intimate of his fellow-students. Goethe at one time contemplated writing the scene here hinted at, but did not proceed with it.

Page 86.

In Spanish boots be tightly laced.

The "Spanish boot," or simply the "boot," is a well-known instrument of torture, in which the leg was encased and afterwards crushed by the driving in of wedges.

Page 87. *Encheiresis Naturae.*—The words mean the manipulation, the handling of nature.

Page 91.

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

"Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil" (Gen. iii. 5).

Page 92.

A little inflammable air, which I'll make ready,
From earth will waft us, sure and speedy.

The *inflammable air* is hydrogen, the low specific gravity of which Cavendish had discovered in 1766, and which the brothers Montgolfier had made use of in their ærostatic experiments from the year 1782 Goethe followed these experiments with great interest. There is no anachronism in making Mephistopheles avail himself in the Middle Ages of a physical fact not discovered by mere mortals till the end of the eighteenth century. In the same way Milton's Satan turns his devilish artillery against the hosts of heaven, long before man had ever dug villainous saltpetre out of the bowels of the harmless earth.

Page 93. *Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsic.*—In Germany one not infrequently finds a tavern lodged in a cellar, presumably for the convenient proximity of the wine-casks. Often, as in the *Rathskeller zu Bremen*, it is under the Rathhaus or Town Hall. Such a tavern was Auerbach's cellar in Leipsic. It was well known to Goethe, who studied in that town 1765–1768. The exploit of Faust related in the Berlin edition (1590) of the Faust-book (see Introduction, page xl.) was, at an unknown date, localized to Auerbach's cellar. Two pictures are still shown in the tavern, one

representing Faust riding the cask out of the cellar and the other representing the merry drinking-party that followed his feat.

Page 94.

The good old Holy Roman Realm.

The Holy Roman Empire was the title borne by the Western Empire, as re-established by Otho in 962. In Goethe's time it was indeed upon its last legs, and finally ceased to exist with the abdication of the Emperor Francis II. of Hapsburg in 1806.

Page 94.

You know what quality, you Sirs,
Decides the choice, the man prefers.

The best man amongst the German students, as with our forefathers, would be he who could drink his fellows under the table.

Page 99.

Why limps the fellow on one foot?

The Devil has, in place of one foot, a horse's hoof (see page 117 and page 197).

Page 99.

'Twas doubtless late from Rippach when you started.

Rippach was the last posting-station between Weissenfels and Leipsic. Hans von Rippach was used in Leipsic to signify a country bumpkin—Squire Hodge, as we might say.

Page 103.

Now straightway
A gimlet here!

This and the following conjuring-trick both appear in one of the Faust-books (see Introduction, p. xli.), but in different connections, and there not Mephistopheles but Faust plays the tricks.

Page 109. *Witch's Kitchen.*—Here we take leave of the old Faust-Legend, and shall not find it again in this first part of Goethe's Faust.

Page 111.

. . . *I could build*
As soon a thousand bridges, I've a notion.

The Devil has been a great bridge-builder in his

day. His masterpiece is the Devil's Bridge over the Reuss in the Pass of St. Gothard, the story of which the reader will find in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*.

Page 112.

THE BEASTS.

We're boiling sloppy pauper-skilly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why then, your public is not few.

Here, as frequently in this scene and in the Walpurgis-Night, Goethe allows himself a little satire, somewhat obscure satire in truth, on contemporary questions in matters of literature. Thus under cover of the term "sloppy pauper-skilly" (in the German, Bettelsuppen—the soup made of orts and given to beggars at the door of the monasteries) Goethe hints contempt of the popular literature of the day, which is thin and wants originality.

Page 113.

Whereto the sieve?

Sieve-turning, as a means of discovering thieves, was already practised amongst the Greeks. The sieve was held lightly between two fingers, one of each hand, and the names of those upon whom suspicion rested were pronounced in succession. When the culprit's name was spoken the sieve turned round. The use of the sieve for such a purpose is easily explained from its proper function.

Page 116.

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

The witch's cry of pain suggests the yelping of a dog.

Page 117.

Thy brace of ravens, too, where is it?

The Devil has inherited the two ravens, Hugi and Muni (Thought and Memory), of the God Odin, together with various attributes of other heathen gods.

Page 122.

And can I pleasure thee, thy wish be spoken
Boldly, on May-day Eve, upon the Brocken.

That is, at the great festival of the witches and devils (see the Walpurgis-Night, page 183, and the note upon it).

Page 130.

There was a king in Thule.

Thule, the *ultima Thule* of Vergil and Tacitus, was for the ancients the uttermost of all lands. It cannot be identified with certainty, and this very vagueness, together with its musical name, gives it its poetical value to Goethe.

Page 140.

Indeed upon his score, as he died testifying,
A heavier scot was chalked.

Schwerdtlein frames his metaphor from the language of the pothouse, which rises most readily to his lips. He means of course that wretched as is his miserable end, it comes short of his deserts.

Page 144.

Sancta Simplicitas!

Holy Simplicity! The words are said to have been uttered by the martyr Huss on seeing an old goody bring in pious zeal her billet of wood to the pile for his burning.

Page 156.

Spirit sublime, didst freely give me all,
All that I prayed for.

The "Spirit sublime" is the Earth-Spirit (see note to page 28).

Page 161.

I envy, when her lips upon it are,
The very Body of the Lord that favour.

The Body of the Lord is the consecrated wafer of the Eucharist (see note to page 52, *The Holy Housel*).

Page 161

Yon sweet twin-pair, that feeds amongst the roses.

See Song of Solomon, iv. 5. Luther's version has *roses* where the English Authorized Version has *lilies*.

Page 172. *The Mater Dolorosa.*—The Mater Dolorosa is the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Sorrows. The first part of Gretchen's prayer is suggested by the Latin hymn of Jacopone da Todi (died 1306), the well-known "Stabat Mater."

Page 174.

Run up sheer walls in mad despair.

Valentine is like a caged tiger in his fury.

Page 175.

And will the treasure rise into the air
Meanwhile, which I see glimmering there?

Treasures buried in the earth rise every year a little nearer the surface. Over the place where they lie a little flame flickers. In the first Faust-book the Devil bids Faust dig for treasure in an old ruined chapel. Faust does so, and finds a "loathly great worm lying on the treasure, and the treasure seemed as it were a light kindled."

Page 176.

I'll treat her to a moral song.

Mephistopheles' *moral* song is founded upon Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene 5.

Page 177.

Damned rat-catcher.

The allusion is to the Rat-catcher of Hamelin, Browning's *Pied Piper*, whose music lured first the rats and then the children to follow after him.

Page 177.

My hand grows sudden lame.

Valentine's hand is not wounded, but paralysed by Mephistopheles' magic.

Page 181.

Is't for thy mother's soul thou prayest, that
Through thee to long, long torment fell asleep?

Gretchen's mother, like Hamlet's father, was "cut off even in the blossoms of her sin, unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd," and must therefore sojourn long in Purgatory. Similarly Hamlet stays his hand when he takes his uncle at prayer, lest he should send him straight to Heaven.

Page 181.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla

Day of wrath, that dread day
Shall melt the world into ashes.

The chant of the choir is the well-known Latin hymn of Thomas of Celano, which goes back to the thirteenth century. It was freely translated by Sir Walter Scott in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
When then the Judge shall take His seat,
Whatever is hidden shall come to light,
Naught shall remain unavenged.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.
Wretched me! what shall I then say?
Upon what saint shall I call,
When scarce the just shall be free from dread?

Page 183. *Walpurgis-Night.*—Saint Walpurga, whose undeserved fate it was to give her name to the orgy of witches and devils on the Brocken, was an English nun who died (in 779) as abbess of a Benedictine convent in Bavaria. The day dedicated to her in the Christian Calendar, the first of May, with its promise of returning summer, was already associated with various heathen celebrations, from which, under the hostile influence of Christianity, the tradition of an annual Witches' Sabbath on that day took form. The Brocken or Blocksberg, the highest point of the Harz Mountains, was regarded as the seat of such a gathering at least as far back as the fifteenth century. The leading characteristic of the gathering was the grossest sensuality, which Goethe has certainly not painted with too great reticence.

As in the Witch's Kitchen, Goethe has often given an allegorical turn to the fantastic scenes of the Witches' Revel, or made it a vehicle of satire upon contemporary men and movements. Thus it is very probable that the climbing of the Brocken is an allegory of the "struggle for life," the effort to get one's head above water at the cost of one's neighbours. It is a picture of the tumult of worldly aims, a kind of Vanity Fair.

Page 183. *Schierke and Elend.*—These are two villages on the south slope of the Brocken.

Page 185. *Faust, Mephistopheles and Will-o'-the-wisp in alternate song.*—Düntzer assigns verses 1 and 4 to Mephistopheles, verse 2 to Will-o'-the-wisp, verses 3 and 5 to Faust.

Page 186.

In the mount how Mammon glows.

Mammon is put for the gold, which is seen unequally distributed throughout the mountain, grown transparent.

Page 188.

Old Baubo comes.

Baubo was the nurse of the goddess Demeter, and sought to beguile by her unseemly antics the goddess' sorrow at the loss of her daughter Persephone. Goethe adopts her as emblem of the obscenity which was supposed to characterize the Witches' Sabbaths.

Page 189.

To Hell with a wanion!
Why so hot-foot, thou ronyon?

One witch rides heedlessly through the crowd in her frantic haste to be first. Another hurls this curse after her, and yet another complains that the furious rider has grazed her in passing—possibly with the prongs of the fork she was riding.

Page 189.

We wash and are white as white can be,
Yet barren, ever barren are we.

This couplet seems to be aimed at critics, who themselves never produce anything.

Page 190.

Three hundred years I've clambered zealous,
And yet I cannot reach the top.
Fain would I be beside my fellows!

One commentator says this witch stands for "science that is held back by the restraint of the schools." Another says she stands for "the Protestant hierarchy, that strives after an equality with the Catholic."

Page 194. *Mephistopheles, suddenly appearing very old.*—Mephistopheles' change of appearance, as well as his speech, is in mockery of these discarded notabilities.

Page 195.

'Tis Lilith.

The legend of Lilith arose from the discrepancy in the two accounts of the creation of woman in Gen. i. 27 and Gen. ii. 18 respectively. Rabbinical tradition reconciled the contradiction by giving Adam two wives, the first Lilith, created at the same time as himself, the second Eve, created from himself when Lilith had rebelled against him, and, deserting him, had become a devil. The name Lilith occurs in the picture of desolation in Isaiah xxxiv. 14, being the Hebrew word which in the English Authorized Version is rendered by screech-owl. Rossetti has a sonnet on the legend which makes her ensnare youths with her golden hair, one thread of which is found after death twined about their hearts.

Page 197. *Proktophantasmist.*—In the Proktophantasmist Goethe satirizes a bookseller of Berlin, Friedrich Nicolai, an apostle of enlightenment, a declared enemy of the supernatural in any form, and a would-be literary dictator. Goethe was nettled by the presumptuous arrogance with which Nicolai enthroned himself as arbiter of German literature, and an amusing incident delivered the prey into his hands. By a strange irony of fate Nicolai was attacked with hallucinations, and saw phantoms of the living and the dead in broad daylight. It seemed as if the ghosts had taken up the gauntlet he had flung down at their feet. But the bold bookseller put the spooks to rout by applying leeches to that part of his person which convention is agreed to regard as peculiarly ridiculous, and his lack of humour was such that, not content with his victory, he must needs gazette it at full length in a Berlin magazine! Accordingly Goethe pilloried him in the Walpurgis-Night as Proktophantasmist (a Greek compound = buttock-visionary), engaged in a vain effort to "shoo" the ghosts away.

Page 197.

As he goes round and round in his old mill.

Nicolai's *Universal German Library* is meant, for forty years the organ of his literary criticism.

Page 197.

We're mighty wise, but Tegel still is haunted.

Tegel was a country-house near Berlin, which leapt into fame in 1797 as a haunted house. Nicolai had alluded to it sceptically in his paper on phantoms.

Page 198.

I tell you spirits to your face,
Of spirit-tyranny I'll have no trace.
My spirit cannot exercise it.

The poet here puns upon the various meanings of the German word *Geist*. In the first line it means *ghosts*, in the second it means the *intellect*, and *spirit-tyranny* accordingly has the secondary meaning of *intellectual despotism*, in the third line it means *mind*. Nicolai's mind cannot establish the intellectual despotism it aims at, and so will tolerate no *tyranny of spirits*.

Page 198.

From phantoms and from fancy he's released.

The poet puns again on the same word—lit. He's cured of ghosts and of wit.

Page 200. *The Prater.*—The Prater is a well-known park in Vienna.

Page 200. *Servibilis.*—The word seems to be of Goethe's own coinage, used of the stage-manager or scene-shifter.

Page 201. *Walpurgis-Night's Dream.*—The title, and in some sense the subject, is suggested by Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but the reader must not expect to find the resemblance extend any further. If he is reading Faust for any purpose but that of the most conscientious study, he may be safely advised to skip it—and probably will do so even without the advice. The *intermezzo* is no integral part of the Faust drama, but a merely ephemeral production that owes its preservation, so far at least as the general public is concerned, entirely to the precious medium in

which it is embedded. It is like a fly in amber, and interests us only because we wonder "how the devil it got there." The way in which it did get there was as follows. It consists of a string of epigrams (one might perhaps more fitly have styled it a "wasp in amber") which were originally written for a magazine edited by Schiller, the *Almanack of the Muses*. They were intended to appear in continuation of a series written jointly by the two friends, and aimed at the false tendencies of the time, especially in art and literature. These epigrams, to which the Greek name of "Xenia" or gifts of hospitality had been given, are themselves introduced in the *intermezzo* as a swarm of stinging insects. Schiller, however, anxious not to rekindle the strife, withheld the later series with Goethe's approval. The latter afterwards increased the number, and, regrettably enough, incorporated them with, or rather interpolated them into the Faust. Their meaning is often not clear; a brief explanation will be found when it is needed.

Page 201. *Mieding.*—Mieding was stage-manager of the theatre at Weimar.

Page 202. *Spirit in process of formation.*—Apparently aimed at clumsy poetry, in which the most incompatible elements are brought together (cf. the opening passage of Horace's *Ars Poetica*).

Page 202. *A little couple.*—Mawkishly sentimental, meaningless songs, in which writer and composer alike fail to rise, except by an occasional leap, above the level of the earth.

Page 203. *Inquisitive Traveller.*—This is Nicolai again, with allusion to his *Description of a Journey through Germany and Switzerland*, in twelve volumes.

Page 203. *Orthodox.*—Fr. von Stolberg, who had attacked Schiller's *Gods of Greece*, maintaining with the Fathers of the Church that these were only devils in disguise.

Page 204. *Weathercock.*—Supposed to represent the brothers Stolberg, who from the undue licence of their youth became *unco guid* in their old age.

Page 204. *Xenia.*—See note to page 201, *Walpurgis-Night's Dream*.

Page 204. *Hennings.*—The editor of the *Genius of the Times*, who had attacked the Xenia in his magazine. In 1798 and 1799 he issued a poetical supplement to his magazine entitled *Musagetes*, the *leader of the Muses*. The *Genius of the Times* became extinct in 1803, hence the prefix *ci-devant* in the last epigram but one.

Page 205. *Inquisitive Traveller.*—Nicolai scented Jesuitry all over, and amongst others accused of it Lavater, the *crane* of the following epigram.

Page 205. *Child of the World.*—So Goethe styles himself in an occasional poem.

Page 205. *Dancers, Ballet-master and Fiddler.*—These all speak of the new band, the representatives of various philosophical schools. The philosophers follow the bag-pipes as the brutes followed the lyre of Orpheus, doubtless with a sly allusion to "wind-bags."

Page 206. *Idealist.*—The Idealists hold with Fichte that the whole visible world is a creation of the *ego*, an *idea*.

Page 206.

SCEPTIC.

They think them near the treasure, when
They track the flamelet flitting.

The sceptic sarcastically applies to the supernaturalist, who concludes from too slender evidence to the existence of spirits, the superstition concerning hidden treasure (see note to page 175).

Page 207. *Skilful Trimmers, et seq.*—The remaining epigrams deal with political and social matters. The Skilful Trimmers are those who, when the world is turned topsy-turvy (by the Revolution), themselves turn with it to maintain their places. They are the "Vicars of Bray." The helpless ones are those that lack the wit to do this. The Will-o'-the-wisps are the *parvenus*, the Shooting-stars the fallen great ones. The Heavy-weights are the advocates of violent measures, the "root-and-branch" politicians.

Page 208.

And all is dissipated.

The magic pageant melts into thin air with the first ray of dawn, as ghosts flee to their limbo at cock-crow.

Page 211.

Lead her forth with the hand of man.

The conception clearly is that the devil is restrained by a higher hand from inflicting direct harm upon man or interfering with the course of human justice, and this is carried out consistently. He can only act upon man by temptation, and thus make one man the instrument by which he executes his designs upon another. Thus over Margaret, innocent, he has no power—he must lead her astray through the agency of Faust. It is not his sword that pierces Valentine, but the sword of Faust, at his prompting. Even the topers who are singed with purgatorial fire give themselves into his hands by their drunkenness. And so, though he can smooth Faust's way to the dungeon, Faust himself must be the actual agent by whom Margaret is set free.

Page 211. *The Raven-stone.*—The round platform of masonry on which the execution takes place. The grim suggestiveness of the title needs no elucidation.

Page 212.

My mother, the wanton,
She did me to death.

Gretchen's song is from a Low German legend that will be familiar to all readers of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. It haunts her distracted sense because she, like the cruel stepmother, had slain her child.

Page 220.

The wand is snapped.

After reading the sentence of death, the judge snaps a white wand in twain, an emblem of the death of the criminal.

Page 222. *Hither to me!*—For the ultimate fate of Faust see note to page 78.

PART II

GOETHE'S FAUST

Second Part of the Tragedy

ACT I

A PLEASANT LANDSCAPE

[FAUST *bedded on flowery turf, weary, restless, seeking sleep.*

TWILIGHT.

[SPIRIT-RING *in hovering motion. Graceful, tiny forms.*

ARIEL.

[*Song, accompanied with Æolian harps*

When the springtide shower of blossom
Flutters down all men upon;
When on mortals from earth's bosom
Smiles the fields' green benison;
Elves great-souled though small of stature
Haste to help where help they can.
Good or evil be his nature
Pity they the luckless man.

Ye round this head in airy wheel that hover,
In noble elfin-guise yourselves discover.
Soothe ye the bosom's unrelenting strife.
Withdraw the bitter darts of self-upbraiding,
Purge ye his soul from horror of past life.

Four watches night hath—ere her fading
Pause not—let each with kindly deeds be rife.
And first, lay ye his head on the cool pillow,
Bathe him in dew from Lethe's waters drawn.
Soon will the cramp-racked limbs be lithe as willow,
If new-refreshed he sleep to meet the dawn.
Fulfil the fairest elfin-rite,
Give him again to the holy light.

CHORUS.

[*Singly, by twos and many together, alternately and collectively.*

(*Sérénade.*)

When soft breezes swell, and vagrant
Haunt the green-embosomed lawn,—
Twilight sheds its spices fragrant,
Sinks its mists like curtains drawn,
Breathes sweet peace, his heart composes
Like a child's that rests from play,
On his eyes so weary, closes
Soft the portals of the day.

(*Notturno.*)

Now the Night more deeply darkles,
Linketh holy star to star.
Mighty torches, tiny sparkles,
Glimmer near and gleam afar.
Glassed within the lake they glimmer,
Gleam in Night's unclouded round;
Throned aloft the moon's full shimmer
Seals the bliss of peace profound.

(*Mattutino.*)

Now the hours are spent and over,
Weal and woe are swept away.
Dream of health! Thou wilt recover!
Trust the gleam of new-born day!
Vales grow green, and swell like pillows
Hills to shady rest that woo,
And in swaying silver billows
Waves the corn the harvest to.

(*Réveil.*)

Wish on wish wouldst compass crowded,
Lift thine eyes to yon bright steep.
Only softly art thou shrouded,
Cast away the shell of sleep!
Falter not! Thine heart embolden
When the throng faint-hearted flees.
Naught is from the brave withholden
Who is wise and swift to seize.

[*A tremendous tumult heralds the approach of the sun.*

ARIEL.

Hark! The Hours in storm are winging,
And, to spirit ears loud-ringing,
Now the new-born day is springing.
Rocky portals clang asunder,
Phœbus' wheels roll forth in thunder,
What a tumult brings the light!
Loud the trump of dawn hath sounded,
Eye is dazzled, ear astounded,
The Unheard no ear may smite.
Slip ye to your silent palace,
Deep within the flow'ret's chalice,
In the cliffs and 'neath the leaf!
If it reach you, ye are deaf!

FAUST.

Life's pulses newly-quickened now awaken,
Softly to greet the ethereal twilight leaping;
Thou Earth through this night too hast stood unshaken,
And at my feet fresh breathest from thy sleeping.
Thou girdest me about with gladness, priming
My soul to stern resolve and strenuous keeping,
Onward to strive, to highest life still climbing.—
Unfolded lies the world in twilight-shimmer;
With thousand-throated song the woods are chiming;
The dales, wherethrough the mist-wreaths wind, lie dimmer,
Yet heavenly radiance plumbs the deeps unnumbered,
And bough and twig, new-quickened, bud and glimmer
Forth from the fragrant depths where sunk they slumbered,
Whilst hue on hue against the gloom still heightens,
Where bloom and blade with quivering pearls are cumbered.
A very Paradise about me lightens!

Look up!—The giant peaks that rise supernal
Herald the solemn hour; for them first brightens
The early radiance of the light eternal,
Upon us valley-dwellers later showered.
Now are the green-sunk, Alpine meadows vernal
With radiance new and new distinctness dowered,
And stepwise downward hath the splendour thriven.

He sallies forth, and I mine overpowered
And aching eyes to turn away am driven.

Thus when a yearning hope, from fear and wonder
Up to the highest wish in trust hath striven,
The portals of fulfilment yawn asunder.
Then bursts from yonder depths whose days ne'er dwindle
Excess of flame—we stand as smit with thunder.
The torch of life it was we sought to kindle,
A sea of fire, and what a fire!—hath penned us.
Is't Love? Is't Hate? that yonder glowing spindle
In bliss and bale alternating tremendous
About us twines, till we the dazed beholders
To veil our gaze in Earth's fresh mantle wend us.

Nay then, the sun shall bide behind my shoulders!
The cataract, that through the gorge doth thunder
I'll watch with growing rapture, 'mid the boulders
From plunge to plunge down-rolling, rent asunder
In thousand thousand streams, aloft that shower
Foam upon hissing foam, the depths from under.
Yet blossoms from this storm a radiant flower;
The painted rainbow bends its changeful being,
Now lost in air, now limned with clearest power,
Shedding this fragrant coolness round us fleeing.
Its rays an image of man's efforts render;
Think, and more clearly wilt thou grasp it, seeing
Life in the many-hued, reflected splendour.

IMPERIAL PALACE

THE THRONE-ROOM

Privy Council, awaiting the Emperor.

Flourish of trumpets.

Enter COURT RETAINERS *of all kinds, splendidly clad. The* EMPEROR *takes his seat on the throne; the* ASTROLOGER *on his right hand.*

EMPEROR.

Greeting, my Trusty, Well-belovéd,
Gathered from near and far! Now marry,
The Wise Man at my side doth tarry,
But whither is the Fool removéd?

SQUIRE.

Behind thy mantle's train—no rare case—
He fell of a heap upon the staircase.
The load of fat they bore away,
Or dead, or drunk, can no man say.

SECOND SQUIRE.

And in his place another straightway
Thrust him, or ere to give his mate way
The throng had parted, clad with art
So quaint, though rich, that all men start.
The guards their halberds in the gateway
Crosswise to bar his entrance hold,
Yet there he comes, the Fool so bold!

MEPHISTOPHELES,

[kneeling at the throne.

What is accursed, yet welcome ever?
What sought, yet ever chased away?

What is aye taken into favour?
What chidden and condemned for aye?
What must thou to thine aid not summon?
What name rings sweet to every man?
What nears thy throne with happy omen?
What from thy throne itself doth ban?

EMPEROR.

Spare at this time with words to fiddle!
Here is no place to rhyme and riddle.
These gentlemen with such affairs
Concern them. Pray resolve me theirs!
I'd hear it gladly! Mine old Fool, I fear me,
Is far afield. Have thou his place! Come near me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

[goes up and takes his stand on the left of the throne.

CONFUSED MURMURS OF THE THRONG.

A new Fool comes—New pains begin—
Whence comes he here—How came he in—
The old Fool tripped—Into the grave—
He was a tub—This is a stave—

EMPEROR.

Well then, ye Trusty, Well-belovéd,
Welcome from near and far! Ye cannot
Assemble 'neath a fairer planet.
Yonder o'erhead our counsels are approvéd,
And luck and welfare writ. Yet wherefore,
Now, when our cares we nothing care for,
But masks and mummery prepare for,

And think on naught but merry-making,
Wherefore torment ourselves with counsel-taking?
Yet since ye deem the task we may not shun,
What is done shall not be undone.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

The loftiest virtue, like an aureole,
Circles the Emperor's head. This virtue sole
With valid force he exercises.
Justice it is!—What every mortal prizes,
What all demand, all wish, and may not want it,
With him it rests unto his folk to grant it.
Yet ah! what profiteth man's mind good sense,
Good-will his hand, his heart benevolence,
When through the State a fever runs and revels,
And evil hatches out its brood of evils?
Who from this eminence the realm o'ereyes,
Him seems a nightmare, where, in grisly wise,
Its court Misshape 'mid things misshapen holdeth,
Unlaw in forms of Law its violence mouldeth,
And a whole world of Error still unfoldeth.

This man steals herds, a woman that,
And cross and candlestick and chalice
The altar from, and vaunts his malice
For years, whole-skinned, inviolate.
The courts are crowded late and early,
The judge sits high in cushioned state,
The while the frenzied hurly-burly
Of Riot rages, waxing great.
Who hath most mates in crime, unwroken
In crime may steep him to the hilt,
And *Guilty!* is the verdict spoken
O'er Innocence at bay, by Guilt.

Thus crumbles all the world asunder,
All reverence tread they in the dust.
How should the feeling grow, I wonder,
Alone that leads us to the Just?
The well-intentioned man at length
Yields to the flatterer, the briber;
The judge turns felon, when his strength
To wield the rod is cut i' the fibre.
I've painted black, but fain would drape
The picture in a thicker crape.

[*Pause.*

We needs must seek some wholesome measure.
When all are wronged and wrong at pleasure
Falls Majesty itself a prey.

COMMANDER OF THE FORCES.

In these wild times how fierce all rages!
Each slays and is slain for his wages,
And deaf to the command are they.
The Ritter in his rocky eyrie,
The Burgher in his ramparts' bound
Have sworn together to outweary
Our forces, and they stand their ground.
The mercenary, restive growing,
Doth turbulently clamour for his pay,
And would, to him were naught more owing,
Fairly and frankly run away.
Whoso forbids—what all delighted
Would see—hath stirred a hornets' nest.
The Empire they to shield are plighted
'Neath their own hands lies sacked and waste.
We let their frenzy raging riot.
Now half the world to wrack doth turn.
Without are kings still; they in quiet
Look on and think it none of their concern.

LORD HIGH TREASURER.

Who in allies can have affiance?
On promised subsidies reliance?
Like pipe-borne water fails the flow!
And Sire, I fain would have resolvéd
On whom the lordship hath devolvéd
In thy wide states, for wheresoe'er we go
A new lord lords it, nor will homage tender.
Needs must we idly watch him play the king!
We of so many rights have made surrender,
Ourselves no more have right to anything.
On parties too there's no reliance,
However they are called, of late.
Whether they praise or breathe defiance,
Indifferent grown are love and hate.
For now to rest them from their labour
Lie hidden Ghibelline and Guelph.
And what man now will help his neighbour?
Each has enough to help himself.
Nailed up with boards are now Gold's portals,
And scratch and scrape and hoard all mortals,
The while our coffers empty gape.

LORD HIGH SENESCHAL.

What mischief I as well must suffer,
And every day my task grows tougher!
We use more daily, yet to scrape
And spare each day our brains we rack.
True, on the kitchen rests a benison,
For wild-swine, stags and hares and venison,
Pheasant and poultry, goose and duckling,
Our greedy larder still are suckling.
What's paid in kind still hangs not back.
Yet in the end the wine doth lack.

Vineyard and vintage once o' the best were nuzzling,
Cask upon cask, in number puzzling,
Our cellars in. With endless guzzling
Our noble lords have fairly drained them dry.
The City Council too must broach its liquor.
They drink from bowl, they drink from beaker,
And 'neath the board the feast doth lie.
Now I must pay what each disburses!
The Jew will show his tender mercies,
So pawned beforehand the State-Purse is,
And each year eat we next year's pie;
And pawned the pillow on the bed is,
The swine can't fatten, nay, the bread is
Once eat already ere it see the board.

EMPEROR,

[*after some reflection, to Mephistopheles.*

Say, Fool, canst not thou too some ill record?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, not I! To look upon this splendour!
What could such sight but confidence engender,
Where Majesty bears undisputed sway,
Where ready might sweeps hostile arms away,
And where Good-will, by Reason nerved, doth stand
With manifold activity at hand?
What could unite for mischief in such muster?
For darkness what, where stars so radiant cluster?

CONFUSED MURMURS.

That is a rogue—That knows his cue—
And lies himself—Well into view—

Full well I know—What lurks behind—
What pray?—He'll moot some Scheme, you'll find—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where doth not something lack, on this wide earth?
Here this, here that, of money here is dearth.
True, you can't pick it from the floor at pleasure,
And yet can wisdom reach the deepest treasure.
In mountain-vein, in walled foundation,
Coined and uncoined hath gold its habitation.
And should you ask who'll bring the same to light:
The gifted man, with Mind's and Nature's might.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

Nature and Mind! To Christian ears such treason!
Why atheists for no better reason
Are burned. Such talk is highly perilous.
Nature is Sin and Mind is Devil!
They nurse between them Doubt, their evil-
Favoured bastard. Tell not us!
Two stocks produced, to be its glory,
The Emperor's ancient Territory.
They buttress worthily his throne:
The Saints and Knights! They bear the burden
Of every storm, and for their guerdon
Take Church and State to be their own.
The rabble-will of doting dizzards
They set them stoutly to withstand.
The heretics, I mean, the wizards!
'Tis they that ruin town and land.

These wilt thou now with shameless juggle
Into these lofty circles smuggle.
To hearts corrupt in trust ye snuggle
That with the Fool are glove to hand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereby the learned Sir I recognise!
What ye not handle, miles far from ye lies;
What ye not grasp, that fails you through and through;
What ye not reckon, think ye, is not true;
What ye not weigh, it hath no weight, say ye;
What ye not coin, it hath no currency.

EMPEROR.

Thereby to ease our needs dost naught determine.
What wilt at this time with thy Lenten sermon?
I'm weary of this endless *how* and *if*;
Money we want—get money, Gad's my life!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll get you all you wish and more. 'Tis true
The task is light—yet light is heavy too.
It lies already there—but how to reach it?
Aye, there's the art—but where's the man to teach it?
Bethink thee how, in yonder panic-stricken
Times, when o'er land and folk alike did thicken
The whelming human floods, his dearest treasure
To hide, spite of his fear, this man found leisure
And that, or here or there; thus 'neath the sway
Of mighty Rome, and thus till yesterday,
Aye, till to-day it was. This all lies buried
Beneath the soil—the Emperor's soil — and quarried
The Emperor's 'twill be.

LORD HIGH TREASURER.

The Fool hath wit!
Such is indeed the ancient Emperor's right.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

'Tis Satan lays for you his golden springes;
All right and pious laws the scheme infringes.

LORD HIGH SENESCHAL.

So he bring welcome gifts to Court, no tittle
Care I, e'en though I be i' the wrong a little.

COMMANDER OF THE FORCES.

The Fool hath wit—bids all unto the feast;
Whence it may come, the Soldier troubles least.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And if belike ye think I seek to cozen,
Let the Astrologer be umpire chosen.
Zone upon zone, each Hour and House he knows.
Come tell us now what aspect Heaven shows!

CONFUSED MURMURS.

Two rogues they are—They're hand and glove—
Fantastico and Fool—They move
Beside the Throne—The song is stale—
The Fool doth prompt—The Wise Man's tale—

ASTROLOGER

[*speaks, Mephistopheles prompts.*

The Sun himself is purest Gold indeed;
The Herald Mercury serves for love and meed;

Dame Venus hath bewitched you all, for she
Morning and eve looks on you lovingly;
Chaste Luna hath her lunes most whimsical;
Mars, though he smite not, threatens you withal;
And Jupiter hath still the fairest gleam;
Saturn is great, yet far, and small doth seem;
As metal him we lightly venerate,
Of trifling worth, yet heavy is his weight.
Is Sol with Luna in conjunction twirled,
Silver with Gold, then is it merry world.
All else is lightly won: fair garden-closes,
Palaces, dainty breasts, and cheeks like roses.
These will procure the deeply learned man,
Who can do that which none amongst us can.

EMPEROR.

I hear his every word twice o'er,
Yet doth it not convince me more.

CONFUSED MURMURS.

Some trick I smoke—A threshed-out joke—
Calendary, Alchymistry—
Time and again—I've hoped in vain—
And should he come—'Twill prove a hum—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They stand about and gape in wonder,
Trust not the treasure-trove I've found;
But some of magic mandrakes maunder,
Some maunder of the *Swarthy Hound.*
What though the one sets all the prickles
Of his keen wit on end, and one
Cries sorcery, his sole still haply tickles,
Stumbles his foot where is no stone.

All feel the secret operation
Of Nature's never-failing sway,
And from Earth's nethermost foundation
A living trail worms up its way.
When every member jerks and twitches,
When runs a thrill all down your spine,
Then fall to work to dig and mine,
There lies the fiddler, there the riches!

CONFUSED MURMURS

My feet are turned to lead throughout—
I've cramp i' the arm—but that is gout—
How my great toe doth twitch and tweak—
And all my back is but one ache—
By all these tokens lies around
The very richest treasure-ground.

EMPEROR.

Come! thou shalt make me no denial.
Thy froth of lies put to the trial;
Show us forthwith these spaces ample!
Sceptre and sword, to set example
I'll doff, and an thou lie not, lend
Mine own high hands the work to end,
Thee, if thou lie, to Hell I'll send!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd find my way there unassisted, marry!—
Yet to proclaim I cannot weary
What ownerless lies waiting everywhere.
The hind through earth that drives the share
Turns with the clod a crock of gold up.
From the clay wall he seeks saltpetre, and
All fearful glad, he findeth rolled up
Gold upon gold, within his needy hand.

What vaults to burst! Into what courses,
What rifts and shafts, what hidden sources
His way the treasure-seeker forces,
The confines of the nether-world!
In cellars roomy, sealed, the delver
Sees golden goblet, platter, salver,
In gleaming row on row unfurled.
There beakers wrought from rubies twinkle;
And would he use them, here's a wrinkle—
A world-old liquor stands in sight.
But will ye trust me? long since rotten
The staves are, yet the wine hath gotten
A cask of crust all staunch and tight.
Such noble wines enshroud their essence,
Not gold and gems their iridescence
Alone, in horror and in gloom.
Boldly the wise these secrets rifle.
What, know by daylight! That's a trifle!
In blackest night are mysteries at home.

EMPEROR.

Them leave I thee! If aught hath worth, beshrew me
It must unto the light! What boots the gloomy?
Who rightly knows the rogue by night-time, pray,
Whenas all cows are black, all cats are gray?
The crocks hereunder with their golden freight,
Drive thou the ploughshare, and unearth them straight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take spade and mattock, dig and burrow
Thyself! The peasant-toil, O King,
Will make thee great, and from the furrow
A herd of golden calves will spring.

Then mayst adorn with joy ecstatic
Thyself, thy love, shun no extravagance;
Jewels that flash with myriad hues prismatic
Beauty and Majesty alike enhance.

EMPEROR.

Forthwith! Forthwith! Come, put me off no longer!

ASTROLOGER (*as above*).

Sire, pray you moderate this instant hunger!
First let slip by the motley merry games;
We may not reach the goal with scattered aims.
By self-command we first must school our spirit;
The Under by the Over must we merit;
Who seeketh Good must first be good.
Who would have joy, first let him calm his blood;
Who wine, ripe grapes must press, when the nights lengthen;
Who hopes for miracles, his faith must strengthen.

EMPEROR.

Well then, we'll waste the hours with merriment,
Yet wished-for come Ash-Wednesday and Lent.
Meanwhile we'll keep, whatever may befall,
But the more merrily our mad Carnival.

[*Tuckets. Exeunt.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How Fortune linkéd is with Merit
To their fools' wits doth ne'er occur.
Had they the Philosopher's Stone, I swear it,
The Stone had no Philosopher.

SPACIOUS HALL,

[*with side-chambers, adorned and arranged for the Masquerade.*

HERALD.

Expect not, as in German revels,
Dances of Death, of Fools, of Devils;
A lightsome feast you'll have anon.
Romeward our Lord his way did measure,
Himself to profit, you to pleasure,
Climbed the high Alps that breast the azure,
And thus a lightsome realm he won.
He begged him on his progress Romewards
At holy soles the right to reign.
When for himself the Crown he carried homewards,
For us he brought the Fool's Cap with him then.
Now are we all new-born and jolly!
Now every worldly-prudent man
Snugly o'er head and ears doth draw it wholly;
It likens him to madbrained Folly—
'Neath it he hath such wisdom as he can.
Lo now! Their ranks they marshal yonder,
Pair them in love or sway asunder;
Band links to band i' the vestibule.
Come forth, let shame not stay your coming!
The World, this Realm of mad Misrule,
With all its mockeries and mumming,
Is still the one great motley Fool.

FLOWER GIRLS.

[*Song accompanied with Mandolines.*

We, to win your commendation
Decked to-night in seemly sort,

Maids of Florence, left our nation
With the brilliant German court.

In our auburn tresses cluster
Blossoms bright of many a hue.
Floss of silk doth lend its lustre,
Threads of silk are woven through.

Great the service that we render,
So we deem, and bright our cheer.
Wrought with art in fadeless splendour
Bloom our blossoms all the year.

Many a tinted shred and snippet
In due symmetry is set.
Piece by piece though ye may quip it,
Doth the whole delight ye yet.

Fair are we in form and feature,
Flower-maids, coquets beside,
For who knows not woman's nature
Is with art so near allied?

HERALD.

Show your basket, each fair maiden,
Brimming with its gorgeous treasure,
Wherewith head and arm are laden.
Each shall choose what gives him pleasure.
Haste! In many a leafy alley
Straightway be revealed a garden!
Well the throng may round them rally,
Fair the peddlers, fair their burden.

FLOWER-GIRLS.

Buy, come buy, where joy is regnant,
But no chaffering, we crave!

Pithy words with meaning pregnant,
Teach to each what he may have.

OLIVE-BRANCH LADEN WITH FRUIT.

I not envy any blossom,
Open not to strife my bosom,
Strife is to my nature strange.
Am I not of lands the marrow,
Amulet 'gainst spear and arrow,
Badge of Peace where'er you range?
And this day I hope discreetly
Some fair head to garland meetly.

WREATH OF CORN-EARS (GOLDEN).

Gifts of Ceres to attire ye
Seemly will they be and rare.
What for usage most desire ye
Be as your adornment fair!

FANCY WREATH.

Bright-hued blossoms like to mallows,
Wrought from moss, a magic-bloom!
Nature doth not frame their fellows;
Fashion reigneth in her room.

FANCY NOSEGAY.

Me to call by name would never
Theophrastus' self endeavour,
Yet, e'en if not all and any,
Still I hope I may please many,
Who would find me match her graces,
Should she weave me in her tresses,
Should she deign, O happy blossom!
E'en to lay me in her bosom.

CHALLENGE.

[[1] *Spoken by one of the maidens who hides a bunch of flowers behind her back.*

Let bright fancies, mocking reason,
For the fashion of a season
Blossom whimsically moulded,
Such as Nature ne'er unfolded;
Stems of green, gold bells a-cluster,
Gleam amid the lock's rich lustre,
But we

[[1] *Here the speaker shows the hidden flowers, which prove to be*

ROSEBUDS.

seek a shy retreat.
Blest who finds us fresh and sweet!
When her banner Summer raises,
Rosebud into blossom blazes,
What a bliss each heart surcharges!
Budding promise, blooming largesse,
Sovereign in Flora's realm,
Sight and sense and soul o'erwhelm.

[*The flower-maidens daintily set out their ware in alleys of green foliage.*

GARDENERS.

[*Song accompanied by Theorbos.*

Lo! your brows with charms embellish,
Sweetest flow'rets soft-unclosing.
Fruit that knows not how to cozen
Ye may taste and tasting relish.

[1] The stage-directions are here supplied by the translator.

Proffer faces brown and swarthy,
Berries, cherries, plums and peaches.
Buy, for tongue, for palate teaches
Eyes are judges all unworthy.

Come, the ripest fruit that grows is
Here with relish to be eaten.
Let the poets rhyme of roses,
But the apple must be bitten!

Pray you now, vouchsafe that fellows
To your rich young bloom we be.
Wealth of ware that Autumn mellows
We will heap in company.

Then in arbours arching over,
Decked with garlands gay to boot,
All at once ye may discover
Bud and blossom, leaf and fruit.

[*With alternate song, accompanied by Guitars and Theorbos, both Choruses continue to set out their wares stepwise from below upwards, and to offer them to the spectators.*

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

MOTHER.

Lassie, when thou saw'st the light,
Straight my little chitty
In a little cap I dight,
Thought thee, oh, so pretty!
Thought the lovers came to woo,
Thought I saw thee wedded to
The richest in the city.

Lack-a-day, the years have fled
In a train unbroken!
Gallant wooers past us sped,
Never a one hath spoken!
Yet with this didst dance and chat,
With thine elbow unto that
Gav'st a silent token.

All our feasts in vain were held,
Never could we snatch one.
Forfeits, tersey, naught availed,
Though they often match one.
This day are the fools let loose;
Sweetheart, ope thy lap, who knows?
Haply wilt thou catch one!

GIRL-PLAYMATES

[*young and fair, join her. A confidential chatter is heard.*

FISHERS AND FOWLERS

[*with nets, fishing-rods, limed twigs, and other gear, enter and mingle with the pretty girls. Reciprocal attempts to win, to catch, to evade, and to hold fast, give occasion to the most agreeable dialogues.*

WOODCUTTERS

[*enter boisterously and uncouthly.*

Room! Make a clearing!
Room, and be limber,
For we fell timber!
Crashing it tumbles,
And jolts and rumbles
The load we're bearing.

Due honour grudge not,
But pray divine, folk,
Did rough folk drudge not
All round about them,
How would the fine folk
Make shift without them,
For all their fretting?
This mark ye ever,
For ye would shiver
But for our sweating.

PULCINELLI.

[*Ungainly, almost imbecile.*

The foolish ye are,
Born stooping. We are
The shrewd, the clever,
That bare naught ever,
For cap and jacket
We count no packet;
We bear them lightly,
And snug and sprightly,
All labour loathing,
Our slippered sloth in,
Through throng and market
We gaily spark it.
There stand we gaping,
Gibing and japing,
And thus we justle
Through crowd and bustle.
Eel-like we slip through,
Together trip through,
Riot together,
Nor do we—whether
Ye praise or blame us—
Or pride or shame us.

PARASITES.

(*Fawningly lickerish*).
Of you, stout bearers,
And your toil's sharers,
The charcoal-burners,
We are not spurners.
For all our bowing,
Assenting faces,
And fulsome phrases,
Our double-blowing
That warms or chilleth
As one man feeleth,
What could it profit?
For were fire sent us
From Heaven portentous,
What had we of it,
Were there no fire-wood,
Nor charcoal-lading,
That swift inspire would
The embers fading?
What roasting, frizzling,
What boiling, sizzling!
Your dainty-picker
The platter-licker,
Scents roast, is able
At fish to guess too.
It whets his zest to
His patron's table.

TOPER, *maudlin.*

With my humour nothing quarrels
On this day, I feel so free;
Jollity and lusty carols
I myself have brought with me.

So my clay I sprinkle, sprinkle!
Clink your glasses! tinkle, tinkle!
Thou behind there, pray come on!
Clink your glasses, and so 'tis done!

Shrieked my loving spouse indignant,
At my motley coat did mock.
Railed—for all my airs—malignant,
Out upon thee, mumming-stock!
Yet my clay I sprinkle, sprinkle!
Clink your glasses! tinkle, tinkle!
Mumming-stocks, clink every one!
When it tinkles, all is done.

Never say: This toper lost is!
Snugly here in port I'm laid.
Will the host not trust, the hostess
Will, and will not she, the maid.
Still my clay I sprinkle, sprinkle!
Up, ye comrades! tinkle, tinkle!
Each to each, and on and on,
Nay, I fancy, now 'tis done!

Naught I reck, but take my pleasure,
Where and how it comes to hand.
Let me lie here at my leisure,
For I can no longer stand.

CHORUS.

Brothers all, your clay besprinkle!
Toasting gaily, tinkle, tinkle!
Bench and board sit tightly on!
Under the table, nay, he's done!

THE HERALD

[*announces divers poets, Poets of Nature, Courtly and Knightly Minstrels, Sentimentalists and Enthusiasts. In the throng of rivals of all sorts, no one allows another to come to speech. One slinks past with a few words.*

SATIRICAL POET.

Know ye far and away what
Me, poet, were most dear to?
Could I but sing, and say what
No mortal would lend ear to.

[*The Nocturnal and Charnel-house Poets beg to be excused, inasmuch as they happen at this very moment to be engaged in a most interesting conversation with a freshly-arisen vampire, wherefrom haply a new genre of poetry may be evolved; the Herald has no choice but to accept the excuse as valid, and meanwhile calls forth Grecian Mythology, which even in a modern mask loses neither its individual character nor its charm.*

THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

Grace we bring to grace your living —
Give with grace if ye be giving.

HEGEMONE.

Take with grace if ye be taking.
Charming is to get what's lacking.

EUPHROSYNE.

And in Life's calm narrows ranking,
Thank with grace if ye be thanking.

The Fates.

ATROPOS.

Eldest of the Fates, from Yonder,
I this time to spin am bidden.
Much to think on, much to ponder,
In Life's thin-spun thread lies hidden.

Supple that it be and tender
Have I winnowed flax the finest.
Even thread and smooth and slender,
Nimble finger, see thou twinest.

Would ye in the dance's pleasure
All too wanton trip and tap it,
Think ye on this thread's scant measure!
Have a care, else might ye snap it!

CLOTHO.

Unto me of late the trenchant
Shears entrusted are to ply,
For the conduct of our Ancient
Did not greatly edify.

Yarn most worthless span she ever
Long drawn out in light and air,
Hope of glorious gain did sever,
Dragged it to the sepulchre.

Yet with youth's rash judgment reigning
Often went I too astray ;
But the shears, my zeal restraining,
Bear I in their sheath to-day.

So I wear my bonds with pleasure,
Gracious look this place upon.
Ye in these glad hours of leisure
Frolic ever on and on.

LACHESIS.

I that have alone discretion
Range as heretofore the thread.
My control, all animation,
Never hath itself o'ersped.

Threads are coming, threads are spooling,
Each I guide upon its way.
None evades my finger's ruling,
From its circle none may stray.

Should I pause in heedless leisure
Were I for the World in pain.
Hours they number, years they measure,
And the Weaver takes the skein.

HERALD.

They that come next, ye would not recognise them,
And were ye ne'er so versed in ancient writers.

To look on them, that are the fierce inciters
Of mischief fell, as welcome guests ye'd prize them.

The FURIES are they, no one will believe us.
Fair are they, comely-fashioned, kindly, youthful;
But lend them ear, you'll find our warning truthful,
These doves with serpents' fangs wound deep and grievous.

True they are treacherous, but the season urges
Each fool to wear his cap and flaunt his folly;
Nor do they either pose as angels holy,
But own themselves the town's, the city's scourges.

THE FURIES.

ALECTO.

What boots it? For to trust us ye'll ne'er stickle.
We're coaxing pussies, pretty, young and tricksy.
Hath one of ye a darling kicksy-wicksy,
His ears we will so softly scratch and tickle,

Till we may say—our malice no wise clothing—
Her wanton eye from this to that man rambles,
She's crookt i' the back, all wit doth lack, and shambles
And is she his betrothed, quite good for nothing.

And the betrothed—her too we sorely pester,
Her Dear—'twas yester-sennight, more by token—

Of her to such an one hath lightly spoken,
And though they make it up, the wound will fester.

MEGAERA.

That is but jest! Are they once wed, the sequel
I take in hand, and no one could be fitter
The fairest bliss with humours to embitter.
Unequal are man's moods, the hours unequal,

And none that clasps what most he was desiring
But turns to more-desired with foolish yearning,
The highest bliss—grown stale by custom—spurning,
He shuns the sun, and in the frost seeks firing.

And all this I exploit, adroit and supple,
And Asmodeus, trusty fiend, I summon
To scatter timely strife 'twixt man and woman,
And so mankind I mar, couple by couple.

TISIPHONE.

Poison, steel, not tongues malicious,
Mix I, whet I for the traitor.
Lov'st thou others, sooner, later,
Overtakes thee doom pernicious.

Sweetest, briefest in duration,
Turned to gall and venomed spume is.
Here for chaffering no room is,
As the crime the expiation.

Let none prate to me of pardon!
To the cliffs I cry for vengeance!
Echo, hark! doth answer: *Vengeance!*
Is he false, be Death his guerdon!

HERALD.

Pray you, be pleased to step aside a little,
For what comes now is like you not a tittle.
Lo, where a mountain surges through the throng,
Its flanks with housings gay majestically hung!
A head, long tusks, a snaky trunk i' the middle.
Mysterious, yet the mystery I'll unriddle.
A daintily-delicate woman on his neck
With slender staff doth guide him at her beck.
The other, throned aloft, of queenly mien,
Is girt with glory dazzling to be seen.
Beside her, chained, go noble women, fearful
And downcast one, the other blithe and cheerful,
For that doth wish, but this doth feel her free.
Each let them tell us who they be.

FEAR.

Lurid flambeaux' murky glory,
Lamps and tapers gleam around;
In this wild phantasmagory
I, alas! in chains am bound.

Hence! Your grins provoke suspicion!
Laughers laughable, avaunt!
All my foes with fierce derision
On this night my footsteps haunt.

Here, a friend grown foe doth fray me,
Spite his mask I know him! Stay,
Yonder's one that fain would slay me!
Now unveiled he slinks away.

This way, that way, flight I ponder,
Fain into the world had sped,
But destruction threatens yonder,
Holds me here 'midst reek and dread.

HOPE.

Fairest greeting, each dear sister!
Though ye have to-day and yester-
Day in masks beguiléd sorrow,
Well I know that on the morrow
Ye will doff the garb of folly;
And if by the torches' lustre
Find we no peculiar pleasure,
Yet in days of merry leisure,
As our will doth bid us wholly,
Singly now, now in a cluster,
We shall stray through pleasant closes,
Rest or stir as each one chooses,
And in life of careless rapture
Naught forgo, each pleasure capture;
Everywhere, all shyness scouting,
Will we enter, at each feast
Welcome guests, nor ever doubting
Somewhere must we find the best.

PRUDENCE.

Two of man's worst foes enchainéd,
Fear and Hope, in bonds unshivered,
From the Commonwealth restrainéd
Bring I! Room! Ye are delivered!

Here the live colossus lead I,
On his back his castle bears he.
O'er steep pathways, slow and steady,
Step by step unflagging fares he.

On the battlement, with pinions
Broad and swift, yon goddess reigneth,
That to widen her dominions
She may turn where'er she deigneth.

Glance and glory round her hover,
Radiant afar she rideth.
Victory, that goddess over
All activities presideth.

ZOILO-THERSITES.

Hoo—hoo! hoo—hoo! here come I pat!
And all as bad alike berate,
But as my choicest flouting-stock
Dame Victory I mean to mock.
She with her brace of pinions white
Doth fancy her an eagle quite,
And turn her where she will, avers
That every land and folk are hers.
But where aught notable is done
I buckle straight my harness on.
Up with the deep, down with the high,
The crooked straight, the straight awry!
That is a feast doth never pall,
Thus will I on this earthly ball.

HERALD.

Thou ribald cur, thy back then gall
The pious truncheon's master-stroke!
There mayst thou straightway writhe and crook.
The double dwarfish thing doth hump
Itself into a loathsome lump.
But marvel! Lump to egg doth grow,
Puffs itself up and cracks in two.
And lo! the egg a strange twin-pair,
The adder and the bat, doth bear.
That crawls along its dusty track,
This to the ceiling flutters black.
They haste without to join again.
Not I to make a third were fain!

CONFUSED MURMURS.

Quick! behind there dancing is!
Would I were well out of this!
How the spectral brood in spite
Round us weaves its mazy flight!
Now it whizzes past my hair!
On my foot I felt it there!
None of us is hurt outright,
Yet are all o'ercome with fright.
Wholly spoiled is all the fun!
That the vermin counted on.

HERALD.

Since with masks when ye recruit ye
Mine hath been the herald's duty,
At the portal watch I wary
Lest into your revels merry
Aught there slink of harmful favour,
Neither wince I neither waver,
Yet I fear that through the casement
Airy spirits drift. Amazement!
This is magic, witchcraft arrant!
Naught against it can I warrant.
If the dwarf aroused suspicion,
Streams behind a mighty vision!
Fain would I interpretation
Make thereof, as seems my station,
But what can't be comprehended
Can I not explain or show you.
All pray help to teach me. Lo you,
Where athwart the throng a splendid
Four-yoked chariot comes gliding,
Drawn through all, yet not dividing
Anywhere the throng in sunder.

Nowhere are they crowded yonder.
See afar gay colours glimmer,
Stars bright-tinted flit and flimmer.
Like a magic-lantern's shimmer,
Like the storm-wind's fierce assault
Rush they! Room! I shudder!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Halt

Fold, ye steeds, your pinions idle,
Quick to own the wonted bridle.
Quell, as I quell, this your fiery
Mettle, rush when I inspire ye
Onward. Here due honour showing
Pause ye. Mark in numbers growing,
Ring on ring, admirers round us.
Herald, up! Thine to expound us,
Ere we flee, to read our stories.
Thine to paint, to name, to show us,
For we all are allegories,
Wherefore shouldst thou surely know us.

HERALD.

Nay, thy name I cannot gather,
Haply could describe thee rather.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Try it, then!

HERALD.

One must avow
Firstly, young and fair art thou.
A half-grown stripling — yet the women's pleasure
Would be to see thee grown to fullest measure.
To me thou dost appear a future wooer,
Frail woman's born and sworn undoer.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Nay, that's worth hearing! On with thee!
Find for thyself the riddle's merry key.

HERALD.

Black lightning of the eyes! The tresses dusk in
A gleaming jewelled diadem!
And what a dainty robe doth stream
Down from the shoulders to the buskin,
With glist'ring gaud and purple hem.
Maid, might one flout thee, yet I'll warrant
Thou wouldst already, should it be
For weal or woe, with maids pass current.
They'd teach thee soon thine A B C.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

And he that every eye doth ravish
Refulgent on his chariot-throne?

HERALD.

A King he seemeth, rich and lavish.
Happy that hath his favour won!
He hath no further goal to capture.
Where haply faileth aught he spies,
And hath in giving such pure rapture
As wealth and fortune far outvies.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Yet must thou cease not to survey him.
Right narrowly thou must portray him.

HERALD.

Not to portray is Majesty!
A healthy moonface though I see,

Full lips and cheeks that richly blooming
Beneath the turban shine becoming.
His robe, that falls in folds, the essence
Of richest ease, and what a presence!
As Ruler known he seems to me.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Plutus, the god of riches he,
Himself in pomp come hither, for
Him wishes the lofty Emperor.

HERALD.

What, and what like thyself art, signify.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

I am Profusion, Poesy am I;
The Poet, wrought to perfect measure
When he his most peculiar treasure
Doth lavish, rich with wealth untold,
And Plutus' peer for all his gold.
I grace and gladden dance and rout,
And what he lacks, that deal I out.

HERALD.

Thou vauntest with the rarest grace,
But show thine arts before our face.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

I snap my fingers!—How it flitters
About the car, and gleams and glitters!
Look, where a string of pearls appears:
[*Fillipping about him in all directions.*
And golden clasps for neck and ears,
And comb and coronet unflawed,
And jewelled rings, a priceless gaud.

And flamelets too I fling, and watch
If here or there the fire may catch.

HERALD.

How the sweet mob doth snatch and wrangle!
The giver in the throng they'll tangle.
He fillips gems as in a dream
And all would fain snatch up a gem.
But what is this? Another juggle!
What one to snatch was all a-struggle,
In sooth he hath small boot thereof!
The gift takes wings and flutters off!
In sunder flies the pearly band,
And beetles scrabble in his hand!
Poor fool! His hand he flings them from
And round his head they buzz and hum!
These snatch a solid prize, O rapture!
And frolic butterflies they capture.
The rogue doth promise wealth untold
Yet only gives what gleams like gold.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Masks canst thou usher in, rehearse each feature,
But 'neath the shell to pierce unto the nature
Is not a herald's court employ.
That doth demand a keener eye.
Yet shun I quarrels all and each;
For thee, my lord, my questions and my speech.
[*Turning to Plutus.*
Didst not to be my charge allot
The whirlwind of this chariot?
Guide I not well, thy will to second?
Am I not straight where thou hast beckoned?
Have I not on bold pinions breasted
The airs, the palm for thee have wrested?

How oft soe'er for thee I strove
Hath not my labour ever thriven?
To grace thy brow was laurel given,
What art, what hand but mine the laurel wove?

PLUTUS.

If need be of my testimony, hear it!
I gladly own thou'rt spirit of my spirit.
Thy deeds are after mine own heart,
And richer than myself thou art.
I count—be this the meed thou bearest—
Of all my crowns, the bough of green the rarest.
A word of truth to all I cry:
Beloved son, in thee well-pleased am I!

BOY-CHARIOTEER, *to the crowd.*

The greatest gifts mine hand from out,
Them have I lavished round about.
A flamelet that my hand hath sped
Glows upon this and yonder head,
From one unto the other skips,
Fastens on this, from that one slips;
It flames up rarely like a plume
And swiftly gleams in briefest bloom,
Yet oft without acknowledgment
It burns out sadly and is spent.

WOMEN'S CHATTER.

He that on high i' the car doth prank,
I'll warrant him a mountebank.
Behind him squats Jackpudding, so
Consumed by thirst and hunger though
We ne'er have seen him. What d'ye think?
If one should tweak him, would he shrink?

THE STARVELING.

Avaunt, ye loathsome woman-kind!
Welcome with ye I never find!
Whilst Woman made the hearth her care
Dame Avarice was the name I bare.
Then did our household thrive, methought,
For in came much, but out went naught.
I busied me with watchful heed
For box and bin—a vice indeed!
But since in these our latter ages
Woman in thrift no more engages,
And hath—like all upon whose collars
Debt's grip is—far more wants than dollars,
Now is the husband sorely harassed,
On every side by debts embarrassed.
If aught she spin together, all on't
She spends upon herself, her gallant,
And with the suitors' hateful crew
More softly fares and drinks more too,
Which greater lust of gold doth breed
In me, now masculine, Goodman Greed.

FIRST WOMAN.

With dragons be the dragon greedy!
'Tis all but fleeting, cheating stuff.
He comes to goad the men—already,
Upon my word, they're bad enough.

WOMEN IN A CROWD.

The dummy! Cuff him! Make him caper!
The gibbet! What, and must he quiz?
And shall we fear his ugly phiz?
Dragons indeed! They're wood and paper.
Have at him! Teach him where he is!

HERALD.

Peace! By my staff let peace be holden!
Yet scarcely doth it need my aid.
How the fierce monsters, scarce withholden
In the free space so quickly made,
Have their twin pair of wings unfolden!
And belching flame, with scales a-shiver,
The dragons' jaws indignant quiver.
The crowd is fled, clear is the space.

[*Plutus descends from the chariot.*

HERALD.

Down steps he, with what regal grace!
He becks, the dragons stir apace.
The coffer from the car they lower,
Gold in it, on it Greed doth cower.
Before his feet it stands upon
The ground. A marvel how 'twas done!

PLUTUS, *to the Charioteer.*

Now from the all too heavy load I've freed thee,
Thou'rt frank and free, to thine own sphere now speed thee.
Here is it not! Disordered, motley, mad,
Around us throngs a grinning masquerade.
Where clear thou gazest in the fair Serene,
Lord of thyself, but on thyself dost lean,
Thither, where pleases but the Good, the Fair!
To Solitude!—Thy world create thou there!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

I go, myself an honoured envoy deeming,
My nearest, dearest kinsman thee esteeming.
Where thou sojournest, plenty is, where I,
Each man enriched doth feel him gloriously,

And in life's contrarieties oft wavers
If he shall seek thy grace or court my favours.
Thy votaries may idly rest, 'tis true;
Who follows me hath ever work to do.
Not secret are my deeds, in night concealéd;
I do but breathe, and straightway am revealéd.
Farewell then, of my bliss thou too art fain.
But whisper softly, I am back again.

[*Exit as he entered.*

PLUTUS.

Now is it time to free the precious metals.
Touched by the herald's staff, with little trouble
The locks fly open. See! In brazen kettles
A golden blood doth form, and boil and bubble.
Straightway the trinkets, crowns, chains, rings will follow.
Seething it threatens all to melt and swallow.

THE CROWD, *in alternate clamour.*

Oh see! it rolls in golden rills,
The chest unto the brink it fills.
There melt the vessels of gold away!
Coins in rouleaux are rolled away,
And ducats skip as from the die.
Oh! how my breast is stirred thereby!
I see before me all my lust.
Lo now! they're rolling in the dust.
Snatch what is offered, stay your itch!
You need but stoop and rise up rich,
Whilst like a lightning-flash the rest
Will take possession of the chest.

HERALD.

What ails ye all, ye foolish folk?
'Tis but a masquerading joke.

We look for nothing more to-night.
Think ye we give you gold outright?
Nay, marry, in this game for such
As ye, e'en counters were too much.
Ye blocks! A pretty show, forsooth,
Ye straightway take for solid truth.
Why, what were Truth to you? Ye grip
Dull Error by each fluttering tip.
Thou masking-hero, Plutus veiled,
Clout me this rabble from the field.

PLUTUS.

Thy staff is ready to my hand.
Pray, lend it me! I dip the wand
Swiftly in seething foam and glow.
Now on your guard, ye maskers! Lo,
It glitters, crackles, sputters, sparks.
The tip a ruddy glimmer marks.
Who thrusts him forward overfree,
Straightway I'll singe him ruthlessly.
And now my round I enter on.

CLAMOUR AND THRONG.

Alack a day! We are undone!—
Away! away! Escape who can!—
Fall back, fall back, thou hinder-man!—
The sparks spirt burning in my face!—
I wince beneath the glowing mace!—
Lost are we each, lost are we all!—
Back, back, thou surging carnival!—
Back, back, insensate herd! Would I
Had only wings, aloft I'd fly!—

PLUTUS.

Back on all sides the circle shrinks,
And yet hath none been singed, methinks.

The crowd gives way
In wild affray.
Yet will I draw an unseen bar
As pledge that none such order mar.

HERALD.

A work how glorious hast thou done!
Thy prudent might my thanks hath won.

PLUTUS.

Fair friend, it needeth patience yet,
For many a tumult still doth threat.

AVARICE.

This circle then at ease a man may quiz,
If haply fall such pastime with his whim in:
For ever to the fore you'll find the women
Where aught to gape at, aught to nibble is.
Not yet am I become so wholly rusty
But a fair woman still is fair,
And so to-day, with courage fresh and lusty,
Since naught it costs, I'll go a-wooing there.
But since the place o'ercrowded here is,
Nor audible each word to every ear is,
I'll shrewdly try, and as I hope not vainly
In pantomime to express my meaning plainly.
Since hand, foot, gesture, all not here suffice,
I needs must seek some whimsical device.
As 'twere wet clay the gold I'll mould and fashion
For gold admits of every transmutation.

HERALD.

The starveling fool, what doth he mean?
Lurks humour in a frame so lean?

The gold he kneadeth all to dough,
Soft in his fingers doth it grow,
Yet squeeze and mould it as he will
The mass remaineth shapeless still.
Now to the women turneth he;
They shriek and all are fain to flee
With gestures of disgust and loathing.
The saucy rascal sticks at nothing.
I fear me he doth most delight
If Decency he can but slight.
Here must the herald not be lacking;
Give me my staff! I'll send him packing.

PLUTUS.

Of that that threats without he hath no heed;
Leave him alone with his tomfooling!
He'll soon have little room to play the droll in
Mighty is law, yet mightier is need.

ROUT AND SONG.

The Wild-folk come, they come pell-mell
From mountain-height and woodland-dell.
They sweep along—resist who can!
They keep the feast of the great god Pan.
They know what no man else doth guess,
And into the empty ring they press.

PLUTUS.

I know you well, ye and your great god Pan.
A daring deed hath done your boisterous clan.
What all not know, full well I know the thing,
And open dutiful the narrow ring.
They go, good luck be with their going!
The most amazing things may hap.
Whither they go but little knowing
Blindly they rush into the trap.

SONG OF THE WILD FOLK.

Bedizened folk, ye tinsel-stuff!
Here come they rude, here come they rough;
In lofty leap, in breathless chase,
They come, a stout and sturdy race.

FAUNS.

In merry round
The Faun-troop flocks,
Their curly locks
With oak-leaves crowned.
A delicately pointed ear
Forth from the curly pate doth peer;
Snubnose, fair breadth of face, yet them
For that the women no worse esteem,
And doth the Faun his paw advance
The fairest shrinks not from the dance.

SATYR.

The Satyr next comes hopping in
With his goat-foot and withered shin;
Needs must they sinewy be and thin.
And chamois-like on mountain-heights
To look around him he delights.
Braced by the breath of liberty
Man, woman and child to scorn laughs he,
That deep i' the valley's mist and smoke
Ween they too live, good easy folk,
Though pure and unperturbed alone
The world above there he doth own.

GNOMES.

The tiny troop comes tripping in:
They care not pair by pair to twin.

In mossy garb, with lamplet bright,
They flit and mingle feat and light,
Whilst his own task doth each perform
Like glow-ants in a seething swarm.
They bustle nimbly to and fro,
And busily in and out they go.

With the kindly Good-folk kin we own,
As surgeons of the cliffs we're known.
The lofty mounts we scarify,
The turgid veins we rarefy,
Heaping the metals that we bleed
With cheery hail: Good speed! Good speed!
At bottom is our purpose kind,
Friendly to good men is our mind,
Yet bring we gold to the light o' the day
That steal and pander men-folk may,
Nor iron lack the imperious man
That wholesale murder first did plan;
And who these statutes three doth slight
Of all the others will he make light.
Our fault it is not, wherefore ye
Bear with them straightway, as do we.

GIANTS.

The Wildwood-men—their name to tell—
In the Harz Mountains known full well.
In native nakedness, antique might,
They come, each one of giant height,
With pine-tree stem in his right hand,
About his waist a bulging band,
The rudest apron of leaf and bough—
Such body-guard no Pope can show

CHORUS OF NYMPHS

[*encircling the great god Pan.*

He comes in state,
The All of Earth
Is shadowed forth
In Pan the Great.
Encircle him, ye blithesomest!
In antic dance, ye lithesomest
About him play, for sober he
Yet kind, would have us merry be,
And underneath the vaulted blue
He still hath kept him wakeful too;
Yet rivulets a babbling keep,
And breezes cradle him soft in sleep;
And when at noontide slumbers he,
The leaf not flutters on the tree,
And wholesome herbs with spicy breath
Burden the still air hushed as death.
Not jocund then the nymph may be;
Whereas she stood, there drowseth she.
But when all unawares with might
His voice re-echoes through the fight,
Like rattle of thunder, roar of sea,
Then knoweth no man whither to flee;
In rout the boldest army breaks,
The hero in the tumult quakes.
Then honour pay we where we ought,
Hail him that hither us hath brought.

DEPUTATION OF GNOMES

[*to the great Pan.*

Threadwise though rich treasure shining
Through the clefts doth interlace,

Nothing but the shrewd Divining-
Rod its labyrinths can trace.

We like Troglodytes our spacious
Dwellings vault dark caves beneath ;
Thou dispensest treasures gracious
Where the day's pure breezes breathe.

Now a marvel we discover
Nigh, a spring whence seems to well
Plentifully, running over,
What was scarce attainable.

This canst thou achieve at pleasure,
Take it, Sire, into thy charge.
In thy hands doth every treasure
Benefit the world at large.

PLUTUS, *to the Herald*

We must possess us with a lofty spirit,
Come what come may, with heart undaunted
bear it.
Else art thou wont to bear thy courage high.
There shall betide a shocking thing, and briefly.
Present and future shall deny it stiffly ;
Thou in thy minutes note it faithfully.

HERALD,

[*seizing the staff which Plutus holds in his hand.*

The great god Pan the dwarfs lead nigher
Full softly, to the well of fire.
It seethes up from the abysmal maw,

Then to the deep the flames withdraw,
And gloomy gapes the open jaw.
Again it surges in flame and foam.
The great god Pan stands quite at home
Rejoicing at the wondrous sight,
Whilst froth of pearl to left and right
Spirts out. How can he trust the thing?
He stoops to peer deep down the spring,
And now, behold, his beard falls in!
Whose can it be, that fair smooth chin?
His hand conceals it from our gaze.
Oh, what mischance all hearts dismays!
The beard flies back, but all ablaze.
It kindles wreath and head and breast.
To sorrow changed is joy and jest.
To quench the fire the troop flocks round,
Yet free from flames not one is found;
And as it crackles, as it darts,
Anew the conflagration starts.
Entangled in the flaming fire
A clump of maskers burns entire.
But what appalling tidings trip
From ear to ear, from lip to lip?
O night for evermore ill-starred,
With what a grief our joy hast marred!
Morning will publish far and near
What without horror none will hear.
Yet everywhere they cry—ah woe—
The Emperor 'tis that suffers so.
Would it were else! The wish is vain,
The Emperor burns with all his train.
Accurséd who misled him, bound
Themselves with resinous twigs around,
And hither stormed with song and shout
To scatter ruin round about.

O Youth, O Youth, wilt never thou
In the pure measure of joy contain thee?
O Majesty, wilt never thou
All-powerful, yet let Prudence rein thee?

Already through the Wood aspire
The pointed tongues of lambent fire
Up to the rafter-netted roof.
Against their fury naught is proof.
Now brimmeth o'er our cup of woe
And none to save us do I know.
The imperial pride in morning's light
Shall lie, the ash-heap of a night.

PLUTUS.

Now enough of terror! Solely
Now on aid be thought! Thou holy
Truncheon, smite the ground amain,
Till it quake and ring again!
Spacious breadth of air be filled
With cool fragrances distilled.
Hither, misty vapours, teeming
Cloud-wreaths, hither, round us streaming,
Swathe this weltering waste of flame.
Trickling, swirling, cloudlets curling,
Softly steaming, smoothly welling,
Quenching everywhere and quelling,
Ye the moist, the mild-allaying,
Change to summer-lightning's playing
All this idle fiery game.—
Thus, if spirit-malice lower,
Magic shall assert its power.

PLEASAUNCE.

Morning Sun.

[*The* Emperor, *his Court, men and women;* Faust, Mephistopheles, *dressed with decency, according to the fashion, but not so as to challenge attention, both kneeling.*

FAUST.

You pardon, Sire, the juggling sport of flame?

EMPEROR,

[*bidding him rise with a gesture.*

I would I might see many of the same.
A globe of fire o'er-arched me like an awning.
Almost it seemed as were I Pluto. Yawning
From night and embers lay a rocky rent,
Glowing with flamelets. Here and there a vent
Wild flames belched forth, in hosts that rolled and bickered
Up, and to one vast vault together flickered.
To the topmost dome the lambent flames did play,
That still did form and still did melt away.
In long array down the far vista moving
Of wreathéd columns of fire, I saw approving
My folk throng forward in a spacious ring,
And to my feet their wonted homage bring.
Here of my court this man, here that one wanders—
I seem a prince of myriad salamanders

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That art thou, Sire, since every element
To Majesty's dominion doth assent.
Fire hast thou proved obedient. Where most dread
The ocean raves, leap in, and scarce thou'lt tread
The pearl-strown bottom ere the sea—O wonder!
Unto a glorious globe will surge asunder;
The billows lucent-green, with purple bordered,
Sway up and down about thee, swiftly ordered
To fairest dwelling. Wander at thy will,
The palaces will wander with thee still.
The very walls have life—they ripple, wrinkle,
Heave to and fro, and arrowy-swift they twinkle.
Around the soft new sheen sea-monsters throng and rollick;
They dartle up, yet at the precinct pause.
There gold-scaled dragons iridescent frolic,
There gapes the shark—thou laughest in his jaws.
What though thy court around thee flock entranced!
On such a throng thine eye hath never glanced.
Nor shall the loveliest lack. Agog with wonder
To gaze upon the splendid mansion, under
The Cool eternal, Nereids flock, capricious
The younger, coy and wanton like the fishes,
The elder prim. It comes to Thetis' ear;
She on the second Peleus doth confer
Her hand and lips. Then in Olympus' field
The seat. . . .

EMPEROR.

The airy room to thee I yield.
Full soon enough, methinks, one mounts that throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And Sovran Lord, e'en now is Earth thine own.

EMPEROR.

What happy fate thee straightway did transport
From out the Arabian Nights unto our Court?
Thou in my grace, if but thou prove as fecund
As Scheherezade, shalt unto none stand second.
Be ever ready, when, as oft befalls,
Your work-day world most wearily on me palls.

LORD HIGH SENESCHAL, *entering in haste.*

Illustrious, in all my life I never
Had thought to tell of Fortune's fairest favour,
Such as entrances me with glee
Before thy face—most happy me.
For bill on bill is paid unbated,
The claws of usury are sated,
From hellish torment am I free;
In Heaven it cannot brighter be!

COMMANDER OF THE FORCES, *following in haste.*

Arrears of pay in part are cancelled,
And the whole army newly handselled.
The men-at-arms their heart recover,
And host and wenches are in clover.

EMPEROR.

How breathe ye as your breasts were lightened!
How are your knitted brows now brightened!
Ye enter with what eager speed!

LORD HIGH TREASURER, *joining the others*

These question, that have done the deed.

FAUST.

The Chancellor's it is to expound the matter.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, *coming slowly forward.*

Mine old age what abundant joy doth flatter!
Hear then and see the paper, big with fate,
That all our woe to weal transforméd straight.
[*He reads.*

"*Hereby may all men surely know that would,*
This paper for a thousand crowns is good.
A safe assured security lies stored
The Empire in, an untold buried hoard.
It is provided that this rich reserve,
Raised straightway, to redeem the bills shall serve."

EMPEROR.

I augur malversation, monstrous fraud.
Who hath here forged the Emperor's hand unawed?
Ye have not left unpunished such malfeasance?

LORD HIGH TREASURER.

Bethink thee, but this night thyself thine hand
Didst set thereto. Thou as great Pan didst stand.
The Chancellor addressed thee in our presence:
"Accord thyself a festal gratification!
With a few quill-strokes give thy folk salvation!"
Thou wrotest; swift it was ere night had rolled
By thousand-artists copied thousandfold.
That all the boon might share we made no queries,
But stamped incontinently all the series.

Tens, Thirties, Fifties, Hundreds, all are there;
You cannot think how glad the people were!
Behold your city, half in death grown musty—
'Tis all alive, aswarm and pleasure-lusty.
Although thy name the world hath long o'erjoyed,
So lovingly it never yet was eyed.
Now is the Alphabet indeed redundant;
Each in this sign is blessed with bliss abundant.

EMPEROR.

They're current with my folk as sterling gold?
Them doth the Camp, the Court as quittance hold?
Sanction I must, though in amazement utter.

LORD HIGH TREASURER.

The hope were vain to catch them as they flutter.
Like lightning-flash they scattered in their flight.
The changers' booths stand open day and night.
There every bill is honoured, high and low,
With gold and silver . . . at a discount though.
Then off to butcher, baker, vintner flows all,
And half the world seems bent but on carousal,
The while in brand-new clothes the other struts—
The tailor stitches as the draper cuts.
To toast the Emperor wine flows like water;
They roast and boil and broil—the platters clatter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who on the terrace lonely strays doth spy
The fairest fair, pranked splendidly. One eye

With the proud peacock-fan she covers shyly,
And smirks, and looks for such a note full slyly,
And its good offices more swift and sure
Than wit or words Love's richest boon procure.
Who now with purse or pouch himself will harry?
A leaflet in the breast is light to carry.
There snugly with the billets-doux 'twill nestle.
His will the priest bear reverent in his missal.
The soldier, his agility to heighten,
The girdle round his loins will swiftly lighten.
I crave your Highness' pardon, if one tittle
I seem a work so lofty to belittle.

FAUST.

The hoards of wealth untold, that torpid sleep
Within the Empire's borders buried deep,
Lie profitless. The thought's most ample measure
Is the most niggard bound of such a treasure.
Not Fancy's self, in her most daring flight,
Strain as she will, can soar to such a height;
Yet minds that worthy are to sound the soundless
A boundless trust accord unto the boundless.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not gold or pearls are half so handy as
Such paper. There a man knows what he has,
No need to truck or chaffer with such treasure—
On wine or love can one get drunk at pleasure.
Would you have cash, a changer is at hand.
If there it lack you dig it from the land.

Goblet and chain are straight by auction sold,
The paper then, redeemed with sterling gold,
The doubter shames that whets on us his wit.
Naught else the folk will have—they're used to it.
Henceforth thy Realm, for spender or for scraper,
Will have good store of jewels, gold and paper.

EMPEROR.

To you the Realm this glorious weal doth owe.
Unto the service would we fit the guerdon.
To you entrusted be the realm below—
You are most meet to be the treasure's warden.
You know the ample, well-preservéd hoard,
And when we dig, 'tis you shall give the word.
Accord ye now, ye Masters of our Treasure,
Fulfil the honours of your post with pleasure,
Wherein the Nether World, for endless weal,
Doth with the Upper World alliance seal.

LORD HIGH TREASURER.

Between us shall not reign the least division!
I'm fain to have as colleague the Magician.
[*Exit with Faust.*

EMPEROR.

The court shall taste my bounty, great and small.
Confess how ye will use it, one and all.

PAGE, *taking.*

I'll lead a merry life.

ANOTHER, *ditto.*

I in a trice
Will buy my sweetheart chain and rings.

CHAMBERLAIN, *accepting.*

My throttle
Henceforth I'll wet with twice as good a bottle.

ANOTHER, *ditto.*

Already in my pocket itch the dice.

KNIGHT BANNERET, *thoughtfully.*

My land and tower from debt I'll liberate.

ANOTHER, *ditto.*

A treasure 'tis, with treasures will I lay't.

EMPEROR.

I hoped for heart and will to new endeavour.
Who knows ye though will lightly read ye ever.
Well do I see, though treasures on ye pour,
Ye still are, after, what ye were before.

FOOL, *coming up.*

Largesse you give, to me too be not chary.

EMPEROR.

What, art alive again? Thou'lt drink it, marry!

FOOL.

The magic leaves! It passes my poor wit!

EMPEROR.

Aye marry, for thou'lt make bad use of it.

FOOL.

There others flutter down, what shall I do?

EMPEROR.

Why, pick them up, thy share they fell unto.

[*Exit.*

FOOL.

Five thousand crowns are mine? O happy season!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou two-legged wineskin! What, and art arisen?

FOOL.

Betides me oft, but not to luck like this!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upon my word, thou'rt all asweat with bliss!

FOOL.

Look you now, can I indeed make money of it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twill buy what throat and belly most do covet.

FOOL.

And this for cattle, land and house they'll take?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye truly, so thou offer, naught will lack.

FOOL.

Castle, with wood, chase, fishing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take my word!
Marry, I'd like to see thee *Dread My Lord!*

FOOL.

Upon mine own estate I'll sleep this night!
[*Exit*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *solus.*

Who still will doubt that this our fool hath wit?

GLOOMY GALLERY.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To this dark walk why draw'st thou me capricious?
Is not within there ample sport?
Is not for jest and jugglery propitious
The crowded motley medley of the court?

FAUST.

Let be! Long years thy wit that topic handles—
Thou hast worn out that pair of sandals;
And now but to and fro dost flee
Lest haply I come to speech of thee.
But I meanwhile must rack my brain
Urged by the Seneschal and Chamberlain.
The Emperor wills—and straightway must it be—
Helen and Paris 'fore his face to see,

The paragon of men and eke of women
Distinctly to behold, their mortal trim in.
My word I gave, help me to disengage it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Foolish it was, aye, frivolous, to pledge it.

FAUST.

Whereto thine arts will bring us, thou,
Fellow, hast not enough reflected;
First did we make him rich, and now
To make him merry are expected.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou think'st 'tis done as soon as said,
But where we stand the steps grow steeper;
A realm most alien dost invade,
And wantonly in debt still plungest deeper,
And Helen to evoke thou think'st as easy
As was the paper-spectre of specie.
With hanky-panky, air-spun sprites, and those all,
Or kill-crop dwarfs, I stand at your disposal,
But devils' dears, though well enough abstractly,
We can't palm off as heroines exactly.

FAUST.

Upon the old, old string again thou'rt harping.
Hast ever an *if* and *but*. Thou art indeed
The father of all hindrances, still carping,
For each new means exacting a new meed.
I know it doth but ask a muttered spell,
She'll be upon the spot ere I can turn me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The heathen-folk doth not concern me,
It dwells in its particular hell.
And yet there is a means—

FAUST.

Come, come! Thy history!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not fain do I reveal a lofty mystery.
In solitude throne goddesses sublime,
Round them no place is, and still less a time.
Only to speak of them the brain doth swim.
The *Mothers* are they!

FAUST, *startled.*

Mothers!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Art afeard?

FAUST.

The *Mothers! Mothers!* Nay, it sounds so weird!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And weird it is! Goddesses of you men
Unknown, whom we to name are none too fain.
To the uttermost Profound, wherein they tarry
Mayst burrow; thine the fault we need them, marry!

FAUST.

Whither the way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No way! To the unexplorable.
Aye unexploréd; a way to the unimplorable,
Aye unimploréd! Art thou in the mood?
No locks are there, no bolts to shoot asunder!
Through solitudes wilt thou be drifted yonder.
Dost know what desert is and solitude?

FAUST.

Spare me such speeches by your favour,
That of the Witch's Kitchen savour
After a long, long interlude.
Must I not mix with the world of men,
And learn the inane and teach the inane?
And when I wisely spake mine own conviction
Then doubly-loud rang out the contradiction.
Have I not even, fleeing rude excesses,
Withdrawn to solitudes and wildernesses?
And lest I be forlorn and quite forsaken
The Devil in the end for mate have taken?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And hadst thou swum through Ocean's vasty hollow
And there beheld the boundless room,
Yet wouldst thou see on billow billow follow.
Aye, even shuddering at threatened doom
Something thou still wouldst see. The emerald gulf in
Of tranquil seas, wouldst spy the gliding dolphin,
Wouldst see the clouds drift by, sun, moon and star;
Naught wilt thou see i' the ever-empty Far,
Not hear thy footstep where 'tis prest,
Nor find firm ground whereon to rest.

FAUST.

Like the first mystagogue thou speak'st, that ever
Proved him the trustful neophyte's deceiver.
The other way round though. Me thou dost despatch
Unto the Void, that there I may be able
Both art and mind to enhance. Thou'dst have me scratch
Thy chestnuts from the fire, like the old cat i' the fable.
But on, we'll plumb the Deep whate'er befall,
For in thy Naught I trust to find the All.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will not grudge my praise before thou goest,
And well I see that thou the Devil knowest.
Here, take this key.

FAUST.

That tiny thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If tight
Thou grasp it, then its worth thou wilt not slight.

FAUST.

It waxes in my hand, with flames 'tis lit!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, soon thou markest what one hath in it.
'Twill scent the proper place out from all others,
Follow it down, 'twill lead thee to the *Mothers*.

FAUST, *shuddering*.

The *Mothers!* Ever it strikes me chill with fear!
What is the word that I not brook to hear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Art *borné*, so to stint at a new word?
Wilt only hear what thou hast ever heard?
Let naught amaze thee more, sound as it may,
Grown used to strangest things since many a day.

FAUST.

And yet my weal in torpor seek I not.
The thrill of awe is still mankind's best lot,
And though the world not lets him feel it cheaply,
Yet awe-struck, the stupendous feels he deeply.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sink then! I might say: Rise! There is no choice,
For all is one. From the Existent fleeing
Into the unfettered realm of Form, rejoice
In that which long hath had no longer being.
The phantom-drift will wreathe like cloudy-woof;
Brandish the key and hold thou them aloof.

FAUST, *enthusiastic*.

I grip it and I feel new strength arise;
With heart expanding, on to the great emprise!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At length a glowing tripod wilt thou see,
Then in the nethermost abyss wilt be.

The Mothers by its light wilt thou descry,
Some sitting, standing some, or walking nigh,
E'en as may chance. Formation, transformation,
The Eternal Mind's eternal recreation,
And round them float forms of all things that be.
They'll see thee not, for wraiths alone they see.
Then pluck a heart up, for the danger's great!
Unto that tripod do thou walk up straight
And touch it with the key.

[*Faust assumes a resolutely imperious attitude with the key.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *considering him.*

That's capital!
'Twill join thee, follow thee as faithful thrall.
Calmly thou'lt rise, thee Fortune will upbear,
And thou'lt be back with it or they are ware.
Once thou hast brought it hither, thou wilt cite
Hero and heroine from out the night,
The first that ever dared the high endeavour.
It is achieved, and thou art the achiever.
Then must the incense-mist by magic-process
Shape into gods in instant metamorphosis.

FAUST.

What next then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Downward tend with might and main.
Sink stamping, stamping wilt thou rise again.

[*Faust stamps and sinks from sight.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I hope the key may profit him, good lack!
I wonder now if ever he'll come back.

BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED HALLS.

EMPEROR AND PRINCES, THE COURT IN MOVEMENT.

LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN, *to Mephistopheles.*

The spirit-scene ye promised still is owing.
To work! His Majesty's impatient growing.

LORD HIGH SENESCHAL.

His Grace e'en now is asking for it. Ye,
Dally not, put not slight on Majesty.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that my mate is gone, and do not doubt it
He knows how best to set about it,
And silent works, withdrawn from gaze,
With eager passion, well-nigh tragic;
The Beautiful, that Treasure, who would raise,
He needs the highest art, the Sage's Magic.

LORD HIGH SENESCHAL.

It matters not what art ye use. That's one.
It is the Emperor's will that it be done.

A FAIR BEAUTY, *to Mephistopheles.*

A word, Sir! Here a clear complexion see,
Yet clear in plaguy summer 'twill not be.
Then brownish-red 'twill bud with many a freckle,
Vexatiously the lily-skin that speckle.
A cure!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! Such a radiant darling, peppered
With spots, alas, in May, like any leopard!
Take frogs' spawn, toads' tongues, cohobate, and while
The moon is at the full, with care distil,
And when it wanes, smear on the unguent neatly.
You'll find, come spring, the spots will fade completely.

A DARK BEAUTY.

To fawn upon you see the crowd advancing.
I beg a remedy. A frozen foot
Hinders me both from walking and from dancing,
And makes me even clumsily salute.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pray, let me tread upon it with my foot!

THE DARK BEAUTY.

Why, they that love thereto have fullest title.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My tread, my Dear, hath meaning much more vital,
For like heals like, whatever one may ail,
Foot foot, its like each member without fail.
Hither! Give heed! You need not make requital.

THE DARK BEAUTY, *shrieking*.

Oh! oh! that hurts! 'Twas like a horse's hoof.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now canst thou put the healing to the proof.
Now to thine heart's content to dance art able
Or press thy gallant's foot beneath the table.

LADY, *pressing up*.

Let me come through! My sufferings are gruesome.
Seething they rage within my deepest bosom.
He that till yesterday hung on my glances
Now turns his back, whilst him *her* talk entrances.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The case is grave but not quite hopeless. Hark!
This charcoal take, and softly press him nigh.
On sleeve or mantle, as occasion chances,
Or shoulder, do thou make therewith a mark.
Straightway remorse within his breast will ply
Her gracious sting. The charcoal swallow fasting,
Without delay, nor wine nor water tasting.
This very night before thy door he'll sigh.

LADY.

It isn't poison?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *indignantly*.

Don't insult me, pray!
To find its like, you'd travel a weary way.

A witch burned in the fire where it was blackened.
Such fires of late have sadly slackened.

PAGE.

I am in love! She holds me still a child.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

Where shall I turn? 'Tis like to drive me wild!
[*To the Page.*
Your heart ye must not let the youngest fetter,
A mellow age will know to prize ye better.
[*Others throng up to him.*
Others already! What a brawl! Forsooth,
Needs must when at a loss make shift with truth,
Worst shift of all! O dire extremity!
O Mothers! Mothers! Let but Faust go free!
[*Looking around him.*
Already in the hall the lights burn dim.
The Emperor moves, the Court moves after him.
I see the train glide on in decent wise
Through long arcades and distant galleries.
They gather in the old baronial hall,
Whose room, though vast, can scarce contain them all.
The ample walls with tapestry are rich,
And decked with armour every nook and niche.
Methought no magic word had here been wanted,
But spirits of themselves the place had haunted!

BARONIAL HALL, *dimly lighted.*

[*The Emperor and his court have filed in.*

HERALD.

Mine ancient office, to expound the fable,
The spirit-sway mysterious doth embarrass.
In vain their agency inextricable
By reason to explain, my wits I harass.
The settles and the chairs all ready wait;
The Emperor before the wall they set,
Where at his leisure, wrought upon the arras
The old-time battles he may contemplate.
Now king and court sit round in twilight shrouded,
The benches in the background all are crowded,
And sweetheart in the gloomy spirit-hour
Closer to sweetheart's side doth sweetly cower.
And so since all have duly ta'en their places
We're ready, let the spirits show their faces!

[*Trumpets*

ASTROLOGER.

Now let the play begin! The order falls
From royal lips. Be opened up, ye walls!
Naught hinders, with us magic doth conspire.
The arras rolls up, shrivelled as by fire.
The wall is cleft, it folds back like a gateway.
Seems a deep stage to rise before us straightway,
A gleam mysterious to light the gloom,
I take my place in the proscenium.

MEPHISTOPHELES

[*popping up in the Prompter's Box.*

I hope for universal favour hence,
For prompting is the Devil's eloquence.

[*To the Astrologer.*

Thou know'st what course the stars keep in the sky,
Thou'lt understand my whispering masterly.

ASTROLOGER.

By magic-might we see before our eyes,
Massive enough, an antique temple rise.
Like Atlas, who the heavens did uphold,
Here all arow stand columns manifold.
To bear their rocky burden is but sport,
Two such a massy building might support.

ARCHITECT.

So that's antique! H'm, can't say I approve it.
Topheavy, clumsy, that's what I think of it.
The unwieldy grand they call, noble the rude.
I like slim shafts that soar up to infinitude.
The Gothic zenith lifts our souls on high.
Such edifice us most doth edify.

ASTROLOGER.

With reverence hail the star-accorded season,
Let potent word of magic fetter reason,
But hither from afar, unshackled-free,
Resplendent come, audacious Fantasy!
What boldly ye did covet, mark it well,
Impossible, therefore most credible.

[*Faust rises up on the other side of the Proscenium.*

ASTROLOGER.

A thaumaturge, in priestly robe and wreath,
Rises triumphant from the vault beneath;
With him a tripod, and meseems already
The brazier from, an incense-breath doth eddy.
He girds himself the lofty work to hallow.
Henceforth can nothing but auspicious follow.

FAUST, *majestically.*

In your name, O ye Mothers, ye that throne
In the Illimitable, ever alone,
And yet companionably. Restless rife
Float round ye, lifeless, images of life.
What once hath been, in radiance supernal
Yonder doth move—for it would be eternal.
And ye, almighty Powers, apportion it
Unto the cope of day, the vault of night.
Those doth the gracious course of life embrace,
These the bold wizard seeketh in their place,
And confident and lavish shows to us,
What all are fain to see, the marvellous.

ASTROLOGER.

The brazier scarce the glowing key doth touch
When fills the air a vaporous mist, and such
As are the clouds steals in, and so is stirred,
Drawn out, upheaped, enravelled, parted, paired,
A spirit-masterpiece acknowledge. Lo,
The clouds break into music as they go!
From airy tones a mystic yearning wells,
And as they drift to melody all swells.
The column-shaft, the triglyph is achime,
The temple all bursts into song sublime.

The vapour sinks, from out the filmy gauze
A beauteous youth in graceful measure draws.
Mine office here is mute, I need not name him.
As the fair Paris who would not proclaim him!

LADY.

O what a glory of blooming youth I see!

SECOND LADY.

Fresh as a peach, as full of juice is he!

THIRD LADY.

The lips, sweet-swelling, daintily outlined!

FOURTH LADY.

At such a beaker wouldst thou sip full fainly.

FIFTH LADY.

Pretty—though not what one would call refined!

SIXTH LADY.

He might be—sooth—a little less ungainly!

KNIGHT.

Merely the shepherd-lad! What could be plainer?
Naught of the prince, naught of the courtly manner!

ANOTHER KNIGHT.

Half-naked, aye, the lad is well enow,
We ought to see him in his harness, though.

LADY.

He sits him down—how languidly, how sweet!

KNIGHT.

Doubtless you'd find his lap a pleasant seat!

ANOTHER LADY.

His arm he daintily leans o'er his head.

CHAMBERLAIN.

What liberties he takes! How underbred!

LADY.

Ye gentlemen must still find fault with all!

CHAMBERLAIN.

What! In the Presence all his length to sprawl!

LADY.

'Tis but a play. He thinks him quite alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

E'en plays must courtly be before the Throne.

LADY.

Soft slumber lights upon the belamour.

CHAMBERLAIN.

'Tis to the life. Soon we shall hear him snore.

YOUNG LADY, *enravished.*

What fragrance with the incense-stream is blent
That fills mine inmost heart with ravishment?

OLDER LADY.

In truth a breath doth pierce the deepest bosom.
It comes from him.

ELDEST LADY.

It is his growth's sweet blossom,
Within the youth ambrosia-like distilling,
And all the atmosphere around us filling.

[*Helena steps forth*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So that is she! She would not mar my rest!
Pretty she may be, but she's not my taste.

ASTROLOGER.

This time for me there's nothing more to do,
As man of honour I confess it too.
The Beauty comes—had I but tongues of flame!
Of old hath much been sung to Beauty's fame;
Who sees her is beside himself with rapture;
Who owned her, all too high a bliss did capture.

FAUST.

Have I still eyes? Or in my being deep
Doth Beauty's source in flood outpouréd sweep?
My pilgrimage of dread brings blessed gain.
How did the world still worthless, locked remain!
What is it since my priesthood? Now at last
Desirable, perdurable, firm-based.
If from my life I let thee be effaced,
Then may my life's breath too forsake its duty!
The goodly form that erst my bosom captured,
Me in the magic-glass enraptured,
Was but a foam-wraith of such beauty.
To thee the play of every power with gladness
I'll vow, the essence of all passion,
Liking to thee, love, adoration, madness!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *from the Prompter's Box.*

You do forget yourself! Pray you, discretion.

OLDER LADY.

Tall, shapely, but the head too small for me!

YOUNGER LADY.

Look at the foot! More lumpish could it be?

DIPLOMATIST.

Princesses have I seen of such a kind.
From head to foot she's fair unto my mind.

COURTIER.

She nears the sleeper, artfully demure.

LADY.

How hideous, by that form so youthful-pure!

POET.

Her beauty shines upon him like the moon.

LADY.

A picture! Luna and Endymion!

POET.

Aye, even so! now seems the goddess sinking.
O'er him she leans, his breath as were she drinking.
Ah, enviable! A kiss! The cup is full!

DUENNA.

In public too! Most reprehensible!

FAUST.

A fearful favour to the boy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still!
Pray, let the phantom do whate'er it will.

COURTIER.

She steals away light-footed; at her touch
He wakens.

LADY.

She looks round, I thought as much!

COURTIER.

He marvels! What befalls him is a wonder.

LADY.

'Tis none to her, what she beholdeth yonder.

COURTIER.

She turns her round to him in modest fashion.

LADY.

I see she takes in hand his education.
In such a case all men alike are stupid.
He thinks himself the first, so help me Cupid!

KNIGHT.

Decry her not! What a majestic grace!

LADY.

The wanton! All her sex she doth disgrace!

PAGE.

I would to Heaven I were in his place!

KNIGHT.

In such a net who would not be enravelled?

LADY.

The gem, forsooth, through many hands hath travelled.
The gilding, too, is pretty well worn off it.

OTHER LADY.

From her tenth year of her was little profit.

KNIGHT.

Why, each man takes the gifts the gods have sent.
With these fair leavings I'd be well content.

DRYASDUST.

I see her plainly, but for all that might one—
I must confess—have doubts if she's the right one.
The present tempts us to exaggeration.
I take my stand of all things on the written.
Well then, I read, she hath in wondrous fashion
Troy's graybeards all with admiration smitten.
Now that, methinks, jumps with what here I view;
I am not young, yet I admire her too.

ASTROLOGER.

A boy no longer, now a hero bold,
Her that can scarce resist he doth enfold.
With stalwart arms he lifts her high in air,
He'll bear her off outright!

FAUST.

Rash fool, forbear!
What, hear'st not? Hold! It goes too far this time!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thyself dost make the phantom-pantomime!

ASTROLOGER.

But one word more! From what hath chanced, the play
Might well be called: *the Rape of Helena.*

FAUST.

Rape, quotha! Am I here for naught then, fellow?
And hold I not this key here in my hand,
That hither me, through horror, surge and billow
Of solitudes, hath led to a sure stand?
Here foothold is, realities. The spirit
With spirits here may strive, and by its merit
The great, the double empire may inherit.
So far she was, nearer how could she be?
I save her, doubly she belongs to me.
I'll do't. Ye Mothers, Mothers, needs must grant her!
Who once hath known her, never more may want her!

ASTROLOGER.

Faust, Faust, what dost thou? Nay he seizes her
With violence. The form begins to blur.
He turns the key towards the stripling. How!
He touches him! Woe's me! Now, even now!

[*Explosion. Faust lies on the ground. The spirits melt into mist.*

MEPHISTOPHELES

[*taking Faust on his shoulder*

Crack! There it is! One's self with fools to cumber
Doth play the deuce with all, the Devil i' the number!

[*Darkness, Tumult.*

ACT II

HIGH-VAULTED, NARROW GOTHIC CHAMBER, FORMERLY FAUST'S, UNCHANGED.

MEPHISTOPHELES

[*stepping forward from behind a curtain. As he raises it and looks back, Faust is seen reclining upon an antique bed.*

Beguiled to love-bonds hard to loose,
Thou ill-starred wight, lie here a season!
Whom Helen paralyses, use
Not lightly to regain their reason.

[*Looking about him.*

Look I about me in the glimmer,
Unchanged, unwasted all I spy.
The painted panes, methinks, are somewhat dimmer,
Methinks the cobwebs somewhat thicker lie.
The ink is dried, the paper yellow grown,
Yet all in place I still discover.
The very pen lies where 'twas thrown
When to the Devil Faust himself made over.
A drop of dried-up blood lurks still,
E'en as I coaxed it from him, in the quill.
No fancier but himself might pique
Upon a curio so unique.
On the old hook still hangs the old fur-cloak,
Reminding me of the old joke,

How yonder lad I taught of yore,
Who haply still as youth chews on my lore.
Marry I itch again, allied
Thou mantle shaggy-warm with thee,
To puff me up with professorial pride.
So fully in the right they ween to be!
Your learned man attains that level,
The art long since has failed the Devil!

[*He takes down and shakes the fur-cloak; crickets, chafers, and moths fly out.*

CHORUS OF INSECTS.

Fair welcome, old gaffer!
Our homage we pay.
We hum and we hover
And know thee straightway.
But singly in silence
The seed didst thou sow;
Now dancing in thousands
O father we go!
The rogue in the bosom
Lies hidden so well,
More lightly reveal them
The lice in the fell.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With what a glad surprise the gay young brood
I view!
Nay, only sow, you'll reap in season due.
I'll shake the ancient fell another bout—
Still here and there there comes one fluttering
out.

Up and around, sweet chicks! Fly helter-skelter
To hundred thousand nooks for shelter.
In yon old cardboard-boxes cage,
Here in this parchment, brown with age.
Into old crockery merrily flock it,
Into yon death's-head's eyeless socket.
Ever where life thus rots and moulders
Are maggots bred.

[*Slips into the fur.*

Come, clothe my shoulders,
Thou musty mantle, in thy folds once more!
To-day again, as heretofore,
I'm Principal, and yet the title
With none to bow before it, boots me little.

[*He pulls the bell, which gives out a shrill and piercing tone, that makes the halls quake and the doors fly open.*

FAMULUS, *rushing along the long dark corridor.*

What a clanging! What a quaking!
Staircase rocking, walls a-shaking!
Through the window's tinted quiver
See I sheeted lightning shiver!
Rudely loosened down are pouring
Lime and rubbish. Warps the flooring,
And the door, fast barred and bolted,
Magic power hath open jolted.
Faust's old fur—what horrid antic!
Wrapped around a form gigantic.
At his glances, at his beck,
Almost to my knees I quake.

Shall I flee or shall I stay?
What will happen! Well-a-day!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *beckoning*.

Hither, my friend! Your name is Nicodemus?

FAMULUS.

High-reverend Sir, such is my name. *Oremus!*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so!

FAMULUS.

You know me! With what joy I thrill!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know it well. In years, yet student still!
O moss-grown sir! Nay, even a learned man
Still studies on, since nothing else he can.
A goodly house of cards we build us so.
The greatest mind can ne'er complete it though.
And yet your master! He's no ignoramus!
Great Doctor Wagner—everywhere he's famous
The first now in the learned world, the sole
Who binds its scattered parts into one whole.
He, wisdom's daily multiplier,
To hearken whom all that aspire
To universal learning flock.
He shines, he, *ex cathedra*, lonely!
Like Peter, keeps the keys, and only
The Nether, as the Upper, doth unlock.
So doth he foremost glow and glimmer,
No name nor fame can stand its ground.
The very name of Faust grows dimmer,
He 'tis that hath all wisdom found!

FAMULUS.

Pardon, High-reverend Sir, your condescension
Bestow, if I most humbly mention
You're under a misapprehension.
To him as gift is modesty assigned.
Since most inexplicably vanished
Yonder great man, he never yet hath banished
All hope of his return, wherefrom he trusts to find
Solace and weal. The chamber none may enter
Since Doctor Faustus' days. Forlorn,
Untouched, it waits its lord's return.
To venture in I scarcely venture.
What planets in conjunction shine?
The old walls seem aghast with wonder,
The door-posts quaked, bolts burst asunder,
Else you yourself had not come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where hath the man bestowed him, eh?
Take me there, bring him hither, pray!

FAMULUS.

So very strict his orders were,
In sooth I know not if I dare!
O'er the Great Work for months he's brooded
In all seclusion deep-secluded.
The daintiest of men of learning
You'd swear he lived by charcoal-burning:
Begrimed from ear to nose, and blear-eyed
With blowing of the fire, unwearied
Each moment for the next he longs,
Whilst music make the clanking tongs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! against me his portals fasten?
Why, I'm the very man his luck to hasten.
[*Exit Famulus. Mephistopheles sits down with affected solemnity.*
Scarce have I set me on this throne
When there behind me stirs a guest well-known.
But now he's up-to-date. I warrant
His arrogance will be most arrant.

BACCALAUREUS, *rushing along the passage.*

Gate and door before me oping
Of themselves, give room for hoping
That no more the live man will do
As the dead man doth, in mildew
Rot and moulder, mortifying
Life, till life itself be dying.

All around wall and partition
Crumble, totter to perdition,
And unless we quickly make us
Scarce, will ruin overtake us.
Though for boldness none can match me
Going further you don't catch me.

What is this my sight engages?
Was't not here—it seems like ages
Since—I came a simple bejan,
Anxious, timid, fluttering pigeon,
Trustful to these graybeards hied me,
On their humbug edified me?

Into mouldy book-crusts prying
What they knew they taught me lying—

What they knew without believing,
Me, themselves of life bereaving.
How! Within there by the bureau
One still sits in chiaroscuro!

Nay, I see—have I my wits still?
In the old brown fur he sits still,
As I left him, piece for piece,
In the same old shaggy fleece!
Then as sapient I viewed him
When not yet I understood him,
But to-day that will not answer!
Marry, come, we'll break a lance, sir!

If, aged Sir, through Lethe's turbid river
That bald and wry-hung head not yet hath swum,
Outgrown the academic rods for ever
See with acknowledgment your pupil come.
I find you as I saw you then,
Another man I'm here again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm glad I called you by my tinkling.
E'en then I rated you full high;
The grub betimes, the chrysalis, some inkling
Give of the gaudy butterfly.
A childish pleasure when a scholar
You took in curls and fair lace-collar.
Belike you never wore a queue?
To-day close-cropped you meet my view.
You look quite *resolute*, quite valiant, but—
Pray, don't go home quite *absolute*.

BACCALAUREUS.

Old gentleman, we're in the same old chamber,
But times are changed since then, make no mistake!
Spare me your irony. Remember
We're wary now, and wide-awake.
The artless, guileless youngster did you banter;
What now-a-days none would adventure,
It cost you little skill forsooth!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When unadulterate one tells to youth
What no wise suits the callow brood—the truth—
But later, little as they love it,
On their own tingling hide they rudely prove it,
They flatter them it came from their own skull.
Then is the cry: the master was a fool!

BACCALAUREUS.

Aye, or a rogue! What master hath the grace
The truth outright to tell us to our face?
Each hath the wit to magnify, to minish,
Earnest at first, jocosely shrewd to finish,
To pious bairns.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, there's a time to learn;
You're ripe yourself to teach though, I discern.
Through many moons you have—nay, e'en a sun
Or two, experience in plenty won.

BACCALAUREUS.

Experience! froth and foam alone,
With mind not equal-born. Avow it,
The thing that ever hath been known,
It isn't worth one's while to know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *after a pause.*

I've had misgivings! Now I feel
I am indeed inane and imbecile!

BACCALAUREUS.

I'm fain to hear it! Now you're talking sense!
At last a graybeard with intelligence!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For golden treasure did I poke and proddle,
And gained but sorry coals when all was done.

BACCALAUREUS.

Confess it now, your pate, your old bald noddle
Is worth no more than yonder hollow one!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *good-humouredly.*

How rude thou art, my friend, dost scarce surmise.

BACCALAUREUS.

The man that is polite, in German, lies!

MEPHISTOPHELES,

[*rolling himself in his chair with castors ever nearer into the Proscenium, addresses the Pit.*

Here am I reft of light and air, I wonder
If I shall find asylum with ye yonder?

BACCALAUREUS.

Presumption! for a sorry respite, aught
To wish to be, already being naught.
Man's life lives in the blood, and where forsooth
Doth the blood stir and tingle as in youth?
Aye, that is living blood, with vigour rife,
From life that doth create itself new life.
All is astir there, something we attain,
What weak is falls, the strong comes on amain.
The while one half the world we've subjugated,
Pray, what have ye done? Dozed and cogitated
And dreamed and balanced, plan and plan again.
Old age forsooth is but a palsied ague,
Where chill and want and crotchets plague you.
Have thirty years passed o'er your head
Already you're as good as dead.
'Twere best to knock you on the head right early.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This puts the devil out of office fairly.

BACCALAUREUS.

There is no Devil, save I will it, I!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

He'll lay thee by the heels though, by and by!

BACCALAUREUS.

The noblest calling this for youthful wit!
The world was not, till I created it;
'Twas I that brought the sun up from the sea;
The Moon her changeful course began with me;
Upon my paths Day decked herself; her bosom
To welcome me, Earth filled with bud and blossom;

Upon my beck, in yonder primal night
The glory of all the stars unfolded bright;
Who, if not I, from all the bars unbound you
That cramping thoughts Philistian welded round you?
But I, as bids my mind, unhampered quite,
Blithely I follow mine own inner light,
And with a rapture all mine own, swift onward,
Darkness behind my back, I journey sunward.
[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Original, go thy ways in all thy glory!
This truth to thee were purgatory:
What man can think aught foolish, prudent aught,
Save what the Past already thought?
With him we're not endangered, though, assuredly;
A year or two at most and things will mend,
And though the must comport itself absurdly
Yet will there be *some* wine i' the end.
[*To the younger part of the Pit who do not applaud.*
I see my word hath left you cold,
Ye artless bairns. Yet I'll not take it evil.
Think though, the Devil is old; grow old
If ye would understand the Devil.

LABORATORY

[*in the medieval style; huge, unwieldy apparatus, for fantastical purposes.*

WAGNER, *beside the furnace.*

The dreadful bell clangs out, and echo
The sooty walls its long vibration.

The issue can no more uncertain
Remain of earnest expectation.
The darkness lifteth like a curtain.
Now in the phial's inmost chamber
There glows as 'twere a living ember;
Aye, like some carbuncle transcendent
It flashes through the gloom resplendent.
A dazzling light doth pierce the veil.
O this time, Fate, my efforts further!
Ah God! What rattles on the door there?

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fair welcome! Nay, I mean you well!

WAGNER, *anxiously.*

Fair welcome to the ruling star!

[*Softly.*

But word and breath within the mouth fast bar.
Soon is achieved a glorious undertaking.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *more softly.*

What is it, pray?

WAGNER, *more softly.*

A man is in the making.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A man? And pray what couple tender
Have ye shut up i' the chimney there?

WAGNER.

Forbid it, God! The mode wherein man used to gender
For idle folly we declare.
The tender point wherefrom life sprang of yore,
The gracious force that pressed from out its core,

And took and gave, itself to outline fated,
First nearest, foreign then assimilated,
Now of its dignity is dispossessed;
And though the beast still find therein a zest
Henceforth must man with his great gifts aspire
Unto a purer origin and higher.

[*Turning to the furnace.*

It flashes, see! Now verily hope flatters
That when from many hundred matters
We by alloy—alloy is everything—
Compound the human-matter throughly,
And in a limbec seal it truly,
And therein cohobate it duly,
The work we shall to a good issue bring.

[*Turning again to the furnace*

It speeds! The mass is clarifying,
Assurance yet more sure supplying.
What man mysterious in Nature once did hold
To test it rationally we make bold,
And what she erst constrained to organize,
That do we bid to crystallize.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He that lives long, learns much, nor can there
For him aught new befall upon this world below.
Already many a crystallizéd man there
I've lit on in my wanderings to and fro.

WAGNER,

[*who has never diverted his attention from the phial.*

It rises, flashes, grows to one,
A moment and the deed is done.
A great design at first seems mad, yet we
Henceforth at Chance will laugh, the sorry tinker!

And such a brain as thinks transcendently
Henceforth shall likewise make a thinker.
[*Looking at the phial in rapture*
The glass rings out with an entrancing might.
It clouds, it clears, my fairest hopes approving.
What dainty vision greets my sight?
A dapper manikin a-moving!
What would we more, or what the world? For here
The secret lies to light unfolded.
Unto this sound but give an ear,
It turns to voice, to speech 'tis moulded.

HOMUNCULUS, *in the phial to Wagner.*

Well, fatherkin, how goes it? 'Twas no jest!
Come, press me tenderly upon thy breast!
But not too hard, for fear the glass should shiver.
Things are so constituted ever;
The Natural the world can scarce embrace,
The Artificial needs a closed-in space.
[*To Mephistopheles.*
What, thee, thou Rogue, Sir Cousin, here I see!
At a most timely moment thank I thee.
A happy fate hath led thee to our view;
Since that I am, I must be doing too.
Straight would I truss to work. What dost thou say to't?
Thou art the man to shorten me the way to't.

WAGNER.

But one word more! This oft doth mortify me
That young and old with endless problems ply me,

As *inter alia*, how each with either
Body and soul can fit so well together,
And cling so close as would they never sever
Yet each to each make life a burden ever?
And then—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Stop there! Ask rather each with either
Why man and wife agree so ill together.
My friend, 'twill ne'er be clear, howe'er thou fidget.
Here's work to do—no better asks the midget.

HOMUNCULUS.

What is to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *pointing to a side-door.*

Here do thou prove thy talent.

WAGNER, *looking ever into the phial.*

Forsooth thou art a charming little callant!

[*The side-door opens. Faust is seen reclining on the couch.*

HOMUNCULUS, *amazed.*

Significant!

[*The phial slips from Wagner's hands, hovers above Faust and illumines him.*

Fair-encompassed! Limpid waters
In a thick grove! Women, that disarray them!
Most beautiful are they of Beauty's daughters,
Yet radiantly fair doth one outweigh them,

Of highest heroes born, nay, God-born haply.
Her foot she dips the bright pellucid pool in,
The sweet life's flame that warms her form—
how shapely!—
Within the waves' enfolding crystal cooling.
But what a rustle of pinions now swift-flashing
Ruffles the polished glass! What rushing,
splashing!
Startled the maidens flee; the queen their flight
Shares not, but stands, nor needs with fear to
wrestle,
And with a proud and womanly delight
She sees unto her knee the swan-prince nestle,
Importunately tame. Now he grows bolder,—
But suddenly a vaporous cloud
In thickly-woven gauze doth shroud
The fairest scene ere had beholder.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, what moonshine dost thou not narrate!
Small as thou art, thou art a dreamer great.
Naught see I—

HOMUNCULUS.

No! The North thy heritage is
Thy birth was in the misty ages,
The waste of priesthood and of chivalry,
And how should there thine eye be free?
Thou art at home but in the murky.
[*Looking around him*
Dingy-brown stonework, mouldered, horrid,
And Gothic-arched, ignoble, florid!
Awakes he here, new cares we've got.
Straightway he's dead upon the spot.

His dream with sylvan springs beguiled him,
And swans, and naked beauties. Here
How should he e'er have reconciled him,
Where I, that least am nice, scarce bear?
Hence with him, now!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd hear the means with pleasure!

HOMUNCULUS.

The warrior bid unto the fight,
Lead thou the maid to tread a measure,
And straightway everything is right.
To-day—it falls quite apposite—
'Tis Classical Walpurgis Night;
No fairer turn could Fortune play him,
To his own element convey him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The like I never yet have heard of!

HOMUNCULUS.

Nay marry! That how shouldst thou e'er get word of!
Romantic spectres only fall in thy purview;
A genuine spectre must be classic too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whither our way? E'en in anticipation
Are antique colleagues an abomination!

HOMUNCULUS.

Northwestward, Satan, is thy pleasure-ground,
Southeastward, though, at present are we bound.

By a great plain, through thicket and through grove
Peneus flows, in still and humid reaches;
The champaign to the mountain-gorges stretches,
And old and new Pharsalus lies above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alack! Away! Forbear of yonder squabble
'Twixt tyranny and slavery to babble!
It irks me. Scarce 'tis ended when *de novo*
With the whole farce they start again *ab ovo*,
Yet none doth mark he is but made a fool
By Asmodeus, who the strings doth pull.
They fight for freedom—so themselves they flatter—
Slaves against slaves, if you but sift the matter.

HOMUNCULUS.

Why let men be, as is their nature, froward!
Perforce must each defend him as he can,
From boyhood on—so will he grow to man.
One question only at this time is toward,
To heal this man. If any means thou see,
Make proof of them; if none, leave it to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here many a Brocken-farce might tempt a trial,
But heathen bolts are shot in stout denial.
The Greeks were never good for much. 'Tis true
With the free play of sense they dazzle you.
To jocund sins they prompt man's breast. Beshrew me
If ours will ever pass for aught but gloomy!
What next?

HOMUNCULUS.

Faith, thou'rt not one whom shyness
twitches,
And when I touch upon Thessalian witches
I think I have not spoke for naught.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *lustfully.*

Thessalian witches! They are persons, marry,
For whom for long enough I've sought.
Night after night with them to tarry
Were scarce delectable, methought;
To spy them, try them though—

HOMUNCULUS.

The knight enfold
Within thy cloak, and make an end on't!
The rag, as it was wont of old
Will one and other bear, depend on't.
I'll light your path.

WAGNER, *anxiously.*

And I, pray?

HOMUNCULUS.

Oh!
Thou'lt stay at home, most weighty work to do.
The ancient parchments thou'lt unroll, fair father,
The elements of life by precept gather,
And each to other fit with foresight. Ponder
The *what*, more to the *how* thy thoughts apply.
Whilst through a cantle of the world I wander
Belike I'll find the dot upon the I.
Thus the great goal is reached—the cap
Well-merited is this of such an earnest study

Gold, honour, fame, long-life, and healthy body
And knowledge too and virtue—by good hap!
Farewell!

WAGNER, *sadly*.

Farewell! It racks me thus to sever!
My heart misgives me 'tis farewell for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now to Peneus swift descend!
Sir Coz must not be underrated.
[*ad Spectatores*
Marry, at last we all depend
On creatures that ourselves created.

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

PHARSALIAN PLAINS.

Darkness.

ERICHTHO.

To this night's awful festival, as often now,
Erichtho, come I hither, I the sinister,
Yet not so loathsome as the pestilent poets me
Surcharging slander. . . . Verily never know they bound
In praise and censure. . . . Whitened o'er already seems
The vale — a billowy sea of tents, gray-glimmering—
The after-phantom of that careful dreadful night.
How oft it hath recurred already, will recur

Through ages everlasting. . . . Each doth grudge the sway
To other, all to him that won it forcefully,
And forcefully doth wield it. Each that hath not wit
His inner self to govern, all too fain would sway
His neighbour's purpose to his own imperious will.
Here was a great example to the issue fought,
How violence encounters greater violence,
How Freedom's gracious, thousand-blossomed wreath is torn,
The unyielding laurel bent around the ruler's brow.
Here of his early greatness' blossoming Magnus dreamed:
There, hanging o'er the tremulous balance, Cæsar watched:
It shall be measured! Verily knows the world who won.

The glowing watch-fires shoot red flames athwart the night.
The earth exhales the after-glimmer of shed blood,
And by the night's unwonted wizard-splendour lured,
Assemble all the legions of Hellenic myth.
Round all the fires waver fitfully, or sit
In comfort, bygone ages' fabulous phantasies.
The moon, with orb imperfect, yet refulgent-bright,
Arising, sheds around her softest radiance.
The tents' illusion vanishes, the fires burn blue.
But overhead, what unexpected meteor!

It lightens and enlightens a corporeal ball.
Ha, that is life I scent! It seems me not, that am
To life pernicious, living creatures to approach.
It brings me evil fame and profiteth me not.
It sinks already. Heedfully I'll step aside.
[*Moves away.*

The aeronauts above.

HOMUNCULUS.

Once again around I'll hover
O'er the flames and horrors eerie.
In the vale I naught discover
Save what spectral is and dreary.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As when through the window old I
Gazed on Northern dread and gloom,
Spectres wholly foul behold I,
Here as there I am at home.

HOMUNCULUS.

Lo, a tall gaunt figure stalking
From us there with hasty stride!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faith, as were she scared she's walking;
Through the air she saw us ride.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let her stalk. Quick as thou'rt able
Set thy knight down! I'll be sworn,
Life will, in the realm of fable
Where he seeks it, straight return.

FAUST

[*as he touches the ground.*

Where is she?

HOMUNCULUS.

I've no inkling of it,
But here methinks may'st ask with profit.
There's time ere dawn to go with speed
From flame to flame, enquiry making.
Who to the Mothers ventured, need
Recoil before no undertaking.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On my own score I too am here,
Yet all to please it will be best, 'tis clear,
That each the round of fires through
His own adventures for himself pursue.
Then once again our troop to muster,
Little one, chiming let shine out thy lustre.

HOMUNCULUS.

Thus shall it flash, thus chime sonorous.
[*The glass hums and flashes mightily.*
Now on! New marvels lie before us.

FAUST, *alone.*

Where is she?—Now no further question make. . .
Is it the glebe not, her that bare,
Is't not the wave that plashed to meet her there,
The air at least it is, her speech that spake.
Here by a marvel in the Grecian land,
Straightway I felt the soil whereon I stand.

Through me, the sleeper, what a warm life darted!
So stand I like Antaeus, dauntless-hearted,
And though the strangest here I find assembling,
This labyrinth of flames I'll search untrembling!
[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *prying around.*

And as from fire to fire I wander aimless,
I feel me wholly from my moorings drifted;
Naked are most, but here and there beshifted,
The sphinxes unabashed, the griffins shameless,
And what not all the eyeball, as it passes,
Betressed, bewinged, from front or rearward glasses.
'Tis true, we too at bottom are indecent,
But the antique's too lifelike to be pleasant.
That ought one with the newest taste to master,
With fashion's thousand whims to overplaster. .
A loathsome brood, yet since as guest I meet them
I must not grudge in seemly wise to greet them.
Hail! ye fair women! hail! ye sapient grizzles!

GRIFFINS, *snarling.*

Not grizzles! griffins! None is fain to hear
Himself called grizzled. In each word still rings
Some echo of the source wherefrom it springs.
Grey, gruesome, grim, graves, grumpy, grisly, tally
And chime together etymologically,
Yet grate upon our ear—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grif- pleases if in
The honourable title heard of Griffin.

GRIFFIN

[*as above, and so continually.*

Of course! The kinship hath been proved to hold,
Oft chidden truly, yet more oft extolled.
Grip then at maidens, crowns and gold, you'll find
To him that grips is Fortune mostly kind.

ANTS, *of the colossal species*

Of gold you speak! In heaps once did we hoard it
And secretly in cliff and cavern stored it.
The Arimaspians have nosed it out,
And borne it off, and now our grief they flout.

GRIFFINS.

Nay, never fear, we'll bring them to confession.

ARIMASPIANS.

But not on this free festal night.
'Twill be smuggled away ere morning-light.
We shall carry it through on this occasion.

MEPHISTOPHELES,

[*who has taken his seat between the Sphinxes*

I grow at home here. More by token
I understand each word they say.

SPHINX.

We breathe our spirit-tones unspoken
And ye embody them straightway.
Yet name thyself, until we know thee farther.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With many names folk think to name me. Are there
But Britons here? To travel is their rôle
For ruined walls and waterfalls and traces
Of fields of battle—classic musty places;
Here were indeed for them a worthy goal.
They would bear witness too—me did they see
I' the old stage-play as [1] *Old Iniquity*.

SPHINX.

How came they thereto?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, that puzzles me!

SPHINX.

May be! Hast any planetary lore?
What sayst thou to the aspect of the hour?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The gelded moon shines bright, and helter-skelter
Shoots star on star. I like my cosy shelter,
And in thy lion's-fur I snugly swelter.
'Twere pity I should climb aloft to lose me.
Some riddle, some charade at least propose me.

[1] English in the original.

SPHINX.

Do thou express thyself—'twere riddle enough!
Resolve thine inmost essence! Thus—art heedful?
What pious man and wicked find like needful,
One for ascetic fence, as padded jacket,
And one as mate in riot and in racket,
Both but to make Zeus merry. Canst thou crack it?

FIRST GRIFFIN, *snarling.*

He likes me not!

SECOND GRIFFIN, *snarling more fiercely*

What seeks *he* here?

BOTH.

Foul monster, this is not his sphere!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *brutally.*

Haply dost think thy guest would shrink from matching
His nails with those sharp claws of thine at scratching.
Well, try it then!

SPHINX, *gently.*

Thou hast free leave to tarry
Of thine own self thou soon wilt quit us, marry!
At home thou livest in the lap of riot,
But here meseems thou art in sore disquiet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art right appetising upwards from the bosom,
But for the beast below there, fie! 'tis gruesome!

SPHINX.

Thy coming, miscreant, thou'lt rue full sorely.
Our paws at least know no disease!
Thou with thy shrivelled pastern surely
Within our league art ill at ease.

[SIRENS *prelude overhead.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What birds are these that softly swinging
Upon the river-poplars rest?

SPHINX.

Have thou a care! Ere now their singing
Hath overcome the very best.

SIRENS.

Ah! why mar your taste completely
Here 'mid monstrous marvels roaming?
Lo! in hosts where we are coming,
And with notes that blend full sweetly!
Thus do Sirens come most meetly.

SPHINXES, *mocking them in the same rhythm.*

Bid them quit their perch where biding
'Mid the branches, they are hiding
Craftily their foul hawk's talons,
Wherewith will they, traitor-felons,
Rend ye if ye lend an ear.

SIRENS.

Hence with envy! Hence with hatred!
Brightest pleasures cull we scatt'red
Broadcast 'neath the heavens' blue sphere.
On the earth and on the water
Let such smiles as sweetest flatter
Make the welcome guest good cheer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are your precious airs new-fangled
Where tone with tone is intertangled,
The throat from out, from off the string.
They waste on me their caterwauling?
Though round my ear I feel it crawling
It reaches not the heart's deep spring.

SPHINXES.

Thine heart, forsooth! A heart dost call it?
Vain word! A shrivelled leathern wallet
To match thy face were more the thing!

FAUST, *coming forward.*

How strange! It pleasures me to see these creatures—
In the repellent great and noble features!
My heart already bodes a favouring fate.
Me whither doth this solemn sight translate?
[*Pointing to the Sphinxes.*
Before the like stood Oedipus, fate-driven;
[*Pointing to the Sirens.*
Before the like Ulysses in hempen bonds hath striven;
[*Pointing to the Ants.*
The highest treasure these of old did hoard;
[*Pointing to the Griffins.*

Which faithful and unfailing these did ward.
I feel there breathes a quickening spirit through me!
Great are the forms, great memories bring they to me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Once thou hadst banned them from thy sight, and yet
Now do they seem not ill-approvéd,
For even monsters are well-met
Where a man seeketh his belovéd.

FAUST, *to the Sphinxes.*

Ye women-forms my questioning must stay.
Hath one of ye seen Helena, I pray?

SPHINXES.

We reach not down unto her generation.
Hercules slew the latest of our nation.
Chiron might give thee information.
He gallops round upon this spectral-night;
Will he but stand for thee, thou'rt sped aright.

SIRENS.

E'en with us thou shouldst not miss it!
With us when Ulysses tarried,
Not disdainful past us hurried,
He with tales beguiled his visit.
All to thee we would discover
Wouldst thou to our meads come over,
To the green sea wouldst thou speed thee.

SPHINX.

Heed thee, noble Stranger, heed thee!
Himself to bind Ulysses bade

Do thou let our good counsel bind thee.
The lofty Chiron canst thou find thee
All shalt thou learn, e'en as I said.

[*Exit Faust.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *petulantly.*

What croaketh past with pinion-beat,
So swiftly one can scarcely see't,
Each after other still doth fleet?
The very hunters would they weary!

SPHINX.

Winter's wild blast alone is like them.
Alcides' arrows scarce could strike them.
The swift Stymphalides, and cheery
As unto friends their croaked salute,
With beak of vulture and goose's foot.
Our circle fain they'd enter into,
And thereby prove them of our kin too.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *as if intimidated.*

There hisses something else between them.

SPHINX.

For these, good sooth, thou need'st not quake.
These are the heads of the Lernaean snake,
Cleft from the trunk, yet something still they ween them.
But say, why dost thou stare and mutter?
What is it sets thee in a flutter?
Whither wouldst go? Away with thee!
Yon chorus makes, as well I see,
A wryneck of thee. Curb thee not! Away!
To many a charming face thine homage pay.

The Lamiae, rare wanton lasses,
With smiling lips and brazen faces,
Such as the Satyrs' taste most tickle.
A goat-foot there at naught need stickle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ye'll stay here though, that I may still be able
To find ye?

SPHINX.

Aye! Mix with the airy rabble!
Long hath it been our wont, from Egypt on,
That such as we a thousand years should throne.
And heed but how we lie—controller
Ordained are we of lunar day and solar.
Sitting at the doom of nations
Here before the pyramids,
War and peace and inundations
Watch we with unwinking lids.

PENEUS SURROUNDED BY WATERS AND NYMPHS.

PENEUS.

Wake, ye whispers of the sedges!
Softly breathe, ye reed-fringed edges!
Rustle, willows of the river!
Lisp, ye poplar-sprays a-quiver,
To my rudely-broken dream!
Me the sultry air doth waken,
Strange all-searching thrill hath shaken
From my sleep and cradling stream.

FAUST, *approaching the river.*

Err I not, a voice there harbours
Deep within the pleachéd arbours
Of these branches, of these bushes,
Human-sounding 'midst the rushes.
Seems the wave a tittle-tattle,
Seems the breeze a frolic prattle.

NYMPHS, *to Faust.*

The best that could hap thee
Were couched here to tarry,
And quicken the cool in
Thy members a-weary.
In rest wouldst thou lap thee
That ever doth flee.
We'll rustle and ripple
And murmur to thee.

FAUST.

I *am* awake! O still resplendent
My sense enthrall, ye forms transcendent,
Such as mine eye doth plant ye there.
Oh, what a wondrous thrill runs through me!
Come ye as dreams—as memories to me?
Such bliss was once before thy share!
Athwart the cool of softly swaying
Deep shadowy woods, come waters straying:
Not rushing, rippling scarce they glide.
A hundred fountains in one single
Pellucid shallow pool commingle,
For bathing meet, from every side.
The liquid mirror glasses double
Young lusty woman-limbs, that trouble
The eye with rapturous delight.

In fellowship then bathe they blithesome,
Fearsome they wade, swim bold and lithesome,
And end with shrieks and water-fight.
These should content me; these with pleasure
Mine eye should dwell upon at leisure,
Yet forward still my mind doth long.
Pierces my glance where yonder arbour's
Luxuriant wealth of verdure harbours
The lofty queen its shade among.

O the marvel! Swans sedately
With a motion pure and stately
Hither swim from out the bays.
In sweet consort softly sliding,
Moving head and beak and gliding
Proudly conscious of their grace.
One with stately bosom swelling,
In his pride his mates excelling,
Sails through all the throng apace.
Swells his plumage like a pillow;
Billow borne upon the billow
Glides he to the holy place.
His fellows in the glassy roomage
Cruise with unruffled radiant plumage,
Or meet in stirring splendid fray,
Whereby to lure each timid maiden
To quit her office, terror-laden
And save herself, if save she may.

NYMPHS.

Sisters, lay your ears along
This green bank the river bounding;
Hear I—if I hear not wrong—
As 'twere horses' hoofs resounding.
Fain were I to know methought
Who this night swift news hath brought.

FAUST.

Sooth it seems to me as under
Hurrying steed the earth did thunder.
Thither my glance!
O most propitious chance,
Comes it already yonder?
Incomparable wonder!
A horseman canters up apace—
Valour and wit look from his face—
Borne on a horse of dazzling whiteness.
I know him, err I not, straightway,
The famous son of Philyra!
Halt, Chiron! Halt! A word of thy politeness!

CHIRON.

What hast? What is't?

FAUST.

Bridle thy pace, and stay!

CHIRON.

I tarry not!

FAUST.

Then take me with thee, pray!

CHIRON.

Mount then! So can I question thee at leisure.
Whither away? Thou stand'st here on the shore;
I'll bear thee through the stream, if such thy pleasure.

FAUST, *mounting.*

Whither thou wilt. I'll thank thee evermore,—
The noble pedagogue, great man indeed,
That to his fame reared an heroic breed,
The Argonauts, with deathless glory gilded,
And all of old the poets' world that builded.

CHIRON.

Nay, let that be! As Mentor none,
Not Pallas' self, is to be gratulated.
They follow their own bent when all is said and done,
As had they ne'er been educated.

FAUST.

The leech that hath of plants all lore,
All roots doth know unto their core,
Health for the sick, the wounded ease did find,
I clasp in might of body and of mind.

CHIRON.

Beside me was a hero hurt,
Then aid and counsel could I tender,
But in the end did I mine art
To herbwives and to priests surrender.

FAUST.

Thou art the genuine great man
That word of praise ne'er hearken can.
He shuns applause as naught his worth were,
And bears him as his like on earth were.

CHIRON.

Thou seemest skilled with glozing matter
People and prince alike to flatter.

FAUST.

At least thou wilt not contravene
That thou the greatest of thine age hast seen,
The noblest emulated, spent thy days
As seemed a demigod, in strenuous ways.
But tell me now, I pray thee, whom thou ratest
Of all the great heroic forms, the greatest.

CHIRON.

Each in the glorious federation
Of Argonauts was great in his own fashion,
And by the power within him planted
The one might furnish what the other wanted.
The Dioscuri ever did prevail
Where youthful bloom and beauty turn the scale;
Resolve and sudden deed for others' weal
To Boreas' sons, a noble portion fell;
Reflective, stalwart, shrewd, in counsel schooled,
Well-pleasing unto women, Jason ruled;
Then Orpheus, tender, sunk in silent musing,
To touch the lute skilled beyond mortals' using;
And Lynceus, that by day and night, keen-eyed
The sacred ship through reef and shoal did guide.
Danger is meetest dared by banded brothers,
For thus, the while one acts, applaud the others.

FAUST.

Of Hercules no mention mak'st thou?

CHIRON.

Alas, my longing wherefore wak'st thou?
Phoebus I ne'er had seen, nor yet
Seen Ares, Hermes, whatsoever
They call them, when mine eyes there met

What men as god-like still deliver;
King born, indeed, if any other,
A youth most glorious to see,
In thrall unto his elder brother
And to the fairest women he.
His like will Gaia gender never,
Nor Hebe lead to Heaven again.
Vain is the minstrels' high endeavour,
The marble do they rack in vain.

FAUST.

Never, for all the marble broken,
Hath sculptor wrought him so unique.
Thou of the fairest man hast spoken—
Now of the fairest woman speak!

CHIRON.

What! . . . Woman-beauty hath no savour.
Too oft a statue cold and stiff.
Such being only wins my favour
As wells with fresh and joyous life.
Self-blessed is Beauty—cold and listless,
'Tis grace alone that makes resistless,
Like Helena, when her I bore.

FAUST.

Thou bar'st her?

CHIRON.

Aye, upon this croup.

FAUST.

Wildered enough I was before,
But here to sit—it fills my cup!

CHIRON.

Her hands within mine hair she knit
As thou dost.

FAUST.

Oh, now am I quite
Beside myself! Pray tell me how!
She is the sum of my desiring.
Her whence and whither barest thou?

CHIRON.

I'll answer fain at thy requiring.
On that occasion had the Dioscuri
From robbers' hands their little sister freed;
But these, unused to be discomfited,
Took heart, and after them they stormed in fury.
The brethren in their hurried course did then
The swamps beside Eleusis pen.
The brothers waded through, I swam and paddled over.
Then down she lighted, flattering
My streaming mane, and chattering
Sweet thanks, so winsome-wise so conscious-coy!
How charming was she! Young, the old man's joy.

FAUST.

But seven years old!

CHIRON.

The doctors of philology
Thee into error as themselves have led.
Abnormal is the heroine of mythology,

She makes her entry at the poet's need,
Is never adult, never old,
Still appetising to behold,
Is kidnapped young, still wooed beyond her prime;
Enough, the Poet is not bound by Time!

FAUST.

Her too, then, let not Time have power to bind her!
Did not Achilles, say, in Pherae find her,
Without the pale of Time? O rarest chance!
Love wrested even 'gainst Fate's ordinance!
And should not I, with mightiest yearning, charm
Back into life the incomparable form?
Eternal Being, one with gods in essence,
Though tender great, though high, of winning presence!
Thou erst, and I to-day have looked on her,
As fair as winsome, as desired as fair.
My sense, my soul, she weaveth round for ever,
I cannot brook to live, save I achieve her!

CHIRON.

Good stranger, now thou art what men call rapt—
Demented, should we spirits deem more apt.
It falls out well to thy behoving
That yearly but few moments in my roving
I visit Aesculapius' daughter,
Manto. Her hands unto her sire she reaches
Mutely, and for his honour's sake beseeches
He would at length shine out upon the leeches'

Black night, and turn them from their reckless slaughter;
Best loved to me of all the Sibyl-guild,
No grinning mummer, but humanely mild.
She will not fail, so thou but tarry duly,
With potent herbs and roots to heal thee throughly.

FAUST.

I seek not to be healed! My mind is valid.
Then were I like the rest, mean-souled and squalid.

CHIRON.

Miss not the healing of that gracious fount!
We are upon the spot. Quickly dismount!

FAUST.

Through weirdest night, the shingly waters o'er,
Say whither hast thou brought me, to what shore?

CHIRON.

Here Rome and Greece each challenged each in fight,
Olympus sideways left, Peneus right.
The greatest realm, in sand evanishing!
Triumphs the citizen and flees the king!
Look up, see looming close at hand
The eternal temple in the moonlight stand!

MANTO, *dreaming to herself.*

With horse-hoofs bounding
The holy-seat is resounding.
Demi-gods come this way.

CHIRON.

E'en so!
Ope but thine eyes, I pray!

MANTO, *awaking*.

Welcome! Thou dost not fail the tryst!

CHIRON.

E'en as thy fane doth still subsist!

MANTO.

What, all-unwearied still thou ridest?

CHIRON.

As peace-immuréd still thou bidest,
The while to circle is my glee.

MANTO.

I bide, and circles time round me.
And him?

CHIRON.

Him in its swirl hath brought
The sinister night, with mind distraught.
Helena sets his wits a-spinning,
Helena hath he hopes of winning
Yet knows not how to make beginning,
Most worthy Aesculapian cure.

MANTO.

Him love I whom the impossible doth lure.
[*Chiron is already far away.*
Enter, thou shalt be glad, audacious mortal!
Leads to Persephone the gloomy portal.

Within Olympus' hollow foot
She hears by stealth the banned salute.
Here did I smuggle Orpheus in of old.
Use thou it better! In, be bold!

[*They descend.*

ON THE UPPER PENEUS AS BEFORE.

SIRENS.

Plunge ye in Peneus' flood!
Plashing may ye swim there meetly,
Linking song to song full sweetly
For the ill-starred people's good.
Without water is no weal.
Should we now with all our legion
For the Aegean quit this region,
Every joy our bliss would seal.

[*Earthquake.*

SIRENS.

Foams the wave back to its fountains,
Flows no more down from the mountains,
Quakes the ground, the flood doth choke,
Shore and shingle bursting smoke!
Flee we, flee! Come, every one
For the portent profits none.

Hence, ye lordly guests and lightsome
To the ocean-revel brightsome,
Where the tremulous waves a-twinkle
Swelling soft the shores besprinkle,
There where Luna twofold gleameth,
On us holy dew downstreameth.

There a stirring life and cheerful,
Here an earthquake, grim and fearful!
All that wise are haste away
For this place doth strike dismay.

SEISMOS, *rumbling and grumbling down below.*

Heave again with straining muscle,
With the shoulders shove and hustle,
So our way to light we justle,
Where before us all must fly.

SPHINXES.

What a sickening thrill hereunder!
What a dire and dreadful thunder!
What a heaving, what a quaking,
Rocking to and fro and shaking,
What unbearable annoy!
Yet we budge not though the nether
Hell should all burst forth together.

Now a vaulting—O the wonder!
Is upheavéd. Aye, 'tis yonder
Ancient, gray with eld, that whilom
Delos' isle for an asylum
Unto one in travail gave,
Thrust it up from 'neath the wave.
He with striving, heaving, rending,
Arms a-strain and shoulders bending,
Heaves up, Atlas-like in gesture,
Earth with all her verdant vesture,
Sand and land and grit and gravel,
All our river's tranquil level.
Thus the valley's placid cover
Rives and rends he cross-wise over.
Like a caryatid colossal
Straining still without reposal,

He upholds a dread stone-scaffold,
Breast-deep still, yet still unbaffled.
Here though must he make cessation,
Sphinxes now have ta'en their station.

SEISMOS.

You must confess, that little matter
I did myself, of allies bare,
And did I not so batter and so clatter
Pray how were this your world so fair?
How would your mountains tower above there
In clear-resplendent ether-blue,
Had I not laboured them to shove there
For picturesque-enraptured view,
Whenas with Titans leagued defiant
Before the primal fathers of the world,
Chaos and Night, I bare me like a giant
And Pelion and Ossa hurled as a ball is hurled?
Thus did we wanton on in youthful passion,
Then weary of the sport did clap
Upon Parnassus' brow, in impious fashion
The mountains twain, in guise of double-cap.
Apollo now dwells blithely yonder,
With the blest Muses' choir. 'Twas I
For Jove himself, with all his bolts of thunder,
That heaved the regal chair on high.
So now with effort superhuman
I thrust me up from out the abyss,
And loudly to new life I summon
Glad dwellers to my Paradise.

SPHINXES.

All that here hath been upcastled
Must we needs esteem primeval,

Had we seen not how it wrestled
Forth from earth in rude upheaval.
The bosky woods up to the summit creep
And still impetuous crowds steep on steep.
What cares a Sphinx for such a bubble?
Us in our holy seat it shall not trouble!

GRIFFINS.

Gold in tinsel, gold in spangle
See I gleam through chink and angle.
Be not robbed of such a booty!
Emmets up, and do your duty!

CHORUS OF EMMETS.

As the gigantic brood
Heaved it on high there,
Twitter-feet, antic brood,
Speedily fly there!
Out and in merrily!
In each such crevice
Every crumb verily
Worthy to have is.
Tiniest particle
Must ye discover;
Search by the article
Under and over.
Be brisk and bold alone
Hosts without number!
Garner the gold alone,
Let go the lumber.

GRIFFINS.

In! In! Heap gold without a pause,
And we thereon will clap our claws!
Bolts are they that all bolts excel,
The rarest treasure is warded well.

PIGMIES.

Here we stand past all denying
Knowing not how that did fall.
Whence we came, refrain from prying,
For we are here once for all!
Lo, in every land and any
Life may joyously expand.
Where there yawns a rocky cranny,
Is the dwarf too straight at hand.
Dwarf and dwarfess, gird ye speedy,
Every pair a paragon.
Was't in Paradise already
Thus? That know I not for one.
To our star glad thanks we render
For we think us highly blest.
Mother Earth doth joy to gender
In the East as in the West.

DAKTYLS.

Hath in one night Dame Earth
The little ones brought forth,
The less she will beget too,
And each will find his mate too.

ELDEST OF THE PIGMIES.

Haste ye in seizing
Seat that is pleasing.
Busily bustle
Speed against muscle!
Peace is still with ye!
Build ye the smithy
Where may be shapen
Harness and weapon!

Emmets a-fluster,
Swarm ye and cluster
Metals to muster!
Daktyls come streaming,
Tiny but teeming,
Briskly bestir ye,
Fire-wood bear ye!
Heap in a pyre
Smouldering fire,
Charcoal prepare ye!

GENERALISSIMO.

With bow and arrow
Search every narrow!
Every mere on
Shoot me the heron,
Numberless nesting there,
Haughtily breasting there,
All in one doom.
Shoot all and slay all,
Us to array all
In helm and plume.

EMMETS AND DAKTYLS.

Who now will save us?
Iron we get to
Chains to enslave us.
Time is not yet to
Show us defiant,
Therefore be pliant!

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Murd'rous outcry, death-shrieks uttered,
Beating pinions fearful-fluttered,

What a moaning, what a cry
To our heights doth pierce the sky!
All have fallen in the slaughter,
Crimsoned with their blood the water.
Greed misshapen, foul and cruel
Robs the herons' fairest jewel.
On the helm I see it wave there
Of yon fat-paunch, crook-leg knave there.
Ye that in our train are fellows,
Linkéd farers of the billows,
Ye we call. Avenge them dearly
For the cause doth touch ye nearly.
Let none grudge or strength or blood!
Hate eternal to this brood!

[*They scatter croaking in the air.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in the plain.*

Well know I how to master Northern witches,
But with these foreign phantoms ever some hitch is.
Give me my Blocksberg for a revel-rout!
Where'er one is, one knows one's way about,
Dame *Ilsa* watches for us on her *Stone*,
And *Henry* will be glad his *Height* upon.
The *Snorers* snort, 'tis true, at *Misery*,
But in a thousand years no change we see.
Here's ticklish going. Here you never know
When bladder-like the earth beneath will blow.
I stroll light-hearted through a shallow cup
When suddenly behind my back starts up
A mountain—hardly to be called a mountain, truly,
Yet from my Sphinxes me to sunder throughly
Quite high enough. Still flicker fires yonder
Adown the vale, and flame around the wonder.

Still dance and float before me, flee and woo
With knavish jugglery the wanton crew.
After them softly! Pampered with too much plenty,
Whate'er it be, one snaps at every dainty.

LAMIAE, *drawing Mephistopheles after them.*

Swift, swifter ever,
And never weary!
Then again staying,
Prattling and playing!
It is so merry,
The old Deceiver,
Thus to decoy him.
To penance fitting
He comes unwitting.
With stiff foot hobbling,
Stumbling and wabbling.
He trails his foot—
The while we fly him—
In vain pursuit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Curst fate! That man so great a gull is!
From Adam on poor cozened cullies!
Years get we all, but wisdom who?
Wert not already fool enow?
We know they're worthless, all the spat and spawn,
With painted faces and with waists tight-drawn.
Naught wholesome to requite us have they gotten,
Grasp where you will, in every member rotten.
We know it, see it, with the hands can gripe it,
Yet dance the measure as the jades do pipe it.

LAMIAE, *halting.*

Halt! He bethinks him, falters, stands.
Counter him, that he slip not from your hands!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *striding on.*

On! In the web of doubt and cavil
Thyself not foolishly perplex,
For were not witches, who the devil
To be a devil himself would vex?

LAMIAE, *most graciously.*

Round about this hero go we!
Love for this or that will glimmer
Soon within his heart, that know we.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Seen by this uncertain shimmer
Comely wenches truly seem ye
And I would not disesteem ye.

EMPUSA, *intruding.*

Nay, nor me! As such, I pray you,
Let me join your train! What say you?

LAMIAE.

She in our circle is *de trop.*
Ever she spoils our sport, I vow!

EMPUSA, *to Mephistopheles.*

Empusa, thy fair sib, the sweeting
With Foot of Ass, doth give thee greeting.
Naught hast thou but a horse's foot,
And yet, Sir Cousin, fair salute!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I looked to meet but strangers thorough
And find near kinsfolk to my sorrow.
Nay, as an ancient book doth tell us,
'Tis: *Kinsmen all from Harz to Hellas.*

EMPUSA.

I've wit to act with swift decision,
In many a shape could meet the vision,
But in your honour for the nonce
I choose to don the ass's sconce.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These gentry, now, that's clear as water,
Count kinship for no jesting matter,
Yet you, fair Coz, I can't defer to,
The ass's head I'd fain demur to.

LAMIAE.

This foul hag heed not! She doth scare
Whatever comely seems and fair.
What fair and lovely was before,
She comes, and lo! it is no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And ye, fair cousins, though so tender,
So languishing, all doubts engender.
Behind your cheeks' alluring roses
I fear there lurk, too, metamorphoses.

LAMIAE.

Come, try thy fortune! We are many.
Dip in, and fortune hast thou any

Snap up such lot as seems most fair.
What means thy wanton ritornello?
Thou art a sorry wooer, fellow,
For all thy brag and swashing air!
Now with our concourse doth he mingle.
Now put your masks off, all and single,
Lay each in turn her nature bare!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I choose the fairest, glad and gleesome.
[*Embracing her.*
Alack-a-day, the withered besom!
[*Seizing another.*
Well, what of this one? Out, thou blot!

LAMIAE.

Deserv'st thou better? Think it not!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The little one I'll try. The wizard!
There slips she through my hand a lizard,
And serpent-like her glossy braid.
The long one, then, she's worth the clipping.
Woe's me, a thyrsus-stock I'm gripping—
A fir-cone stands in lieu of head!
How will it end? Come, there's a fat one,
Perchance I'll cool my flame with that one!
I'll try my luck just once again.
Right squabby, flabby! An Oriental
To buy the like would pawn a rental.
Woe's me, the puff-ball cracks in twain!

LAMIAE.

Scatter asunder, swoop and hover
In blackest flight, like lightning, over

This interloping witch's son!
In fitful wheels strike horror utter,
On silent pinion bat-like flutter,
He's quit too cheap when all is done.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wisdom, it seems, I'm still gone little forth in.
Absurd is't here, absurd the North in,
The spectres here as there bizarre,
The people and poets tasteless are.
A mask, as everywhere doth chance
Is here an emblematic dance.
At comely masking-trains I grasped—
I thrill to think what things I clasped.
Yet fain I'd lend me to their cheating
Did the delusion prove less fleeting.
[*Losing his way amongst the rocks.*
Where am I? Where's the outway! How!
This was a path, a horror now!
A heap of stones! Why, what-a-devil,
When I came hither the road was level!
I clamber up and down in vain,
My sphinxes how to find again?
Plague take it, this beats all outright!
What, such a mountain in one night!
Well, for a witch-ride, that's a topper!
They bring their Blocksberg on the crupper!

OREAD, *from the natural cliff.*

Up hither, up! My mount is old,
And still doth keep its primal mould.
Honour the rude cliff-stair ascending,
Last spur of Pindus, far-extending.
Already thus firm-stablishéd
I stood as Pompey o'er me fled.

That fabric of a dream will fade
At cock-crow with the nightly shade.
The like childs' fables oft I see arise
And perish in like sudden wise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Honour to thee, thou reverend head,
With lofty oak-crown chapleted!
The moonshine, most transcendent-bright,
Can pierce not to thy sombre night.
But lo, hard by a light doth glide
With modest glow the copse beside.
Well, well, how oddly things fall out!
Homunculus, beyond a doubt!
Whither away, my tiny rover?

HOMUNCULUS.

From place to place I flit and hover,
And fain would I in the best sense exist.
Impatiently I long my glass to shiver.
To risk me though I do not list
In aught I yet have seen. However
To thee a secret I'll deliver.
I'm on the track of two philosophers.
I listened. Nature! Nature! dinned mine ears.
I will not part me from them, seeing
That they, if any, must know earthly being,
And thus, no doubt, I shall possess me
At last, of whither I had best address me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Best do it at thine own expense!
For ever where phantoms gather together
Is the philosopher welcome thither,

And with his art and favour to elate you
A dozen new ones he'll create you.
Save but thou err thou'lt ne'er attain to sense.
Exist, if needs must, at thine own expense!

HOMUNCULUS.

Good counsel though a man should never scout.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then get thee gone! We'll see how it turns out.

[*They part.*

ANAXAGORAS, *to Thales.*

Thy stubborn mind will never bow it,
But this at last convinces thee, avow it!

THALES.

The wave to every wind bows fain enough,
But from the rugged cliff it holds aloof.

ANAXAGORAS.

This cliff was born of fiery vapour fumid!

THALES.

The Living first existed in the Humid!

HOMUNCULUS, *between the two.*

Suffer me by your side to go,
Myself would fain exist, you know.

ANAXAGORAS.

O Thales, such a mount at any time
Hast thou in one sole night brought forth from slime?

THALES.

Nature, and Nature's tide of life smooth-flowing
Naught recks of days' and nights' and seasons' going.
Each several form she frames, a guiding fate,
And 'tis not violence, e'en in the great.

THALES.

But here it was! Plutonic frenzied fire,
Aeolic vapours' force explosive, dire,
Broke through the level earth's primeval crust
That a new mount perforce was straight upthrust.

THALES.

Well then, what wider issue doth it boot?
It is there, well and good! In such dispute
A man with time and leisure doth but palter,
And leads withal but patient folk i' the halter.

ANAXAGORAS.

The mount bears myrmidons in bevies
To people every rocky crevice,
As pigmies, emmets, thumblings, further
Such tiny creatures, all astir there.

[*To Homunculus.*

To a great end hast ne'er aspired,
But, hermit-like, hast lived retired.
If unto lordship thou canst use thee
As crownéd king I'll have them choose thee.

HOMUNCULUS.

Approves my Thales?

THALES.

Not a tittle!
With little folk one's deeds are little,
With great the small doth great become.
Lo, where the people, panic-smitten,
The thunder-cloud of cranes doth threaten,
And o'er the king like fate would loom.
With piercing bills and rending talons
Down swoop they on the tiny felons.
The lightning flashes, boding doom.
The herons impious guilt did slaughter,
Girt in their still, peace-hallowed water;
But yonder shower of murd'rous engines
Genders a crop of bloody vengeance,
Excites the wrath of kindred blood
Against the pigmies' guilty brood.
Shield, helm and spear, what profit these?
How will the heron-crest avail them?
Daktyl and emmet swift conceal them!
The army wavers, breaks and flees.

ANAXAGORAS, *after a pause, solemnly.*

The powers subterrene erstwhile adoring,
This crisis in, I turn above imploring.
O Thou that agest not eternally,
Three-named, three-formed, enthroned supernally,
Thee in my people's woe I call on, Thee!
Diana, Luna, Hecate!
Thou bosom-lightener, profoundly pensive one!
Thou tranquil-brightener, mighty-intensive one!
Open thy shadow's awful gulf alone!
Thine ancient might without a spell make known.
[*Pause.*

Am I too quickly heard?
Hath my prayer
To yonder sphere
The constant course of nature stirred?
And greater nears, and ever greater grown
The goddess's enspheréd throne,
Unto the eye appalling, dire!
And reddens luridly its fire!
No nearer, menacing-mighty Round,
Ourselves and land and sea thou wilt confound!
'Tis true then that Thessalian sorceresses,
In impious magical excesses
Down from thy path with charms compelled thee
And to pernicious uses held thee?
The lucent shield hath veiled it darkling!
What sudden rending, flashing, sparkling!
What crackling, hissing! What a thunder,
And what a monstrous wind thereunder!
Before the throne! Down humbly thither!
Forgive! 'Tis I have called it hither!
[*Throws himself upon his face.*

THALES.

Nay, what not all this man hath seen and heard!
As to what chanced myself am hazy,
Neither hath my sensation squared
With his. Let us confess the hours are crazy,
And Luna in her place doth soar
All unconcerned as heretofore.

HOMUNCULUS.

Glance at the Pigmies' seat. I vow
The mount was round, 'tis pointed now.

I heard a most portentous rumbling,
Down from the moon the rock came tumbling,
Nor question made, but straightway shattered
Both friend and foe, as nothing mattered.
Yet must I view such arts with wonder
As straight, with power creative fraught,
At once from over and from under
This mountain in one night have wrought.

THALES.

Pray be at ease. It was but thought.
The odious brood! E'en let them go!
'Tis well thou wert not king, I trow.
On to the glad sea-feast! A wonder
Is hoped for and is honoured yonder.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *clambering up the opposite side.*

Of steep cliff-stairways must I needs avail me,
Through stubborn roots of ancient oak-trees trail me.
Upon my Harz the resinous reeks
Savour of pitch, and that enjoys my favour—
Next after sulphur. Here amongst the Greeks
Scarcely I scent a trace of such a flavour.
Yet were I curious to make enquiry
Wherewith they feed hell-flames and tortures fiery.

DRYAD.

In homespun wisdom hug thyself at home!
Thou art not shrewd enough abroad to roam.
Let not thy fancy homeward stray unruly—
The holy oak's high worth here honour duly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We think upon the thing we miss,
What we were used to still is Paradise!

But say what in the cavern there
In dim uncertain twilight threefold cowers?

DRYAD.

The Phorkyads! Approach them, if thou dare
And speak, chills horror not thy powers.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not, pray? What, *I* gaze on aught with wonder?
But needs I must confess, for all my pride
The like of that I never eyed.
'Tis more than mandrakes, what is yonder!
Will now the sins esteemed most hateful
Henceforth appear aught else but grateful,
This Threefold Horror hath one spied?
We would not suffer them set foot in
Our direst Hell, yet here they root in
The land of Beauty, land unique
That boasting styles itself antique.
They seem to scent my presence, stir and bristle,
Like very vampire-bats they squeak and whistle.

PHORKYADS.

Sisters, give me the eye to reconnoitre
So near our temple who doth dare to loiter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most honoured dames, let me without restriction
Approach and take your threefold benediction.
As yet unknown haply I seem insistent,
But sooth to say, a kinsman I, though distant.
Time-honoured gods have I beheld ere now,
To Ops and Rhea bowed my deepest bow.

The Parcae too, your sisters, Chaos-born,
Yesterday saw I or the other morn.
Upon your like though never have I glanced,
Silent I gaze, and feel myself entranced.

PHORKYADS.

He lacks not sense, this spirit, of all things!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I marvel though, that ye no poet sings!
But say, how came it, how could that befall?
Sculptured ne'er saw I ye, most reverend of all!
Ye to attain the chisel should be zealous.
Not Juno, Pallas, Venus, and their fellows.

PHORKYADS.

Sunken in solitude and stillest night
The three of us have never thought of it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How should ye either? From the world withdrawn
No one ye see, yourselves are seen of none.
Ye ought to dwell where art and splendour throne them
Upon one seat, and all as sovereign own them,
Where nimbly every day in double step
A block of marble into life doth leap
As hero, where—

PHORKYADS.

Hush! Teach us not to covet!
What better were we knowing better of it,
We, born in Night, to Night akin withal,
To ourselves almost, and quite unknown to all?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In such a case that is of import slender.
Himself to others can a man surrender.
Ye three one eye, one tooth sufficeth well.
'Twere mythologically feasible
In two, of three to concentrate the essence,
And cede me of the third the outward presence
For a brief space.

ONE.

Is't feasible in truth,
Sisters?

THE OTHERS.

We'll try, but not with eye and tooth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ye take away the best by such restricture
And render faulty the austerest picture.

ONE.

Squeeze one eye up, 'tis easy. Let one fang
At the same time thy nether-lip o'erhang,
And in the profile wearing such a semblance,
Thou'lt straight attain a sisterly resemblance.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You flatter! Be it so!

PHORKYADS.

So be it!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *as Phorkyas in profile.*

Done!
Here stand I, Chaos' well-belovéd son!

PHORKYADS.

And Chaos' true-born daughters we undoubted.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O fie! Hermaphrodite must I be flouted!

PHORKYADS.

In the new triple sisterhood what beauty!
Two eyes, two teeth! Fair sisters I salute ye!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now must I shun all eyes, forgo all revels,
And in Hell-sump strike terror to the devils!
[*Exit.*

ROCKY COVE OF THE AEGEAN SEA.

The moon abiding in the zenith.

SIRENS

[*couched round about on the cliffs, fluting and singing.*

If of yore, in dread nocturnal,
Did Thessalian hags infernal
Impiously draw down thy yellow
Orb, look softly on the mellow
Splendour of the tremulous billow
Myriad-twinkling, from the vaulted
Night where thou dost sit exalted.
Shine upon this shoal that rise
From the waves, to thee all-duteous!
Gracious be, O Luna beauteous!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS, *as sea-monsters.*

Let your songs more shrilly sounding,
O'er the wide waste sea resounding,
Summon Ocean's denizens.
We from sullen tempest-swollen
Surge to stillest deeps had stolen;
Winsome song does charm us thence.

Lo, with chains of gold, entrancéd
We our beauty have enhancéd;
And from jewelled clasp and cincture
Crowns and gems of myriad tincture
We have wrought, your treasure-trove.
Sunken wealth that ocean swallows
Ye for us unto these shallows
Charm, ye daemons of our cove.

SIRENS.

Swaying smooth in Ocean's coolness
Fishes revel in the fulness
Of a life that knows not care.
Yet ye troops that briskly move ye
Festal dight, to-day come prove ye
That ye more than fishes are.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Ere unto this spot we hied us
Thought of that hath occupied us.
Sisters, brothers, fleetly fare;
Far to-day ye need not travel
Proof to give beyond all cavil
That ye more than fishes are.

[*They swim off.*

SIRENS.

Away in a trice
To Samothrace as the sea-bird flies
With favouring breezes they fare,
But what they would seek is a query
In the realm of the lofty Kabiri.
Gods are they, such as were never;
Themselves engender they ever
And never know they what they are.

Graciously on thine height
Winsome Luna, stay thy light,
That the night not vanish,
Nor the daylight us banish.

THALES, *on the shore to Homunculus.*

Thee fain to ancient Nereus would I lead,
Nor from his cavern are we far indeed.
A stubborn temper though hath got
Yon crusty crabbéd vinegar-pot,
Nor can the whole of human-kind
Do aught to please his spleenish mind.
Yet lies the future bare unto him
Wherefore with reverence all woo him
And show him honour in his post,
And many he warned to their behoof.

HOMUNCULUS.

We'll knock and put it to the proof,
Not straightway glass and flame 'twill cost.

NEREUS.

Is't human voices that mine ear hath heard?
Straightway to wrath my deepest heart is stirred!

Creatures that would be gods by high endeavour
Yet doomed to dwell in their own likeness ever.
'Twas mine long years since like the gods to rest
Yet must I seek to benefit the best,
And looked I on the finished deed, 'twas even
As never at all my counsel had been given.

THALES.

Yet, Ancient of the Sea, in thee we trust.
The Sage art thou—us hence do thou not thrust.
Look on this flame, of human semblance truly,
Yet to thy counsel doth it yield it wholly.

NEREUS.

Counsel! was ever man by counsel bidden?
A prudent word sleeps in the stolid ear.
Though oft the deed itself hath grimly chidden
The folk are still as stubborn as they were.
Paris I warned, as might a sire his child,
A foreign woman ere his lust beguiled.
Boldly upon the Grecian shore he stood;
Him I foretold what in my mind I viewed.
The reeky air, shot through with ruddy glow,
The beams ablaze, murder and death below—
Troy's Doomday, wrought into immortal rhyme,
The terror and the theme of endless time.
Shameless! Him seemed a jest the old man's tale!
His lust he followed, and high Ilium fell,
A giant-corpse, stark from long agony
Where Pindus' eagles glutted them in glee.
Ulysses too, foretold I not to him
The wiles of Circe and the Cyclops grim,

His tarrying and his comrades' levity
And what not all? What boot of it had he?
Till much betossed, yet late enough, him bore
The billows' favour to a friendly shore.

THALES.

The wise man such behaviour needs must pain,
The good man though will try yet once again.
A dram of thanks, him mightily to pleasure,
A hundredweight of unthanks will outmeasure.
Hear but our suit! No trifling matter is't.
The lad there longeth wisely to exist.

NEREUS.

Away! My rarest humour do not mar!
Far other on this day my projects are.
The Dorids have I bidden to these waters,
The Graces of the sea, my winsome daughters.
No form Olympus, none your earth doth bear
That moves so daintily or is so fair.
From the sea-dragon with most winning motion
They leap on Neptune's coursers, in the ocean,
Their element, so daintily at home
They seem to float upon the very foam.
In Venus' iridescent shell-car gliding
Comes Galatea now, the fairest, riding,
She that herself, since Cypris from us fled,
In Paphos is as goddess honouréd,
And now in sweet divinity doth own
As heiress, temple-town and chariot-throne.

Hence! In this father's hour of gladness smiling,
Hatred ill seems the heart, the mouth reviling.
Away to Proteus! Ask that wizard-elf
How one can best exist and change oneself.

[*He moves off towards the sea.*

THALES.

We have, forsooth, small profit of that cast,
And meet we Proteus, straight he'll melt asunder;
And should he stand, he will but say at last
What strikes the mind with wilderment and wonder.
But once for all, such counsel dost thou need;
Try we our luck and on our journey speed!

[*They withdraw.*

SIRENS, *above on the cliffs.*

Afar what see we furrow
Its path the surges thorough,
As by the breeze urged forward
White sails were gliding shoreward,
Suffused with light transcendent
Like mermaidens resplendent?
Now quickly down be climbing.
Ye hear their voices chiming!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

We bear in our hands a treasure
That all shall give you pleasure.
Chelone's shell gigantic
Gleams with a group authentic.
Gods are they that we bring ye,
Now festal songs come sing ye.

SIRENS.

Small of height,
Great of might,
Helpers when shipwreck rages,
Gods honoured in primal ages.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

We bring ye the Kabiri
With a tranquil feast to cheer ye,
For where they reign auspicious
Is Neptune's sway propitious.

SIRENS.

Aye, that we'll back.
Went a ship to wrack
With might resistless you
Delivered still the crew.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Three have we brought, we could not
The fourth, for come he would not.
Himself the true one call he did,
And said the thinking for all he did.

SIRENS.

A god without a doubt
A god may flout.
All good powers revere ye,
Every mischief fear ye!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Seven are they rightly, marry.

SIRENS.

Where do the three then tarry?

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

That can my wit not compass!
Enquire within Olympus.
The eighth beeth haply there too,
Whom none hath thought of hereto!

By us as helpers greeted,
But all not yet completed.

These the Unexplainable,
Forward still are yearning,
Hunger-bitten, ever-burning
For the Unattainable.

SIRENS.

Wherever may
Be a throne, we pray,
By night and day,
For that doth pay.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

How passing high our praise hath shone
That with this feast we cheer ye!

SIRENS.

The heroes of ancient days
Now fail of their praise,
Where and howe'er it shone,
Since they the Golden Fleece have won,
Ye the Kabiri.

TUTTI.

Since they the Golden Fleece have won,
We } the Kabiri.
Ye }

[NEREIDS *and* TRITONS *glide past.*

HOMUNCULUS.

The uncouth creatures look I on,
For sorry clay pots I take them.
Now knock the wise their pates thereon,
And thick as they are they break them.

THALES.

They would not wish it otherwise.
The canker gives the coin its price.

PROTEUS, *unperceived.*

The like delights me, ancient fabler,
The stranger 'tis, the honourabler.

THALES.

Where art thou, Proteus?

PROTEUS, *ventriloquially, now near, now far.*

Here and here!

THALES.

The stale jest pass I. What, to fleer
A friend with idle words thou seekest?
From the wrong place I know thou speakest

PROTEUS, *as if from a distance.*

Farewell!

THALES, *softly to Homunculus.*

Now is he near! Shine brilliantly,
For curious as a fish is he.
Where'er he lurks disguised, be sure
Him to the light the flames will lure.

HOMUNCULUS.

Straightway a flood of light I'll scatter,
Yet modestly, lest that the glass I shatter.

PROTEUS, *in the form of a giant-tortoise.*

What is it shines so winsome-fair?

THALES, *veiling Homunculus.*

Good! If thou wilt, it shalt thou see anear;
But grudge not thou the trifling obligation
To show thee on two feet in human fashion,
For what we veil he shall but see, whoever
Is fain to see, by our good will and favour.

PROTEUS, *in noble form.*

In tricks of worldly-wisdom hast thou skill.

THALES.

To change thy form remains thy pleasure still.
[*Unveils Homunculus*

PROTEUS, *in amaze.*

A shining dwarf! The like I ne'er did see!

THALES.

Counsel he begs, and were full fain to be.
He came, I learn from his narration,
But half into the world in wondrous fashion.
He doth not want for any mental quality,
Yet far too sorely lacks materiality.
Till now the glass alone doth give him weight,
Yet were he fain to be embodied straight.

PROTEUS.

Thou art a maid's brat, verily,
That is before it ought to be.

THALES, *softly.*

And from another side the thing seems critical;
He is, methinks, hermaphroditical.

PROTEUS.

So much the better! In the germin
The sex itself will soon determine.
But here there needs not long to ponder;
Thou must commence in the wide ocean yonder.
There in a small way you begin,
The smallest are you fain to swallow,
Little by little growth you win
And form yourself for greater feats to follow.

HOMUNCULUS.

The air breathes soft, 'tis redolent
Of growth, me ravishes the scent.

PROTEUS.

Most charming lad, the truth hast hit there,
And further in 'tis more excelling sweet,
On yonder narrow sandy spit there
The atmosphere past telling sweet.
Before us there the train I spy
That even now doth draw anigh.
Thither!

THALES.

I'll bear ye fellowship.

HOMUNCULUS.

Threefold noteworthy spirit-trip!

TELCHINES OF RHODES,
[*on Hippocampi and Sea-dragons, bearing the trident of Neptune.*

CHORUS.

The trident of Neptune that quells the impassioned
Wild-turbulent billows we forged and we fashioned.

Unfurleth the storm-clouds the Lord of the Thunder
Its hideous roll answers Neptune from under,
And let the forked lightning flash down as it will
Will billow on billow spirt up to it still,
And all that between them hath wrestled confounded,
Long-tossed, is engulfed in a sea never-sounded,
And therefore he gives us the sceptre this night.
Now festally float we, unruffled and light.

SIRENS.

Helios' initiated,
Ye to bright day consecrated,
Greet we in this stirring hour
When we worship Luna's power.

TELCHINES.

Thou Goddess all-fair in the high empyrean,
Thou hearest entrancéd how riseth a pæan
In praise of thy brother. An ear dost thou lend
To Rhodus the blest where his praise hath no end.
His day's course begins he, his course hath he run,
With fiery ray-glance he looketh us on.
The mountains, the towns, to the God are delightsome,
The shore and the billows, all lovely and brightsome.
No mist hovers round us, and stealeth one in,
A beam and a breeze and the island is clean.

There sees him in myriad forms the Refulgent,
As youth and as giant, the Great, the Indulgent.
'Twas we that the might of Immortals on earth
In fashion of mortals first nobly set forth.

PROTEUS.

E'en let them sing and vaunt their folly,
For to the quick'ning sunbeams holy
Dead works are but a sorry jest.
Tireless they melt and mould, and flatter
Themselves, forsooth, 'tis some great matter
If once the thing in bronze is cast.
What have these vaunters for their wages?
The statues of the gods stood great,
An earthquake laid them desolate,
All have been melted down for ages.

All earthly work, be what it will,
A weariness of the flesh 'tis still.
The wave is unto life more gracious;
Thee to the eternal waters spacious
Will Proteus-Dolphin bear.

[*He transforms himself.*

'Tis done!

There shall the fairest fortune stead thee.
I'll take thee on my back and wed thee
Forthwith unto the Ocean. On!

THALES.

Yield to the well-advised hortation
From the first step to start creation;
For prompt activity prepare.
Thou'lt move thee by eternal norms there
Through thousand and yet thousand forms there,
And ere thou'rt man there's time to spare.

[HOMUNCULUS *mounts Proteus-Dolphin.*

PROTEUS.

In spirit seek the liquid azure.
In length and breadth thou'lt live, at pleasure
Wilt move there, but good counsel hear:
Strive not to rise, for hast ascended
To man the scale of being, ended
For good and all is thy career.

THALES.

That's as may hap. 'Tis fine, agree,
A proper man too in one's time to be.

PROTEUS, *to Thales.*

Belike it is, one of thy cast.
The like doth still a while outlast.
Thou 'midst the pallid spectral legions
Through ages hauntest still these earthly regions

SIRENS, *on the cliffs.*

What a wheel of cloudlets frameth
Round the moon so rich a ring?
Doves are they whom love enflameth,
White as light each quiv'ring wing.
Paphos 'tis that her impassioned
Brood of birds hath hither sent.
Now our feast is crowned and fashioned
Unto fullest ravishment.

NEREUS, *approaching Thales.*

Though a wanderer belated
Deem yon ring an apparition

Of the light and air created,
Have we spirits clearer vision.
Doves they are, that o'er the waters,
In a flight of wondrous sort
Learned in olden times, my daughter's
Progress in her shell escort.

THALES.

What the simple heart doth pleasure
That do I too hold for best,
Something holy still to treasure
Living in the still warm nest.

PSYLLI AND MARSI

[upon sea-oxen, sea-calves and sea-rams.

In Cyprus' rugged vaults cavernal,
Where sand the sea-god drifts not,
Whose roofing Seismos rifts not,
Breathed on by airs eternal,
We keep, as in ages olden,
In tranquil bliss enfolden,
The car of Cypris the golden,
And bring when the night-winds are breathing,
Thy daughter most fair through the seething
Of loveliest waves interwreathing,
Unseen of a race that is new.
Our task untroubled speed we,
Nor Eagle nor wingéd Lion heed we,
Cross nor Crescent Moon,
Nor on earth who may own and throne,
In changing fray and sway
Drive other forth and slay
And tilth and town in ruin lay.
Thus ages through
Bring we our loveliest lady to you.

SIRENS.

Moving light in stately leisure
Round the chariot ring on ring,
Braiding now a sinuous measure
Interwreathéd string with string,
Sturdy Nereids draw near,
Lusty maidens winsome-wild,
Tender Dorids, Galatea
Bring, her mother's very child.
Serious, God-like face and limb in,
Worthy immortality,
Yet like winsome human women
Of a charming grace is she.

DORIDS,

[*gliding past Nereus in chorus, all on dolphins.*

Light and shadow, Luna, lend us,
Brightness to our youthful bloom.
Pleading to our sire we bend us,
Showing well-loved mates we come.

[*To Nereus.*

Boys are they whom we have steaded
'Gainst the surge's cruel tooth,
And on sedge and moss soft-bedded,
Warmed to light with tender ruth,
With warm kisses close-enfolden
Who must show them now beholden.
Gracious look on their fair youth.

NEREUS.

Not light the two-fold gain I measure,
Pity to show and eke oneself to pleasure.

DORIDS.

Father, with approval eyeing,
Grudgest not our well-won zest,
Let us hold them fast, undying,
To our ever-youthful breast.

NEREUS.

I give you joy of your fair capture,
Fashion the youth to be your mate!
Not mine to grant ye endless rapture,
That on the gift of Zeus doth wait.
The wave that cradles ye and rocks ye
Letteth Love neither constant stand,
And fades the glamour of Love that mocks ye
Then set them softly on the land.

DORIDS.

To ye, sweet lads, our hearts we gave,
Yet sorrowful must we sever;
For troth eternal did we crave,
The gods vouchsafe it never.

THE YOUTHS.

Us gallant sailor-lads to lap
In like delights still spare not.
We never had so good a hap,
And for a better we care not.

[GALATEA, *glides up in her shell-chariot.*

NEREUS.

'Tis thou, then, Belovéd?

GALATEA.

O Sire, the delight!
Nay, tarry, ye dolphins, me rivets the sight.

NEREUS.

Already glide they past, already,
In a swirling sweep o'er the ocean!
Why stifleth she the innermost, heartfelt emotion?
Ah! Swept they but me with their eddy!
Yet hath a single glance delight
A year of longing to requite.

THALES.

Hail! Hail their coming!
How I rejoice me blooming,
By truth and beauty penetrated!
All things are out of water created,
All by water maintained. Thou Life-give
Ocean, vouchsafe us thine agency ever.
If thou in clouds descendedst not,
The fruitful brooks expendedst not,
The streamlets to and fro bendedst not,
In mighty rivers endedst not,
What then would the world be, what mountain
and plain?
'Tis thou that the freshest of life dost maintain.

ECHO.

[*Chorus of the whole circle.*
'Tis thou whence the freshest of life wells
amain!

NEREUS.

Far back they fare in swaying dance,
No longer counter glance with glance.
Now in linkéd orbs wide-spreading,
In festal pageant parading,
The countless host doth twist and veer,

But Galatea's shelly throne
See I ever and anon.
It shines like a star
Through the cluster.
The loved one lightens through the muster.
Though never so far,
Shimmers bright and clear
Ever true and near.

HOMUNCULUS.

This all-benignant rheum in
Whatever my light illumine
Is wondrous fair to see.

PROTEUS.

Thy light, this quickening rheum in
Outshines itself the gloom in
With glorious harmony.

NEREUS.

What mystery novel itself will disclose
To our eyes in the midst of the bevy? What glows
Round the shell and around Galatea's fair feet,
Now flares out resplendent, now lovely, now sweet,
As if by the pulses of love it were thrilled?

THALES.

Homunculus is it, by Proteus beguiled.
The symptoms are these of imperious striving,
A dolorous moan fills my heart with misgiving.
Himself will he shatter upon the bright throne:
A flame and a flash, an effusion, 'tis done!

SIRENS.

What fiery marvel transfigures the billows
That sparkling shatter them each on its fellows?
So shines it, so surges, sweeps onward in light,
The bodies they burn on their path through the night,
And all round about us in fire is embosomed.
To Eros the empire, whence all things first blossomed!
Hail the Ocean! Hail the Surge!
Girt with holy fire its verge.
Hail the Water! Hail the Fire!
Hail the chance that all admire!

TUTTI.

Hail the breeze that softly swelleth!
Hail the grot where mystery dwelleth!
All we festally adore,
Hail, ye Elements all four!

ACT III

IN FRONT OF MENELAUS' PALACE AT SPARTA.

[*Enter* HELEN, *with* CHORUS *of captive Trojan women.* PANTHALIS *leader of the Chorus.*

HELEN.

Admiréd much and much reviléd, Helena,
Leaving the shore where we but now did land, I come
Still drunken with the unrestful billow's tumultuous
Commotion, that from Phrygian lowlands hitherwards
On its high-swelling bosom, by Poseidon's grace,
And Eurus' might, hath borne us to our native bays.
Below there King Menelaus rejoices glad at heart,
He and his bravest warriors, at their homecoming.
But do you bid me welcome, O ye lofty halls,
That Tyndareus, my father, near the mountain-slope,
From Pallas' Hill returning, built to be his own,

And as with Clytemnestra blithely sporting here,
With Castor and with Pollux, sisterly I grew,
Before all Sparta's houses gloriously adorned.
I greet ye, ye twin leaves that form the brazen gates!
Athwart the ample gateway ye, wide open thrown
In hospitable welcome, once let shine on me
In bridegroom's guise Menelaus, chosen not from few.
Open again unto me that I may fulfil
Truly, as seems the wife, the king's most urgent hest.
Let me pass in, and henceforth all behind me bide
That hitherto around me fatefully hath stormed!
For since I left these places, light of heart, and sought
Constrained by sacred duty, Cytherea's shrine,
But there the robber laid hand on me, the Phrygian,
Much hath befallen, whereof mortals far and wide
Are fain to babble, but not fain to hear is he
Of whom the story, waxing, is to a fable spun.

CHORUS.

Disdain thou not, O beauteous Dame,
The rarest treasure's glorious gift!
With the greatest boon thou alone art endowed,
With Beauty's fame above all that doth tower.
The Hero's name before him resounds,
Thus proudly he treads,
Yet bends forthwith the stubbornest man
Unto all-o'erpowering Beauty his will!

HELEN.

Enough! I with my lord have journeyed hitherward,
And now unto his city am sent, his harbinger.
Yet what the purpose he within his heart enfolds
That guess I not. Come I a wife? Come I a queen?
Come I a victim for the Prince's bitter smart,
And for the Greeks' long-suffered, unprosperous destiny?
If I am conquered, if a captive, know I not.
For verily Fame and Fate the Immortals' ordinance
Ambiguous decreed me, Beauty's equivocal
Retainers, that upon this very threshold still
With sinister boding presence, here beside me stand.
For looked my lord already in the hollow ship
But rarely on me, spake no comfortable word,
But ever as brooding mischief over against me sat.
But now upsailing to Eurotas' deep-bayed beach
Hardly the foremost vessels with their brazen beaks
Had kissed the shore, when spake he, as by the God impelled:
"Here shall my warriors in due order disembark.
Them will I muster, here by Ocean's strand arrayed.
But do thou journey onward, journey upward still,
Still follow holy Eurotas' fruit-abounding banks,
Thine horses guiding o'er the humid meadow's pride,

Until what time thou lightest on the fair champaign
Where now with solemn mountains near encincturéd
Lacedaemon stands, a fruitful, spacious field of yore.
Enter forthwith the princely house, high-turreted,
And muster in my stead the maids whom there behind
I left, and with them, left the wise old stewardess.
The wealth of hoarded treasures bid her show to thee,
Such as thy sire did leave them, and as I myself
In war and peace increasing ever, have laid up.
All things in order wilt thou find, for that is still
The prince's privilege, that in his house he find
All things in trusty keeping on his homecoming,
Each in its station, as he left it going forth,
For naught to alter hath the slave authority."

CHORUS.

Come gladden with the glorious wealth,
The ever-growing, bosom and eye.
For the necklet's grace, the diadem's sheen
Repose there proud in their haughty conceit.
But enter thou and challenge them all.
They'll harness them swift.
I joy to witness Beauty that vies
With wrought gold and pearls and with jewels of price.

HELEN.

Straightway my lord upon me laid this further charge.
"When in due order all beneath thine eyes hath passed,
Take thou as many tripods as thou needful deem'st,
And store of divers vessels, such as needs at hand
The sacrificer, holy festal-ordinance
Fulfilling, cauldrons, bowls, the salver's shallow round.
Let purest water from the sacred fountain stand
In lofty ewers; further wood, well-dried, that swift
The living flame conceiveth, hold thou ready there;
And lastly see there fail not, whetted to keenest edge,
The sacrificial knife. The rest make thou thy care."
So spake he, urging my departure, yet not showed
For all his orders, aught that draweth living breath,
Which he, the Olympians honouring, had in mind to slay.
Naught good it bodeth, yet with careful bosom I
Will brood no longer. Let the high gods see to all!
All things they bring to pass as in their hearts seems good.
And be it accounted good of men, or be it ill
Of men accounted, that we mortals needs must bear.

Oft hath the sacrificer, consecrating, raised
Over the victim's earth-bowed neck the ponderous axe,
Yet could not strike the blow—the foeman's near approach
Or God's interposition hath withheld his hand.

CHORUS.

What shall happen brooding will not reveal!
Queen, tread thou boldly and be
Of good cheer.
Fair fate and foul fate come
Unexpected to mortals.
E'en foretold we credit it not.
Verily Troy burned, verily we
Death saw louring, shamefullest death;
And are we not here?
Mates to thee, serving blithely,
Seeing the Heavens' radiant sunshine,
And, what Earth hath of fairest,
Thee revering, happy we!

HELEN.

Be as it may, whate'er impend, it seemeth me
To go up straightway into the palace, long-denied,
And yearned-for heavily, and well-nigh forfeited,
That stands before mine eyes again, I know not how.
My feet so bravely bear me now no longer up
The lofty steps, that erst I overleapt a child.

CHORUS.

Cast now, O sisters, ye
Mournfully captive-made,

All your sorrow behind ye.
Share ye your Lady's bliss,
Share ye fair Helen's bliss,
Who to the hearth paternal now,
Though with tardily homeward-turned
Foot, yet with so much firmer foot
Draweth joyfully nearer.

Laud ye the Holy, the
Fortune-restoring, the
Homeward-bringing Immortals!
Soars the unfetteréd
Borne as on eagle's wings
Over the roughest places, whilst
Stretching helpless arms yearningly
Over the dungeon's battlement,
Still doth languish the captive.

But a God laid hand on her,
Her the exile,
And from Ilium's wrack
Hitherward bare her again,
To the ancient, the new-adornéd
Father-house,
After numberless
Blisses and torments,
Early childhood's days
New-refreshed to remember.

PANTHALIS, *as Leader of the Chorus.*

Forsake ye now the joy-encinctured path of song,
And turn your glances straightway to the portal's folds.
What see I, sisters? Turneth not the queen again

Deep-stirred, with step impetuous, to rejoin us here?
What is it, O great Queen, that in thy palace-halls
Hath met thee, save thy menials' greeting, what that could
Unseat thy steadfast soul. Dissemble wilt thou not,
For on thy brow displeasure deeply writ I see,
And generous indignation, battling with surprise.

HELEN,
[*who has left the folding-doors open, deeply moved.*

The daughter of Zeus ill-seemeth an ignoble fear,
And Panic's hand, light-brushing, comes her not anigh;
And yet the horror from the womb of ancient Night,
From primal Chaos rising, that yet multiform
Like glowing vapours from the mountain's fiery maw
Doth billow upwards, shaketh even the hero's breast.
And such a mark the Stygians, in appalling wise,
This day upon mine entrance in this house have set,
That from the threshold, trodden oft, long hungered-for,
Like to a guest well-sped I fain would turn and go.
Yet no! I have withdrawn me hither to the light;
Further ye shall not drive me, Powers, be what ye may!

Some cleansing rite I'll seek, that so with genial glow
The hearth, new-hallowed, greet its Lady as its Lord.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Reveal, O noble Lady, to thine handmaidens
That compass thee with homage, what hath befallen thee.

HELEN.

What I beheld with your own eyes shall ye behold,
Unless forthwith her creature ancient Night again
Hath swallowed in the monstrous womb of her abyss.
Yet will I frame the tale in words that ye may know.
As in the palace's solemn courts with reverent tread
I moved, my nearest task in mind, amazed I stood
Before the silence of the desolate corridors.
No echo of busily-hurrying footsteps fell upon
Mine ear, no swift tumultuous bustle met my gaze,
And came no maid to meet me, came no stewardess,
Such as with friendly welcome e'en the stranger greet.
But as I neared the hearth-stone's hospitable lap,
There by the fading embers' tepid relics I saw
What tall veiled form! a woman's, crouching on the ground,
Like one that brooded, no wise like to one that slept!

Unto her task I bid her with imperious words,
The stewardess surmising, whom my lord had left
Appointed by his foresight haply to that charge.
Yet deep-enshrouded sate she there and motionless.
Save that upon my menace her right arm at length
She raised, as would she wave me forth from hearth and hall.
I turn me from her wrathfully and straightway haste
Towards the steps whereon aloft the Thalamus
Rises adorned, the Treasure-Chamber hard thereby.
But from the ground the Portent suddenly rears itself,
With mien imperious steps athwart my path, reveals
Its haggard stature, hollow, bloody-clouded gaze—
A form prodigious, such as eye and heart confounds.
Yet speak I to the winds, for speech all fruitlessly
Doth strive, with might creative, form to body forth.
Lo! where herself she comes! She braves the light of day!
Here are we masters till the Lord and King doth come.
The grisly births of Night will Beauty's votary
Phoebus, to caverns banish, or their malice quell.

[PHORKYAS *steps forth upon the threshold between the door-posts.*

CHORUS.

Much have I passed through, e'en though my tresses
Youthfully cluster over my temples,
Manifold sights of horror have witnessed,
War's desolation, Ilium's night
Whilst it fell.

Thorough the thronging warriors' tumult,
Shrouded in dust-clouds, heard I the awful
Cry of Immortals, heard I the brazen
Clamour of Discord, ring through the field
Rampartwards.

Oh! still standing were Ilium's
Bulwarks, but the devouring fire
Ran from neighbour to neighbour now,
Spreading hither and thitherwards,
With the blast itself begot,
Over the city benighted.

Fleeting saw I through reek and glow,
And the flickering tongues of flame,
Grimly furious, Gods approach,
Phantoms stalking portentously,
Giant-great, through murky rack
Lighted with lurid refulgence.

Saw I, or did Fantasy
In my fear-encincturéd soul
Such a bewildering scene depict?
Never can I tell, but that
Here with mine eyes this grisly sight
Surely I see, that know I;

Could with mine hands lay hold of it
Held me terror not far aloof
From the perilous portent.

Which of the daughters
Art thou of Phorkys?
For thee I liken to
That generation.
Comest thou haply of the gray-born
Graiae one that alternately
One sole eye and one sole tooth
Share in common between them?

Dar'st thou foul Beldam
Here before Beauty
Challenge the critical
Vision of Phoebus?
Only come forward, then, come forward,
For the Hideous sees he not,
E'en as yet his most holy eye
Never hath gazed on the shadow.

Yet us mortals, alas! compels
Still our piteous evil-star
To the ineffable pain of eye
Which the Abhorrent, the Ever-accurséd on
Beauty's votaries still inflicts.

Nay then, hear thou, if insolent
Thou dost counter us, hear the curse,
Hear the menace of every gibe,
Out of the ill-wishing lips of the fortunate
Who are fashioned and framed of Gods!

PHORKYAS.

Old is the saw, yet bideth high and true its sense,

That Shame and Beauty never together, hand in hand,
Pursue their journey o'er the verdurous path of earth.
In both alike deep-rooted dwells primeval hate,
So that wherever each with each upon the way
Encounters, either on other straightway turns her back;
Then on her way each hastens more impetuously,
Shame sad, but Beauty insolently bold, until
The hollow night of Orcus clasps her round at length,
Unless ere that it fall that Age hath vailed her pride.
Ye now, ye saucy wantons from strange lands, I find
With insolence outpouréd, like unto the cranes'
Loud-strident clangorous congress, that above our heads
Flies croaking in a long-drawn cloud, and downward sends
Its clamour, that doth woo the silent wayfarer
To cast an upward glance, yet they wing on their way
And he wends his; us also will it thus befall.
Who then are ye, that ye the king's high palace round,
Like frantic Maenads, drunken revellers, dare to rave?
Who then are ye, that ye the house's stewardess
Should bay, like as a pack of hounds doth bay the moon?
Think ye 'tis hidden from me of what breed ye be?
Ye war-begotten, battle-nurtured, saucy brood!

Man-lusting, both seducers and seduced in one,
That slack the burgher's sinews and the warrior's both!
To see ye cluster thus, methinks a locust-swarm
Down-swooping, thickening o'er the fields' green promises.
Wasters of others' husbandry, marauding host,
That blight and devastate prosperity in the bud;
Ye conquered, market-chaffered, bartered baggage ye!

HELEN.

He that before the mistress chides the maids, he lays
A hand presumptuous on the house-wife's privilege,
For her alone it seems the praiseworthy to praise,
And her alone to punish what doth ask reproof.
And well-contented am I with the services
They showed me, whilst the towered strength of Ilium
Beleaguered stood, and fell, and lay; nor less the while
Our devious journey's burdensome vicissitudes
We bare, where each is wont his own best friend to be.
Here too I hope the like from their lighthearted throng.
Not what the slave is asks the lord, but how he serves.
Wherefore hold thou thy peace, nor longer snarl on them.
If in the housewife's stead the king's house thou hast kept

Till now a trusty warden, that shall serve thy fame.
But now herself returneth. Back into thy rank,
Lest punishment replace the merited reward.

PHORKYAS.

The menials to threaten is a sovereign right
The which the heaven-blest Ruler's lofty consort, by
Long years of prudent conduct, well deserves to wield.
Since thou new-recognizéd, dost thine ancient place
Of Queen and Housewife duly occupy again,
Grasp thou the reins long-slackened, govern now, and take
Possession of the treasure, and of us thereto.
But first protect thou me that am the senior
Against this troop that showeth by thy beauty's swan,
But as a flock of sorry-winged, vain-chattering geese.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

How hideous, side by side with Beauty, is Hideousness!

PHORKYAS.

How foolish, side by side with Wisdom, Foolishness!

[*From here on, the Choretids retort stepping forth one by one out of the Chorus.*

CHORETID I.

Of Father Erebus tell me, tell me of Mother Night!

PHORKYAS.

Speak thou of Scylla, cousin-german to thyself!

CHORETID II.

On thine ancestral tree climbs many a monster aloft!

PHORKYAS.

Get hence to Orcus, seek thou there thy kith and kin!

CHORETID III.

They that dwell yonder all are far too young for thee!

PHORKYAS.

The old Tiresias unto thy leman woo!

CHORETID IV.

Orion's nurse to thee was great-great-grand-daughter!

PHORKYAS.

Harpies, I ween, in nameless filth thy childhood reared!

CHORETID V.

Whereon such highly-fostered leanness dost thou feed?

PHORKYAS.

Not upon blood, which thou too hotly lustest for.

CHORETID VI.

For corpses hungerest thou, thyself a loathsome corpse.

PHORKYAS.

The fangs of vampires in thy shameless muzzle gleam.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Thine shall I stop if I but tell thee who thou art.

PHORKYAS.

Then first name thou thyself! So is the riddle solved.

HELEN.

Not wrathful, nay, but sorrowful step I in between,
To set my ban upon your turbulent debate.
For than his trusty servants' secret-festering strife
Can naught more mischievous befall the sovereign lord.
The echo of his mandates then to him no more
In swift-accomplished deed harmonious returns.
Nay, brawling wilfully around him raves the storm,
Whilst he, himself bewildered, chides to no avail.
Nor this alone: ye have in this your shameless wrath
Conjured up spectres of unholy fantasies,
That throng about me, till I feel me torn away
To Orcus, in despite of these my native fields.

Is't haply Memory? Is't some Frenzy seizes me?
Was all that I? Am I the dream-spun, fear-fraught wraith
Of yonder sackers of cities? Shall I still be that?
The maidens shudder, but the eldest, thou, the while
Dost stand unmovéd. Speak to me a prudent word!

PHORKYAS.

Who lengthy years of fortune manifold recalls,
Him seems at length the highest favour of Gods a dream.
But highly-favoured past all measure thou and bound,
In Life's procession sawest none but love-inflamed,
Swift-kindled to all manner of valorous emprise.
Thee Theseus first, by longing goaded, reft betimes,
As Herakles strong, in fashion gloriously fair.

HELEN.

And led me forth, a ten-year old and slender roe,
And me Aphidnus' keep in Attica immewed.

PHORKYAS.

But then by Castor freed and Pollux speedily
Thou stoodest wooed for by a chosen hero-throng.

HELEN.

Yet silent favour won, as willingly I own,
'Fore all Patroclus, he, Pelides' counterpart.

PHORKYAS.

But thy sire's will to Menelaus plighted thee,
The bold sea-ranger, careful husbander to boot.

HELEN.

His daughter gave he, gave the kingdom's sway to him,
And from connubial union sprang Hermione.

PHORKYAS.

But whilst he boldly wrested Creta's heritage
Afar, too fair a guest shone on thy loneliness.

HELEN.

Why dost thou touch on yonder well-nigh widowhood,
And what perdition direful grew for me therefrom?

PHORKYAS.

For me yon foray, me too, free-born Cretan maid,
Captivity it fashioned, lasting slavery.

HELEN.

Hither straightway as stewardess he 'pointed thee,
And much entrusted, Keep and boldly-gotten gear.

PHORKYAS.

Which thou forsookest, Ilium's tower-engirdled town
And ever-teeming love-joys turning thee towards.

HELEN.

Speak not of joyance! Over head and breast was poured
Infinitude of all too bitter sufferance.

PHORKYAS.

Yet thou a twofold phantom didst appear, men say,
In Ilium beheld, beheld in Egypt too.

HELEN.

Wilder not quite the frenzy of a mind distraught!
Myself now what in truth I am, that know I not.

PHORKYAS.

Then do they say, from forth the hollow Realm of Shades
Aflame with longing, Achilles mated him with thee,
That erst had loved thee 'gainst all ordinance of Fate.

HELEN.

Eidolon I, to him eidolon plighted me!
It was a dream! Nay, say not so the words themselves.
I fade away, eidolon to myself I grow.
[*Swoons into the arms of the Semi-chorus.*

CHORUS.

Hush thee, hush thee!
Ill-glowering, ill-uttering thou!
From such horror-beset, single-toothed

Lips, from such a loathsome
Gulf of horrors what can exhale?

For despite-cherishing, well-wishing in semblance,
Wolvish hate under sheep's innocent fleece
Is unto me frightfuller far than yon
Three-headed monster's muzzle.
Fearful-listening stand we here—
When? how? where will it burst forth?
Malice-brooding,
Deep-enambushing monstrous beast?

Come, it needs kindliest words, comfort-laden,
Lethe-lavishing, sweet-solacing words.
Thou in their stead rousest of all the past
Rather than good, most evil,
And dost darken at a blow
Both the fleeting moment's gleam,
And the future's
Mild-enlumining ray of hope.

Hush thee! Hush thee!
That the soul of our Lady,
Ready to flee even now,
Still may tenant, fast tenant
Still the Form, fairest of all forms
Whereon the sunlight ever hath shone.

[*Helen has revived and stands again in their midst.*

PHORKYAS.

Glide from forth the fleeting cloud-rack, thou high sun of this our day!
Thou that even veiled didst ravish, dazzling now in glory reign'st!

How the world to thee unfoldeth seeth thine
own gracious glance.
What though hideous they berate me, well the
Beautiful I know.

HELEN.

From the Void I issue swaying, giddily that
girt me round,
Yet again were fain to rest me, for so weary is
my frame.
Yet it seemeth them that queens be, all men it
beseemeth well
Dauntlessly to nerve and brace them whatsoe'er
unlooked-for threat.

PHORKYAS.

Now before us in thy greatness, in thy beauty
dost thou stand.
Tells thy glance that thou commandest; that
thou dost command, declare!

HELEN.

For your discord's shameless loit'ring be ye
ready to atone.
Haste an offering to make ready, as my lord the
king enjoined.

PHORKYAS.

All is ready in the palace, laver, tripod, whetted
axe,
Lustral water, spice for burning, show what
shall be offered thou.

HELEN.

Thereof gave the king no token.

PHORKYAS.

Spake it not? O word of woe!

HELEN

Speak, what woe doth overwhelm thee?

PHORKYAS.

Sovereign Lady, *thou* art meant!

HELEN.

I?

PHORKYAS.

And these too.

CHORUS.

Lamentation!

PHORKYAS.

By the axe thou'rt doomed to fall.

HELEN.

Fearful, but presaged. Me wretched!

PHORKYAS.

Doomed thou art beyond reprieve!

CHORUS.

Woe! and us, what will befall us?

PHORKYAS.

She will die a noble death,
But within, hung from the rafter that upbears the gabled roof,
Like the thrushes ta'en in fowling, ye shall wintle all arow.

HELEN AND CHORUS

[*stand amazed and aghast, in a significant and carefully planned group.*

PHORKYAS.

Ye Spectres!—Petrified like statues there ye stand,
Aghast to leave the daylight, that not 'longs to you.
And men too, that like ye are spectres, one and all,
Forgo the stately sunshine but against their will;
Yet pleading none or aiding from that end can save;
All do they know it, yet in sooth it pleases few.
Enough, your doom is spoken! Wherefore quick to work!

[*Claps her hands, whereupon there appear at the gate dwarfish forms muffled up in cloaks, who at once execute alertly the commands as they are uttered.*

Hither, ye gloomy, globular monstrosities!
Trundle yourselves along! Here ye may glut your hearts
With mischief. Room for the hand-altar, the golden-horned!
Let the axe gleaming lie athwart the silver rim!
The ewers with water plenish! Needs must lave away
The hideous soilure of the black corrupted blood.
The carpet sumptuously spread out here in the dust

That so the victim royally on the ground may kneel,
And thus enshrouded, straight—albeit with severed head—
In decent dignity at least find sepulture.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

In pensive self-communing stands the Queen aloof,
The maidens wither like mown meadow-grass, but me
The eldest, pious duty moves with thee to speak,
Thee, gray with oldest eld. Thou hast ripe use of life,
Art wise, and meanest well with us, I think, although
This troop, misjudging, witless, crossed thee. Wherefore say
If haply aught thou knowest of deliverance.

PHORKYAS.

Soon said! It resteth with the Queen alone to save
Herself, with ye as make-weights into the scale-pan thrown.
It asks determination, and of the promptest too.

CHORUS.

Thou most reverend of the Parcae, wisest of the Sibyls thou,
Hold the golden shears asunder, speak salvation thou and life,
For our dainty limbs already feel we swinging, swaying, writhing,

Most unjoyously, that liefer in the dance would first rejoice them.
Rest them then on true-love's breast.

HELEN.

Let these be fearful! Grief it is I feel, not fear!
Yet know'st thou rescue, gratefully I welcome it,
For to the shrewd, far-seeing, of a truth full oft
Impossible yet seems possible. Speak, and say thy say!

CHORUS.

Speak and tell us, tell us quickly, how shall we escape the ghastly
Grisly nooses that with menace, as the shamefullest of necklets,
Round about our necks entwine them! Wretched us! such foretaste have we,
That we stifle, gasp our life out, if thou Rhea have not mercy,
Thou high Mother of all the Gods.

PHORKYAS.

But have ye patience silently the long-drawn thread
Of my discourse to hearken? 'Tis a motley tale.

CHORUS.

Patience enough! For list'ning, still we live the while.

PHORKYAS.

Whoso at home abiding lordly treasure keeps,
And hath the wit to bind with tough cement the walls

Of his high dwelling, and against the fretting rain
His roof to assure, will prosper through his life's long days;
But he with fleeting soles that lightly oversteps
His holy threshold's straight-drawn limit, impiously,
He finds returning haply the old place again,
Yet changéd all things, if not wholly desolate.

HELEN.

How are the like trite maxims here to our behoof?
Tell thou thy story, touch not on distressful things.

PHORKYAS.

'Tis matter of history, 'tis in no wise a reproach.
Freebooting, Menelaus cruised from bight to bight;
Sea-board and islands all he coasted hostilely,
With plunder homeward turning, such as teems within.
He before Ilium wasted ten long years away,
But on his homeward journey, wot I not how much.
Yet here how stands it in the place round Tyndareus'
Exalted house? How stands it in the realm around?

HELEN.

In thee is railing then so utterly engrained
That thou thy lips canst stir not, but it be to gibe?

PHORKYAS.

So many years forsaken stood the mountain-vale
That back from Sparta northwards slopes unto the sky,
Flanked by Taÿgetus, where, as yet a sprightly brook,
Eurotas downward rolls, and later through our vale
Broad-flowing, fringed with rushes, nurtureth your swans.
A daring breed behind there in the mountain-vale
Hath lodged in silence, pressing from Cimmerian night,
And piled aloft a fastness, strong unscaleably,
Whence land and people now they harry as they will.

HELEN.

That could they compass? Quite impossible it seems!

PHORKYAS.

Time had they, marry! Haply twenty years or so.

HELEN.

Is there one lord? Or robbers many, joined in league?

PHORKYAS.

Robbers they are not, but amongst them one is lord.
I'll not revile him, though he oft hath harassed me.
All could he take, and yet contents himself with few
Benevolences; for thus, not tribute, called he it.

HELEN.

How looks he?

PHORKYAS.

Not amiss! He likes me well enough.
He is a cheerful, unabashed, well-favoured man;
As few among the Greeks are, a discerning man.
Barbarians we brand them, yet meseems that none
So savage were, as in the leaguer of Ilium
Full many a hero cannibally-raging proved.
I prize his greatness, unto him I'd trust myself.
And then his castle! That you should yourself behold!
'Tis something other than your lumpish masonry
Such as your fathers higgledy-piggledy piled aloft,
Like Cyclops Cyclopean, tumbling unhewn stones
On unhewn stones at random. There o' the other hand,
There is all plumb and level, built with lead and line.
Look at it from without! It soars aloft to Heaven,
So stubborn, firm-compacted, smooth as polished steel.
To climb is here no—Nay, the very thought slips off!
Within are roomy courtyards' ample spaces, girt
With buildings on all sides, of every sort and scope.
There you'll see arches, archlets, columns, columels,
Balconies, galleries, for looking out and in,
And scutcheons—

CHORUS.

What are scutcheons?

PHORKYAS.

Why, upon his shield—
Yourselves have seen it—Ajax bare a wreathéd snake.
Yon Seven leagued 'gainst Thebes each on his buckler bare
Embossed devices, pregnant with significance;
There moon and stars were seen in the midnight firmament,
Or goddess, hero and ladder, swords and torches too,
And all that grimly menaces goodly towns with bale.
Such ensigns from their most remote progenitors
In tinctured splendour likewise bears our hero-troop.
There ye'll see lions, eagles, beak and talons too,
Then horns of buffalo, wings, roses, peacock's tail,
And likewise bars—or, sable, argent, azure, gules.
In halls the like hang, tier on tier, in long array,
In halls illimitable, wide as is the world.
There ye can dance!

CHORUS.

Say, are there partners for the dance?

PHORKYAS.

The best! with golden lovelocks, troops of blooming boys,
Fragrant with youth. So fragrant only Paris was
When he approached the Queen too nearly.

HELEN.

Thou dost lapse
Utterly from thy part. Speak the last word to me!

PHORKYAS.

Speak thou the last. Say solemnly and clearly —Yes.
Straightway I'll fence thee round with yonder castle.

CHORUS.

Oh!
Speak the brief word, and save thyself and us at once!

HELEN.

What, must I fear lest King Menelaus so ruthlessly
Misbear him as to hurt me?

PHORKYAS.

Hast forgotten then
In what unheard-of fashion thy Deiphobus,
The battle-slaughtered Paris' brother, he did mar—
Him that on thee, the widow, stubbornly laid hands,
And held thee to his leman? Nose and ears he cropped
And further maimed him likewise. Ghastly 'twas to see.

HELEN.

That did he to him, that for love of me he did.

PHORKYAS.

Aye, and for hate of him he'll do the like to thee.
There is no sharing Beauty. Who hath owned her whole
Destroys her rather, cursing all part-ownership.
[*Trumpets afar. The Chorus start in terror.*
How piercingly the shattering trumpet rending grips
The ear and entrails! So her talons Jealousy
In the man's bosom grapples fast, who ne'er forgets
What once he owned, and now hath lost, nor longer owns.

CHORUS.

Hear'st thou not the horns re-echo, seest thou not the flash of arms?

PHORKYAS.

Welcome, Lord and King, I'll answer gladly for my stewardship!

CHORUS.

Aye, but we?

PHORKYAS.

Ye know it plainly, see her death before your eyes,
And discern your own within there. Nay, to help you is no way.
[*Pause.*

HELEN.

I have bethought me what I may adventure first.
A Cacodaemon art thou, that I well perceive,
And fear that unto Evil thou the Good wilt turn.
Yet to the Castle first of all I'll follow thee.
The rest I know. What further thought the Queen may choose
Mysteriously to bury deep within her breast
Be unexplored of any! Beldam, lead the way!

CHORUS.

Oh how fain thither we go,
Footing it swiftly,
Death in our rear,
Fronting us again
Towering stronghold's
Inaccessible ramparts.
Shield they but even as well,
Even as Ilium's walls,
Which, when fall they did,
Naught but treacherous craft o'erthrew.
[*Mists spread abroad veiling the background and the foreground too, at pleasure.*
What pray is this?
Sisters, look around!
Shone there not cheerfullest day?
Wreaths of mist-rack waver aloft
From Eurotas' sacred flood!
Faded is the beauteous
Sedge-encincturéd shore from sight,
And the free dainty-proud
Swans, that gliding on softly
Joy to swim in consort,
See I, ah! no more!

Still though, aye still,
Them I hear afar
Hoarsely chant fearfullest lay,
Death foretelling, the legend saith—
Ah! if not for us likewise
Spite of pledged deliverance,
It foretell perdition at last,
E'en for us, swan-like, long-
Fair white-necked, and alas! for
Her, our swan-begotten.
Woe is us! ah woe!

Now already with mist
All is shrouded about.
Nay, but we see each other not!
What betides? Do we walk?
Hover we but
Lightsomely tripping along the ground?
Seest thou naught? Floateth haply e'en
Hermes before? Gleams not the golden wand,
Bidding, commanding us backward again,
To the undelectable, gray-glimmering,
With intangible phantoms crowded,
Over-crowded, ever-empty Hades?

Aye, it darkens of a sudden, lifts the mist but not to sunlight,
Gray as night is, brown as walls are; walls indeed the gaze encounter,
Stubborn walls the gaze far-roaming; is't a court, a pit deep-sunken?
Be it what it may, 'tis fearful! Sisters, ah! we are imprisoned,
So imprisoned ne'er we were!

INNER COURTYARD OF A CASTLE,

[*surrounded with rich, fantastical mediæval buildings.*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

O'errash and foolish! Very type of woman-kind—
The passing moment's puppet, sport of every breath
Of good and evil fortune, still unschooled to bear
With even spirit either! Verily ever one
Gainsays another ungently, crosswise her the rest,
And but in joy and sorrow do ye howl and laugh
Upon one note! Peace now, and hearken what the Queen
High-mindedly determines for herself and us.

HELEN.

Where art thou, Pythoness, or call thee how thou wilt?
Forth from this gloomy castle's vaulted chambers come!
Wentest thou haply to the wondrous hero-lord
Me to announce, a welcome meet preparing me,
Have thanks therefor, and lead me quickly in to him!
Surcease of wandering wish I, rest alone I wish.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

In vain, O Queen, thou gazest round thee on all sides.
The hideous form hath vanished, tarrieth belike

There in the mist, from out whose bosom hither we—
I know not how, yet swiftly, treading not—are come;
Or haply strays bewildered in the labyrinth
Of this strange castle—one yet many—of its lord
Bespeaking stately greeting, such as seems a queen.
Yet see! already above there, in a motley crowd,
In galleries, at the window, in the gateways, stir—
Swift bustling hither and thitherwards—many menials
Announcing signal welcome to an honoured guest.

CHORUS.

My heart is grown light! Oh, hitherward gaze!
How so decently down with deliberate tread,
Young-winsomest troop decorously moves
In a well-ordered train! How, upon whose behest
Can appear, all arrayed and all marshalled so soon
The beauteous bevy of young damoiseaux?
What admire I the most? Is't the delicate gait,
Or the head's crisp curls round the radiant brow,
Or the pair of cheeks that are peachy in hue,
And clad like the peach with a velvety down?
Fain were I to bite, but I start back in fear,
For in similar case was the mouth only filled—
Oh horrible story! with ashes.
Lo, where the fairest
Now hitherward come!

What is it they bear?
Steps for a throne,
Carpet and seat,
Curtain and eke
Canopy fair.
O'er and o'er it billows,
Looping into cloud-wreaths
Round the head of our Queen;
For she, invited,
Now hath climbed the glorious throne.
Range yourselves near,
Step after step in
Stately array.
Worthy, O worthy, threefold worthy!
Such a welcome be signally blest!

[*All that the Chorus describes is performed point by point.*

[FAUST, *after the pages and esquires have descended in a long train, appears above in the staircase in mediæval knightly court-costume, and descends with stately dignity.*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS, *considering him attentively.*

Unless the Gods to this man, as they ofttimes do,
For a brief season only admirable form
And lofty dignity and winning presence lent
In transitory fashion, must he ever speed
In all he setteth hand to, be it in battle of men,
Or if the lesser warfare he should deign to wage
With fairest women. Verily many he doth excel
Whom nathless I with mine own eyes saw highly prized.

Slowly, with sober, reverently composéd tread
I see the Prince approach. Deign thou to turn,
O Queen!

FAUST *advancing, a man in fetters by his side.*

In lieu of solemn greeting, as behoved,
In lieu of reverent welcome, bring I thee
In fetters shackled fast, the servant who
To duty faithless, me of my duty reft.
Before this highest Lady kneel thee down
And make confession of thy grievous fault.
Exalted Lady, here thou hast the man
With rarest eyebeam, from the lofty tower
To gaze around appointed, Heaven's abyss
And Earth's expanse keenly to overeye,
What haply here and there declare itself,
Stir from the cincturing hills into the vale
Towards the Castle, be it billowy herds,
Or haply a marching army; them we shield,
Encounter this. To-day, what negligence!
Thou comest hither, he proclaims it not.
The honourable welcome is let slip
Most due to such high guest. His life hath he
Shamefully forfeited, and in the blood
Of well-earned death would lie, but thou alone
Dost punish, thou dost pardon, as thou wilt.

HELEN.

Such high distinction as thou dost bestow
Of Justicer, of Sovereign, and were it
But proving me, as well I may surmise,—
E'en will I, as the judge doth first behove,
To the impeached give hearing. Therefore speak!

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER OF THE TOWER.

Let me kneel and see her! Summon
Death, or bid me live! What heed I!
So devoted I already
Am to this God-given woman!

Waited I for Morn's glad passion,
Watched the East where still she glows,
Suddenly in wondrous fashion
In the South the Sun arose!

Drew my gaze to yonder region,
Not to roam through earth and sky,
Not o'er hills and valleys legion—
Her, the Only One to spy!

Lynx in lofty tree-top shaken
Match I with mine eye's keen beam,
Yet must strive as would I waken
From a deep and dismal dream.

How could I such mystery banish?
Wall and tower and gate were gone.
Mist-wreaths surge and mist-wreaths vanish—
Such a Goddess on me shone!

Eye and breast I turned unto her,
Drank the light that softly shined;
She who dazzles all that view her,
Me, poor wretch! did wholly blind.

I forgot the Warder's duty,
Utterly the horn, my trust.
Threaten to destroy me! Beauty
Humbles anger in the dust.

HELEN.

The evil that I brought with me I may not
Chastise. Woe's me! What unrelenting fate
Pursues me, everywhere the hearts of men
So to infatuate, that they nor spare
Themselves, nor aught of honoured else? Now ravishing,
Seducing, fighting, bearing to and fro,
Demigods, Heroes, Gods, nay, Demons too,
They led me wandering hither and thitherwards.
Single, embroiled the world, and doubled, more,
Now threefold, fourfold, woe on woe I bring!
Remove this blameless man, bid him go free!
Upon the God-beguiled no shame alight!

FAUST.

Amazed, O queen, I see with one same glance
Her that unerring smites, him smitten here!
I see the bow that sped the wingéd shaft,
Him wounded I behold, and smiting me
Shaft follows shaft. Through castle and through court
I feel them hurtle cross-wise everywhere
Upon their feathered flight. What am I now?
Thou makest at a stroke my trustiest
To rebels, and my walls unsafe. Already
The conquering-unconquered Dame, I fear,
Mine host obeys! What else remains than that
Myself, and all in fancy only mine,
I yield unto thee? Let me at thy feet
Leally and freely own thee queen, that straightway
Appearing, ownership and throne didst win.

LYNCEUS

[with a coffer, and men bearing others after him.

O Queen, again I meet thy view.
The rich man for a glance doth sue.
He feels, if him thy glance bewitch,
Beggarly poor, yet princely rich.

What was I erst? What am I now?
What would I wish, or bear me how?
What boots my gaze for keenest known?
It but rebounds against thy throne.

We wandered from the Rising Sun,
And straightway was the West undone!
A mass of people broad and long,
The first knew not the last i' the throng.

The first did fall, the next did stand,
The lance o' the third was near at hand,
Each reinforced a hundredfold,
And thousands slain, unmarked, untold.

We thronged apace, we stormed apace,
Masters were we from place to place.
Where I to-day did lord it sole,
To-morrow another robbed and stole.

We viewed, but soon—our view despatched—
The fairest woman this man snatched,
This snatched the plough-ox, firm of tread,
And not a horse but with us sped.

But I spied out with rapture keen
The rarest things that eye hath seen.
Whate'er another might amass
I counted it but withered grass.

Upon the trail of treasures I
Followed alone my piercing eye.
Into all pockets peeped I in
And crystal-clear were box and bin.

And gold was mine and precious stone,
Most glorious of all. Alone
The emerald is worthy, Queen,
Upon thine heart to sparkle green.

'Twixt ear and lip hang pendulous
This pearly drop from Ocean's ooze.
The rubies from the challenge quail,
Thy cheek's rich crimson strikes them pale.

And so unto thy place I bring
My priceless hoard, an offering.
Here at thy feet I lay the yield
Of many a bloody harvest-field.

Of coffers though I drag great store
Yet iron coffers have I more.
Suffer me on thy path, and still
Full many a treasure-vault I'll fill.

For scarce didst thou the throne ascend,
When straightway bow and straightway bend
Intelligence and wealth and power
Before thy Beauty's peerless flower

This all I held for fast, for mine,
Now is it loose, now is it thine.
What worthy, sterling, high I thought,
Now do I see that it was naught.

Vanished is all that I possessed,
'Tis downmown, withered grass at best.
Oh! with one cheerful glance but deign
To give it all its worth again!

FAUST.

Quickly remove thy boldly-gotten load,
Unchidden truly, but unrecompensed.
Already all is hers that in its womb
The Castle hides. To offer this and that
Is bootless. Go, and heap in meet array
Treasure on treasure. Build a stately scene
Of unbeholden splendour. Let the vaults
Twinkle like very Heaven. Paradises
That nothing lack of life but life prepare.
Forestalling every footprint, let beflowered
Carpet unroll on carpet, let her tread
Soft floors encounter, and her gaze, the Gods
Alone not dazzling, radiance supreme.

LYNCEUS.

Feeble is the lord's behest,
What the servant doth is jest.
Sovereign over good and blood
Is this Beauty's queenly mood.
Lo, thine army all is tame,
Every sword is blunt and lame.
By her form of glorious mould
E'en the Sun is dim and cold.
By her face with beauty fraught
All is idle, all is naught. [*Exit.*

HELEN, *to Faust.*

I would hold converse with thee, but do thou
Come up here by my side. The empty place
Invites its lord, and doth assure me mine.

FAUST.

First kneeling be my sworn allegiance,
Exalted Lady, pleasing in thy sight.
The hand let kiss that lifts me to thy side.
Deign to confirm me as co-regent first
Of thine illimitable realm, and win
Worshipper, servant, guardian all in one.

HELEN.

Manifold marvels do I see and hear.
Amazement smites me, much I fain would ask.
Yet would I be enlightened why the speech
Of this man rang so strange, so strange, yet pleasing.
It seemed as did one tone unto another
Fit itself, fell one word upon the ear,
And straight another came to dally with it.

FAUST.

If but our people's speech is pleasing to thee,
O then its song will surely ravish thee,
Content thine ear, thine inmost-seated mind.
Yet were it best to practise it straightway—
Alternate speech will charm it, coax it forth.

HELEN.

Say how I too can speak in such sweet wise!

FAUST.

'Tis easy, so but from the heart it rise.
And when the breast with yearning doth o'erflow,
You look around and ask—

HELEN.

Who shares the glow?

FAUST.

Nor back nor forward in an hour like this
The mind doth look ; the present—

HELEN.

Is our bliss.

FAUST.

'Tis treasure, splendid gain, a freehold land,
An earnest. Confirmation gives—

HELEN.

My hand.

CHORUS.

Who would think to chide our princess,
If she give the Castle's lord
Tokens of her favour ?
For confess, one and all are we
Captives, aye, captives as often
Now, since Ilium's overthrow,
Shamefullest, and our fearful-
Labyrinthian woful course.

Women to men's love accustomed,
Dainty choosers are they not,
But are finished critics.
Golden-locked shepherds it may be,
Fauns hirsute, swarthy, it may be,
As the chance and the hour may bring,
Do they endow with an equal
Licence over their swelling limbs.

Near and nearer sit they e'en now,
Leaning each upon other,
Shoulder by shoulder, knee by knee,
Hand in hand rock they themselves

Over the throne's
Deep-encushionéd stateliness.
Not denies itself Majesty
Joys that are secret
To the eyes of the people
Proudly indifferent thus to reveal.

HELEN.

I feel so far away, and yet so near.
Am but too fain to say: Here am I, here!

FAUST.

I scarce can breathe, I tremble, speech is dead;
It is a dream, and space and time are fled.

HELEN.

O'erlived I seem to be, and yet so new,
Woven in thee and to the unknown true.

FAUST.

Brood not upon the rarest destiny!
Were't but a moment, duty 'tis to be.

PHORKYAS, *entering precipitately.*

In Love's primer spell Love's lessons,
Bill and coo and probe Love's essence,
Toy and woo and taste Love's presence,
But 'tis not the time of day.
Feel ye not the tempest brewing?
Hark! the trumpet's brazen wooing!
Ruin is not far away.
Hard upon you throng the surging
Masses, Menelaus urging;
Gird ye for the bitter fray!

Thou i' the victor-throng entangled,
Like Deiphobus bemangled,
Woman-escort dear shalt pay.
Swing the light goods first i' the halter,
Straight for Her beside the altar
Doth an axe new-whetted stay.

FAUST.

Rash interruption! Odiously she thrusts her in;
Not even in danger brook I senseless vehemence.
An evil message fouls the fairest messenger,
And thou most foul but sinister tidings bringest fain.
But this time shalt thou prosper not. With empty breath
Shake thou the inconstant air, for here no danger is,
And were there danger, it should seem but an idle threat.

[*Signals, Explosions from the towers, Trumpets and Bugles, Martial Music, March-past of a warlike host.*

FAUST.

Nay, warriors whose ranks ne'er waver
I'll muster straight, a hero-band.
Alone is worthy woman's favour
Who shields her with his strong right hand.

[*To the leaders of the hosts, who quit the columns and approach him.*

With rage repressed within your bosom—
Sure pledge of victory to come—
Ye, of the North the youthful blossom,
Ye, of the East the mighty bloom.

Steel-clad, whilst lightning round them quivers,
The host who realm on realm o'erthrew,
They come, the earth beneath them shivers!
They march, the thunder marches too!

We disembarked at Pylos, shattered—
For ancient Nestor is no more—
The petty kinglets' arms, and scattered
Like chaff our untamed host before.

Now straightway back these walls from under
Thrust Menelaus to the sea!
There let him wander, waylay, plunder,
Such was his taste and destiny.

I hail ye Dukes as forth ye sally,
Thus bids the Queen on Sparta's throne.
Now at her feet lay hill and valley,
And be the kingdom's gain your own!

German, be thine the hand that forges
For Corinth's gulfs defence and shield;
Achaia with its hundred gorges
Unto thy prowess, Goth, I yield

His march the Frank to Elis urging,
Messenia let the Saxon take;
And Argolis the Norman, purging
The sea, a mighty State shall make.

There be your home, and henceforth prove ye
On outward foes your strength and heat,
But Sparta still shall throne above ye,
That is the Queen's time-honoured seat.

There will she see ye, all and single,
Enjoy a land that lacks for naught.
Ye at her feet your homage mingle!
There warrant, law and light be sought!

[*Faust descends from the throne, the Princes form a circle about him, in order to receive his commands and detailed instructions.*

CHORUS.

Who the Fairest for his desires,
Stoutly of all things let him
Prudently cast about him for arms.
Flattering he won himself
What on earth is the highest;
But in peace he retains it not;
Skulkers craftily coax her away,
Robbers daringly wrest her away,
How he may hinder it let him give heed.

E'en for this our Prince do I praise,
Prize him high above others:
How him so boldly shrewd he allied
That the stalwart obedient stand,
Ev'ry gesture awaiting.
Truly fulfil they his behest,
Each to his own behoof at once,
And the guerdoning thanks of his lord,
As to the lofty renown of them both.

For who shall wrest her away
From her mighty possessor?
His she is, to him be she allowed,
Doubly by us allowed, whom he
With her, within girt with impregnable ramparts,
With an invincible host without.

FAUST.

Fiefs have I granted great and glorious
To these, to each a fruitful land.
Let them go forth to war victorious,
We in the midst will take our stand.

And each with each as thy defender
Shall vie, thou All-but-isle, girt round
With dancing waves, and by a hill-chain slender
To Europe's utmost branch of mountains bound.

Be—to all tribes for ever blesséd—
This land, that doth outshine the sun
Of every land, my queen's confesséd,
That early looked her face upon,

When, whilst Eurotas' sedges lightly
Whispered, she burst her shell ablaze,
And queenly mother all too brightly
And brethren twain she did outdaze.

This land, to thee alone it looketh
Its fairest blossom to unfold;
What though thy sway the wide world brooketh,
Thine home with partial eye behold.

And now, what though the mountain's giant
shoulders
The sun's cold shaft brook on their jaggéd top!
The cliff is touched with green, and 'mid the
boulders
The greedy goat a niggard meal doth crop.

Gushes the spring, the brooklets plunge and
mingle,
And now are gorges, slopes and meadows green,
And o'er the upland stretch of hill and dingle
Now sparsely ranging, fleecy flocks are seen.

Divided, circumspect, with measured paces,
To the sheer brink the hornéd cattle tread,
Yet none lacks shelter; in a hundred places
The cliff to caverns vaults itself o'erhead.

Pan shields them there, and Life-nymphs there
in legions
In the moist cool of bushy clefts dwell free,
And striving yearningly to higher regions
Rears itself, branchwise, crowded tree on tree.

Primeval woods! The stubborn oak, firm-
rooting,
There zig-zags branch to branch in wayward
sort;
The maple mild, that bears sweet sap, here
shooting
Cleanly aloft, doth with its burden sport.

And motherly, in quiet circling shadows,
Warm milk wells forth, by babe and lambkin
drunk.
Fruit is not far, ripe fare of level meadows,
And honey drips from out the hollow trunk.

Hereditary in this race is
Well-being, cheek and lips grow clear,
And every man immortal in his place is;
Content are all, all healthy here.

The blooming child to fatherhood unfoldeth
By favour of this limpid day;
We stand amazed, and still the question holdeth
If men, if haply Gods are they?

So like the herds Apollo was in favour,
The fairest him resembled quite.
For where in purest round reigns Nature, ever
All worlds in one are interknit.
[*Taking his seat beside her.*

And this have I, and this hast thou achievéd.
Put we behind us what is past and gone.
Oh, feel thee of the highest god conceivéd!
Thou 'longest to the primal world alone.

Thee shall no stronghold wall in hiding!
Still stands, with fadeless youth endued—
A realm unto our rapturous abiding—
Arcadia in Sparta's neighbourhood.

In land Elysian lured to harbour
Into a fate most gladsome didst thou flee.
Now be the thrones changed to an arbour,
And be our bliss Arcadian free!

[*The scene changes completely. Closed arbours lean upon a row of rocky caverns. A shady grove stretches up to the encircling rocky precipice.* FAUST *and* HELEN *are not visible. The* CHORUS *lies sleeping scattered around.*

PHORKYAS.

How long a time the maidens sleep, that know
I not;

If haply they have dreamed, what bright and clear I saw
Before mine eyes, that likewise is unknown to me.
Therefore I'll wake them. Marvel shall this youthful troop,
Ye too, ye bearded elders, sitting there agape,
At length the key of credible miracles to behold.
Come forth! come forth! and quickly shake your locks! Your eyes
Unbind from slumber! Blink not so, and hear me speak!

CHORUS.

Only speak! Oh, tell us, tell us, what of wondrous hath befallen!
We most eagerly would hearken what in no wise we might credit,
For we are aweary, gazing ever only on these cliffs.

PHORKYAS.

What, already weary, children, and ye scarce have rubbed your eyes?
Hearken then! Within these caverns, in these grots and in these arbours,
Shield and shelter was conceded as to an idyllic love-pair,
To our Lord and to our Lady.

CHORUS.

What! within there?

PHORKYAS.

Deep-secluded
From the world, but me, me only did they call to silent service.

Highly-honoured I beside them stood, but as familiars seemeth,
Spied about for something other, turned me hitherwards and thither,
Sought out roots and barks and mosses, versed in all their several virtues,
Thus did they remain alone.

CHORUS.

Why, thou pratest as within there stretching far were world-wide spaces,
Wood and meadow, lakes and streamlets! What a fable dost thou spin!

PHORKYAS.

So there are, ye inexperienced! Those are unexplored recesses;
Hall on hall and court on courtyard, pondering I spied them out.
All at once a burst of laughter echoes through the hollow spaces;
As I gaze there springs an urchin, from the woman's lap he leapeth
To the man, from sire to mother; what caresses, what endearments,
Fond affection's playful banter, sportive shrieks and gleeful clamour
Alternating deafen me!
Naked springs a wingless genius, faun-like, yet in no wise bestial,
On the firm-set earth he springeth, yet the earth with swift resilience
Shoots him to the airy height, and in the second leap he touches,—
Or the third—the soaring vault.

Cries the mother, apprehensive: Spring and spring again at pleasure,
Only have a care of flying, flight unfettered is forbid!
And thus warns the trusty father: In the earth resides the spring-force
That doth shoot thee upwards. Barely touch the earth, but with thy toe-tips,
Like the son of Earth, Antaeus, straightway strengthened wilt thou be.
So he hops upon the shoulder of this cliff and from its margin
To a second, and about, as lightly bounds a stricken ball.
On a sudden hath he vanished in the rugged gorge's cranny,
And now lost to us he seemeth. Mother wails and father comforts,
Anxiously I shrug my shoulders, when lo! what an apparition!
Lie there haply treasures hidden? Raiment wrought with trailing flowers
He hath donned majestical.
On his arms are tassels waving, ribbons flutter round his bosom,
In his hand the golden lyre, wholly like a little Phoebus,
Blithely trips he to the margin, to the beetling brink. We marvel,
And his parents fall enraptured each upon the other's heart.
For about his head, what splendour! Hard to tell were what there gleameth,
Is it gaud of gold or is it flame of intellect supreme?

Thus he moves with graceful gesture, even as
boy himself proclaiming
Future master of all beauty, every limb athrill
and trembling
With the melodies eternal; even so ye too shall
hear him,
Even so ye too shall see him, with a most
unique amaze.

CHORUS.

Call'st thou a marvel this,
Creta's begotten?
Haply thou ne'er hast o'erheard
Poetry's tale didactic?
Never yet hast heard Ionia's,
Never yet hearkened to Hellas'
Wealth of ancestral legend,
Fables told of gods and heroes?

All to-day that befalls
Is but an echo,
Pitiful echo of those
Glorious days ancestral.
Not to be compared thy story
With what loveliest falsehood,
Credible more than truth is,
Of the son of Maia fabled.

Him a dainty yet sturdy babe,
Him a newly-born suckling,
Folded in purest swathing fleece,
Trammelled in exquisite swaddling-trim
Garrulous nurses' witless troop
In unreasoning folly.
Sturdily though and daintily

Draws already the rogue his limbs—
Lithesome limbs yet elastic—
Craftily forth, the purple-bright
Straitly-cramping enswathement
Leaving quietly where it lay,
As, when perfect, the butterfly
From stark chrysalid-duréss
Nimbly unfolding its wings slips forth
Frolic and fearless fluttering through
Sun-irradiate ether.

So he too, the most dexterous,
That a daemon propitious
To all thieves and all knaves he was,
And all seekers of gain likewise—
This betimes did he testify
By adroitest devices.
Swift the trident from Ocean's lord
Filches he, aye, and from Ares' self
Sly the sword from the scabbard.
Arrow and bow from Phoebus too
As from Hephaestus his pincers.
Even Zeus the Father's bolt
He'd purloin, but he fears the fire.
Eros though he overcomes
In the leg-tripping wrestling bout;
Nay, whilst Cypria fondles him, steals
From her bosom the girdle.

[*A ravishing strain of the purest melody sounds in the air, played upon a stringed instrument. All are attentive, and soon appear profoundly touched. From this place to the marked pause with full orchestral accompaniment.*

PHORKYAS.

Hear ye tones most sweetly golden!
Free yourselves from fables! Lo,
Overworn the medley olden
Of your gods is. Let them go!

None your meaning recognizes;
Now we claim a higher toll!
What from out the heart arises
Can alone the heart control.
[*She draws back towards the cliff.*

CHORUS.

Hath the witching strain outpouréd,
Fearful Being, charmed thine ears,
We, as new to health restoréd,
Feel us touched to joy of tears.

Quenchéd be the sun's high splendour,
In the soul if day hath shined!
What the whole world would not render,
That in our own hearts we find.

HELEN, FAUST, EUPHORION,
[*in the above-described costume.*

EUPHORION.

Hear ye children's songs a-singing,
Straightway is your own the glee.
See ye me in measure springing,
Leap your hearts parentally.

HELEN.

Love, to bless in human fashion
Joins a noble Twain, yet she
Unto god-like rapturous passion
Straightway forms a charming Three.

FAUST.

Everything forthwith is righted,
I am thine and thou art mine.
And so stand we here united;
Would the bond might ne'er untwine!

CHORUS.

Many years of tranquil pleasure
In the boy's mild radiance
Crowns this pair in plenteous measure.
How the bond doth me entrance!

EUPHORION.

Let me be leaping!
Let me be springing!
To the wide ether
Would I were winging!
Me such a yearning
Seizes upon.

FAUST.

Not into rashness!
Check thee! ah check thee!
Lest a disaster
Haply o'ertake thee,
Hurl into ruin
Our darling son.

EUPHORION.

Idly quiescent
Here will I stand not!
Loose ye my tresses!
Hold ye my hand not!
Loose ye my garments!
Are they not mine?

HELEN.

Ponder, ah ponder
How thou art grieving
Them thou belong'st to,
Fairest achieving
How thou dost shatter,
His, mine and thine!

CHORUS.

Soon will, I fear, the
Sweet bond untwine.

HELEN AND FAUST.

Bridle, unfortunate,
For us that love thee,
Over-importunate
Promptings that move thee!
In rural leisure
Grace thou the green!

EUPHORION.

But for your pleasure
Do I refrain.

[*Winding in and out among the Chorus, and drawing them forth to the dance.*

Round a glad race do I
Hover more light.
Now is the melody,
Now is the movement right?

HELEN.

Aye, that is well. Do thou
In a quaint measure now
Lead forth the fair!

FAUST.

Would it were o'er! The joy
In all these antics I
No wise can share.

EUPHORION AND CHORUS

[*dancing and singing, wind in and out in a braided dance.*

When thy twin arms in air
Winsome thou liftest,
In sheen thy clustered hair
Shakest and shiftest,
When thou with foot so light
Skimmest o'er earth in flight,
Featly from side to side
Limb after limb doth glide,
Then hast thy goal attained,
Loveliest child!
Hast all our hearts beguiled,
All hast enchained!

[*Pause.*

EUPHORION.

Ye are all roe-like,
Fleet-footed and lithesome;
To a new frolic
Forth again blithesome!
I am the huntsman,
Ye are the chase.

CHORUS.

Us wouldst thou capture
Fare not too fleetly!
For we with rapture
Long but full sweetly,
Beauteous vision,
Thee to embrace!

EUPHORION.

Through leafy cover!
Stock and stone over!
Unto me hateful is
Lightly-won spoil;
That alone grateful is
Gotten with toil.

HELEN AND FAUST.

What a madness! what a daring!
Saner mood is not to hope for.
Hark! It sounds as horns were blaring,
Over vale and wood resounding!
What a tumult! What a cry!

CHORUS, *entering singly in haste.*

Scouting us with bitter mock, he
Swift outran us, lightly bounding.
Now the wildest of the flock he
Hither hales in triumph high.

EUPHORION, *bearing in a young maiden.*

Here I drag the saucy maiden,
To a forced delight constraining;
For my rapture, for my zest,
Press I the all-refractory breast.
Kiss the reluctant lips, and so
Strength and will to all I show.

MAIDEN.

Free me! Spirit strength untrembling
Dwelleth too in this array,
And our will, thine own resembling,
Is not lightly swept away.

Me in straits dost deem? Thou trustest
Of a truth thy strength too much!
Nay, then, hold me if thou lustest.
Fool, I'll singe the hands that touch!

[*Bursts into flame and flares aloft.*

To the lightsome breezes follow,
To the cavern's dreary hollow,
There thy vanished goal to clutch.

EUPHORION, *shaking off the last flames.*

Rocks that surround me here
Pent in the woodland vale,
Why should they bound me here?
Am I not young and hale?
Storm-winds are spooming there,
Billows are booming there,
Both far away I hear,
Fain were I near.

[*He leaps higher and higher up the cliff.*

HELEN, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

Wilt thou match the chamois? Dire
Must we fear the fall will be.

EUPHORION.

Higher must I rise and higher,
Far and further must I see.
Now where I am I spy:
In the mid-isle am I.
Pelop's land rounds me in,
Earth-akin, sea-akin.

CHORUS.

In mount and wood wilt thou
Peaceful not tarry,

Straight where the grape-vines grow
Thee will we carry;
Grape-vines that crown the hill,
Fig-fruit and apple-gold.
Ah, in the sweet land still
Sweetly unfold!

EUPHORION.

Dream ye the day of peace?
Let dream whom dreams may please!
Now is the watchword war!
Victory rings afar!

CHORUS.

Whosoever
War wishes back in peace,
Himself doth sever
From hope's fair bliss.

EUPHORION.

Ye whom from danger your
Land unto danger bore,
Free, an undaunted brood,
Lavish of life and blood,
Your all-unaltering
Sacredest will,
Warriors unfaltering,
May it fulfil!

CHORUS.

Lo, how high he soars, yet seemeth
Nowise small. Refulgently,
Clad in steel and bronze he gleameth,
Harnessed as for victory.

EUPHORION.

Wall or bulwark none environ!
Each man but his own worth feel!
For the brave man's breast of iron
Is a keep impregnable.

Would ye dwell unvanquished? Go ye
To the field light-armed and free!
Amazons, ye women, show ye!
Every child a hero be!

CHORUS.

Mount, holy Poesy!
Soar aloft Heaven-high!
Gleam forth, thou fairest star,
Far off and yet more far!
Yet doth she reach us still,
Yet do we hear and thrill,
Gladly we hear.

EUPHORION.

Nay, as a child now I appear not.
The youth comes armed, and all at one
With strong men, free men, men that fear not,
Already in his mind hath done.
Away!
For stay
I may not. Yonder fame is won.

HELEN AND FAUST.

Scarcely called to life, discerning
Scarce the morning's blithesome beam,
From the giddy steeps art yearning
For the fields with woe that teem?

Are then we
Naught to thee?
Is the gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION.

Hear o'er the deep the thunder bellow!
Hear vale on valley thunder back!
Host unto host in dust and billow,
In stress on stress, to pain and wrack.
Sounds the call,
Fight and fall!
Once for all I'll hang not back.

HELEN, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

What a horror! What a shiver!
Sounds the call to thee to fall?

EUPHORION.

Shall I gaze afar? Ah, never!
Strife and straits, I'll share them all.

THE FORMER.

Banefully overbold!
Deadly the doom!

EUPHORION.

Natheless! and wings unfold,
Plume upon plume.
Thither! I must, e'en thus!
Say me not no!

[*He casts himself into the air, his garments bear him for a moment, his head is irradiated, a luminous trail glides after him.*

CHORUS.

Icarus! Icarus!
Wailing and woe!

[*A beautiful youth falls headlong at his parents' feet. We think we recognise a well-known form in the dead body, but the corporeal part vanishes immediately, the aureole rises like a comet up to heaven, robe, mantle and lyre remain lying on the ground.*

HELEN AND FAUST.

Brief joys doth overwhelm
Bitterest moan.

EUPHORION'S *voice out of the deep.*

Me in the gloomy realm
Mother, leave not alone!

[*Pause.*

CHORUS, *dirge.*

Not alone, where'er thou bidest,
For we deem we surely know thee!
If from day too soon thou glidest
Not a heart will fain forgo thee.
Should we mourn? Scarce know we whether!
Envying we sing thy fate.
Thou in clear or clouded weather,
Song and heart hadst fair and great.

Ah, with lofty lineage dowered,
Might and every earthly boon,
Youthful bloom, how soon deflowered!
Lost unto thyself how soon!

Heart that shared each aspiration,
Keenest glance the world to scan,
Noblest women's glow of passion,
And a song unmatched of man.

But didst run, unbridled ranging,
In the net thyself foresaw,
Violently thyself estranging
From all moral, from all law;
Yet thy dauntless will was freighted
In the end with high design.
Glorious was thine aim, yet fated
Wert thou not thine aim to win.

Who shall win it? Question sombre,
Whereto Fate doth veil her, when
On the ill-starred day, in cumber,
Mute and bleeding stand all men.
Yet new songs within your bosom
Quicken. Stand deep-bowed no more!
From the earth they still shall blossom,
As they ever bloomed of yore.

[*Complete pause. The music ceases.*

HELEN, *to Faust.*

Woe's me, an ancient adage proves on me its truth,
That Fortune weds with Beauty never abidingly.
In sunder rent the bond of life is, as of love,
And both bewailing anguishéd I say farewell,
Upon thy bosom casting me yet once again.
Receive, Persephoneia, thou the child and me!

[*She embraces* FAUST, *her corporeal part vanishes, robes and veil remain in his arms.*

PHORKYAS, *to Faust.*

Hold fast what alone of all is left to thee!
The robe, let it not loose! Already Demons
Are twitching at the skirts; full fain were they
To pluck it to the Nether-world. Hold fast!
The Goddess whom thou lostest is it not,
But god-like is't. Avail thee of the high,
The priceless boon, and raise thyself aloft!
'Twill bear thee swift above the trivial
In ether high, so long thou weary not.
We'll meet again, but far, full far from here.

[HELEN's *garments resolve themselves into clouds, encompass* FAUST, *raise him into the air, and drift over with him.*

[PHORKYAS *takes up* EUPHORION's *robe, mantle, and lyre from the ground, steps into the Proscenium, raises the exuviae on high and speaks.*

The find is lucky, though belated.
'Tis true the flame is dissipated,
But for the world I nowise fret.
Enough remains for poets' initiation,
Guild and trade-jealousy to whet,
And are the talents not in my donation,
At least I'll lend the trappings yet.

[*Sits down on a column in the Proscenium.*

PANTHALIS.

Now haste ye, maidens! From the witchcraft are we free,
The old-Thessalian hell-hag's odious soul-constraint,

Freed from the jingling-jangling din of notes confused,
The ear bewildering, wildering worse the inner sense.
Hence down to Hades! Verily the Queen hath sped
With solemn bearing thither. Be without a break
Her faithful maiden's footsteps joined to hers whom we
Beside the throne of Her the Unsearchable shall find.

CHORUS.

Those indeed that queens be, everywhere are they fain.
In the forefront stand they in Hades too,
Proudly company with their peers,
Of Persephone's bosom are they.
Yet for us, that in the background
Of the deep asphodel-meadows,
But with tall lank poplars
And unfruitful willows company,
What diversion awaiteth us?
Flittermouse-like to twitter,
A whisper undelectable, spectral.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

He that no name hath won him, nor hath high resolve,
Unto the elements belongs; away! But I
Long hotly with my queen to be. Not merit alone
But loyalty ensures us personality. [*Exit.*

ALL.

Restoréd are we now to the light of day,
Truly persons no more,
That feel we, that know we well,
But we shall never go back to Hades,
For ever-living Nature lays
Claim to us spirits,
We to her with plenary warrant.

PART OF THE CHORUS.

We within these thousand branches' whisp'ring quiver, rustling wafture,
Charm we toying, lure we lightly, through the roots the springs of being
To the twigs; and now with leafage, now with blossoms brimming over,
We will deck our fluttering tresses, lavishly for breezy growth.
Falls the fruit, then straightway gather, glad of life, the folk, the herdsmen,
Coming hasty, thronging active, for the harvest, for the banquet,
Bending one and all about us, as before the primal gods.

ANOTHER PART.

And in gentle wavelets gliding we endearingly will nestle
To the far-resplendent placid mirror of these rocky walls;
For each sound will hearken, listen, song of birds and reedy fluting;
Be it Pan's dread voice uplifted, straightway comes our answer pat;

Rustle we with rustle answer, thunder with our rolling thunder,
In a crashing reboation, threefold, tenfold multiplied.

A THIRD PART.

Sisters, we more sprightly-minded onward with the brooks will hasten,
For the richly-decked hill-ranges of yon distance set us longing.
Ever downwards, ever deeper, water we meandrous rolling,
Now the meadow, now the pastures, then the garden round the house.
There the cypress' slender summits mark its place, that o'er the landscape,
Line of shore and liquid mirror, up to ether soar aloft.

A FOURTH PART.

Wend ye others whither lists ye, we shall cincture round and rustle
Round the wholly-planted hill-side where upon its prop the vine
Clusters green, at every season the vine-dresser's passion shows us
The uncertain consummation of most loving industry.
Now with spade and now with mattock, now with earthing, pruning, binding,
All the gods he supplicateth, and the sun-god first of all.
Little reck hath languid Bacchus of his faithful servants' labour;
Rests in arbours, lolls in grottos, trifling with the youngest faun.

All he needeth for his dreamy musing's half-intoxication
Hath he near at hand in wine-skins, hath in jars and divers vessels,
In cool vaults to right and leftward for eternal ages stored.
Have now all the gods and chiefly Helios, with fanning, drenching,
Warming, parching, heaped the grape-vine's horn of plenty to the brim,
Where the vine-dresser wrought silent, on a sudden all is bustle,
Rustles every trellis, rattles round the din from stock to stock.
Baskets creak and buckets clatter, groan the dorsels on their way,
All towards the mighty wine-vat for the treaders' lusty dance.
So the pure-born juicy berries' sacred bounty insolently
Underfoot is trod, and foaming, spirting, foully crushed and blent.
Now into the ear the timbrels', now the cymbals' brazen clamour
Shrieks, for now hath Dionysus him from mysteries revealed.
Forth he comes with goat-foot satyrs, swaying goat-foot satyresses,
And between, unruly strident, brays Silenus' long-eared beast.
Spare naught! Cloven hoofs relentless trample down all decent custom,
And all senses reel and stagger, hideously the ear is dinned.

Drunken hands grope for the goblet, overfilled
are head and belly,
Here and there hath one misgivings still, yet
only swells the tumult,
For to garner this year's grape-juice drain they
swiftly last year's skin.

[*The curtain falls.*

[PHORKYAS, *in the Proscenium, rears herself aloft to giant-height, but steps down from the buskins, puts back her mask and veil, and shows herself as* MEPHISTOPHELES, *in order to comment upon the piece in the Epilogue, in so far as this might seem necessary.*

ACT IV

HIGH MOUNTAINS

[*A mighty jagged rocky summit. A cloud drifts up, clings to the peak, and sinks upon a jutting ledge. The cloud parts and* FAUST *steps forward.*

FAUST.

Beneath my feet beholding deepest solitude,
Alight I circumspectly on this summit's verge,
Relinquishing the wafture of my cloud, that soft
Through days serene hath borne me, over land and sea.
Slowly it loosens from me, not unravelling.
Compact the mass strives eastward in conglobate flight.
The eye, astounded, strains in wonder after it.
It sunders changing, fluctuantly mutable.
It shapes itself though. Aye, mine eye deceives me not!
On sun-illumined pillows, gloriously couched,
A woman-form, gigantic, fashioned like the gods.
I see it, like to Juno, Leda, Helen, how
Majestically lovely in mine eye it floats!
Alas, it is dislimnéd. Towering formless-wide

Like far-off snow-capped mountains in the East it hangs,
And mirrors dazzling transient days' high pregnancy.
Yet round my brow and bosom, frail and luminous,
Still clings a cloud-wreath, cheering, cool, like a caress.
It rises light and lingering, high and higher still.
Itself it mouldeth.—Cheats me an entrancing form,
Like youthful-first, long-unenjoyed, supremest bliss?
The deepest bosom's earliest treasures well anew.
Aurora's love, light-soaring, it betokeneth,
The swift-perceivéd, first, scarce-comprehended glance,
That had outshone all treasure, held but steadfastly.
Like spiritual beauty grows the lovely form
More fair, melts not apart, in ether soars aloft,
And of mine inmost being draws the best away.

[*A seven-league boot clatters on to the stage: another follows it immediately.* MEPHISTOPHELES *dismounts. The boots stride swiftly on.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's striding now, and of the wightest!
But prithee say what whim is this?
Amongst these horrors thou alightest,
'Midst grisly crag and precipice?
I know it well, but in another station,
For this was properly Hell's old foundation.

FAUST.

The maddest tales thou ever hast good store of,
And now the like thou'rt itching to spin more of.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *seriously*.

When God the Lord—and well do I know why—
Banned us from air to deepest deeps infernal,
Where round and round us, glowing centrally
And burning through, still flamed the fire eternal,
We found us, lavish though the illumination,
In a constrained and irksome situation.
With one accord the devils fell a-sneezing,
And from above and from below a-wheezing;
All Hell did swell with sulphur-stench and acid;
Oh, what a gas! All bounds it soon surpasséd,
Until of force the land's thick crust from under,
Thick as it was, did burst and crack asunder.
So now, you see, we've fairly turned the tables;
What formerly was cellars now is gables.
The doctrine orthodox thereon is grounded,
How upper may with under be confounded,
For we escaped from burning thraldom there
To overplus of lordship of free air.
A mystery manifest, long well concealed,
And to the peoples now but late revealed.[1]

FAUST.

For me the mountain-mass is nobly mute,
Nor whence nor wherefore seek I to compute.
Herself when Nature in herself first founded,
Then faultlessly the globe of earth she rounded,

[1] Ephes. vi. 12.

And in the peak and in the gorge was glad,
And cliff to cliff and mount to mount did add.
Then the smooth hills she framed, and gradually,
With gentle sweep, did temper to the valley.
There all doth green and grow, and for her gladness
She needeth not your frantic eddy's madness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, so ye say! Ye think it clear as glass,
But he knows otherwise that present was!
And I was there, when seething still hereunder
Swelled the abyss and flames in torrents bare,
Whilst Moloch's hammer cliff to cliff in thunder
Did weld, and scattered mountain-wreck afar.
Earth bristles still with ponderous foreign masses.
Who shall explain such hurling-energy?
The wit of the philosopher it passes;
There lies the rock, needs must we let it lie.
We rack our brains, yet know no more than asses.
The simple-vulgar herd alone doth know
And clings unshaken to its story.
Its wisdom ripened long ago;
A marvel 'tis, the Devil gets the glory.
My pilgrim—crutch of faith beneath his shoulder—
Limps to the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Boulder.

FAUST.

'Tis well worth while, as I'm a living creature
To see what views the Devils hold on Nature.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be Nature what she will—what do I care?
A point of honour 'tis, the Devil was there!

We are the people, we, for great achieving;
Might, tumult, frenzy! Seeing is believing!
But to talk sense—upon our superficies,
Say, hast thou naught descried that met thy wishes?
Thou didst o'erlook a boundless territory,
"The kingdoms of the world and all their glory,"[1]
But all insatiate as thou art,
Lusted for naught at all thine heart?

FAUST.

It did! A great work did bespeak
My purpose. Guess!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Soon done! I'd seek
Some capital—its inner ring
A horror of burgher-victualling,
With tortuous alleys, pointed gables,
A crowded market, vegetables,
And fleshers' stalls where blow-flies fatten
And lurk on juicy joints to batten.
There wilt thou ever find, methinks,
No lack of bustle, no lack of stinks.
Then fair wide streets and roomy places
Wherein to swagger with stylish graces,
And lastly where no gate doth pen,
Fair suburbs, stretching out of ken.
There would I revel in coaches rolling,
In noisy hither and thither bowling,
In endless hither and thither storming,
The human ant-hill's restless swarming,

[1] Matt. iv.

Still in my driving, in my riding,
Myself the cynosure abiding,
Honoured by myriads without cease.

FAUST.

That to content me were not able!
One joys to see the folk increase,
And in its fashion live at ease,
And form and teach itself—then sees
In each one hath but reared a rebel!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Self-glorious then I'd build with grandeur meet,
I' the pleasant place, a pleasure-seat;
Woods, hills, plains, meadows, fields around
Changed to a splendid garden-ground,
With walls of verdure, velvet meadows,
Paths straight as lines, artistic shadows,
Cascades that plunge from rock to rock conjoined,
And fountain-jets of every kind,
That soar majestically in the middle,
And round the sides that spirt and squirt and piddle
In thousand trifles. Then, too, fairest women!
Snug little houses to lodge *them* in
I'd build, and there time without end
In charming social solitude I'd spend.
Women, I say. The Fair, by your good grace
I' the plural I conceive always.

FAUST.

Sardanapalus! Modern! Base!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows whereto thou didst aspire?
Sublimely bold would be thy goal!
The moon, whereto thou soaredst so much nigher,
Drew haply thy distempered soul.

FAUST.

No wise! This round of earth, methought,
Hath scope for great achieving ever.
Strength do I feel for bold endeavour.
A deed of wonder shall be wrought.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fame wouldst thou earn! 'Tis patent truly
From heroines thou comest newly.

FAUST.

At lordship, ownership I aim.
The deed is all and naught the fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But poets will relate the story,
To aftertimes proclaim thy glory,
By folly folly to inflame.

FAUST.

In all that is hast thou no part!
What know'st thou of the human heart?
Thy froward nature, bitter, keen,
What knows it of the needs of men?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then let it be as best thee pleases.
Confide to me the scope of thy caprices.

FAUST.

Mine eye was drawn towards the vasty ocean.
It swelled aloft, up to high heaven it vaulted,
Then sinking, shook its waves in fierce commotion
And all the width of level shore assaulted.
And that did gall me, e'en as insolence
Galls the free mind that prizes every right,
And through hot blood wrought up to vehemence
With a fierce sense of outrage doth excite.
I thought it chance, mine eyeballs did I strain,
The billow stood awhile, rolled back again,
And from the goal so proudly won withdrew.
The hour is nigh, the sport it will renew.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *ad Spectatores.*

There's nothing here for me to learn, I'll own it.
Already a hundred thousand years I've known it.

FAUST, *continuing passionately.*

It steals along, through thousand channels oozing,
Unfruitful, and unfruitfulness diffusing.
It swells and grows and rolls and welters o'er
The hateful empire of the barren shore.
Pregnant with might, wave upon wave there reigneth,
Yet each retires, nor any end attaineth.
Me to despair it doth disquiet truly,
This aimless might of elements unruly.
A lofty flight I dare, nor deem it idle—
Here would I battle, this I fain would bridle.

And it is possible! Flood as it will,
It yields, it moulds itself to every hill.

And let it swell and bluster ne'er so loudly,
A petty height doth tower against it proudly,
A petty depth doth draw it on amain.
Then in my mind I fashioned plan on plan :—
Achieve thyself the exquisite emotion
To shut out from the shore the imperious ocean,
The confines of the moist expanse to straiten
And back upon itself to thrust it beaten.—
From step to step the ways and means I've reckoned,
That is my wish, that do thou dare to second.

[*Drums and martial music on the right hand in the distance, to the rear of the onlookers.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How easy! Hear'st the drums there?

FAUST.

War again
Already! That the wise man hears not fain!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come war, come peace, from every circumstance
The wise man will essay to make his profit.
You watch, you wait for each auspicious chance;
Now is the moment! Faust, avail thee of it!

FAUST.

This riddling-stuff I pray thee spare me, friend!
Be brief, explain thyself, and make an end!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From me it was not hid as past I hurried,
That our good Emperor is sorely worried.

Thou know'st him, marry! Him when we diverted,
To palm off on him spurious wealth concerted,
He thought the whole wide world for sale.
For young the throne unto him fell,
And straight he drew the false conclusion
That the two aims might well combine,
And 'twas desirable and fine
To rule and eke to enjoy.

FAUST.

Delusion
And monstrous error! If a man would rule,
In ruling must his hopes of bliss all centre.
His mind is with a lofty purpose full;
Into his purpose though must no man enter.
What to his trustiest he softly breathes,
'Tis done,—and all the world with wonder seethes.
So will he be the most exalted still
And noblest. But enjoyment maketh vile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such is not he. How he enjoyed, good lack!
While went the realm in anarchy to wrack,
Where great and small had each with all hostility,
Where town with town, guild with nobility,
Castle with castle, bishop stood
With chapter and with flock at feud,
Where brother brother banished, slew, and no man
Saw other but to be his foeman;
I' the churches murder, of your life 'twere pity
For trade or travel were you forth the city.

Boldness in all did mightily augment.
Then live meant: *ward yourself!* Well, well, it went!

FAUST.

It went, it staggered, fell, then up it jumped,
It lurched and lost its balance, and down it plumped.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And no man cared to censure such a state,
For each man could and each man would have weight;
For full the smallest even passed.
Yet for the best things grew too mad at last.
Then in their might the men of worth arose,
And said:—That man is lord who peace bestows.
The Emperor cannot, will not. Come then, choose we
A new Lord, into the Realm new soul infuse we,
And, while he safeguards small and great,
The world be henceforth new-create,
And peace with justice wedded use we.

FAUST.

That smacks of priestcraft!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Priests it was indeed!
Their own well-fatted paunch they safeguarded.
They more than others riot instigated,
And riot grew, riot was consecrated,
And hither our good Emperor, whom we
Made merry, comes to his last fight, maybe.

FAUST.

So frank, so kindly! Sooth he makes my heart ache!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, whilst there's life, there's hope! Let us his part take.
We'll extricate him from this narrow valley.
Once saved is saved a thousand times. Who knoweth
The hazard of the dice, what time he throweth?
And hath he luck, will vassals round him rally.

[*They climb over the midmost mountain range and consider the order of the army in the valley. Drums and martial music ring out from below.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Their choice of ground, I see, hath been well-guided.
We join them and their victory is decided.

FAUST.

What is to hope, I'd like to know?
Delusion! Glamour! Hollow show!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

War-stratagems to win a battle!
Steel thyself unto sterner mettle
By thinking on thine aim, for if
We save unto the Emperor throne and land,
Then shalt thou kneel and take in fief
As guerdon due, the boundless strand.

FAUST.

Already much hast carried through,
Come then, and win a battle too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, that shalt thou. This time, I trow,
'Tis thou art generalissimo.

FAUST.

I were well placed, forsooth, commanding
In that whereof I have no understanding!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All to the General Staff leave over,
Then is the General under cover.
War-mischief scenting in the air,
The War-chief's Council, then and there
From primal manhood of mountains old
I fashioned. Blest who them enrolled!

FAUST.

What see I yonder arméd go?
Hast stirred the mountain-folk up?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
Like Master Peter Quince, of all
The raff the essence did I call,
[*Enter the* THREE MIGHTY MEN.[1]

[1] 2 Sam. xxiii. 8.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lo, even now my blades are here.
Thou seest, in years they greatly vary,
In varying garb and harness they appear.
Thou'lt not fare badly with them, marry!
[*Ad Spectatores.*
No child but now were fain to wear
The mail and collar of the Ritter,
And allegories though the rascals are,
On that account to please they are but fitter.

SWASHBUCKLER, *young, lightly-armed, gaily-clad.*

If one should look me in the eyes,
With one blow of my fist upon the chaps I'll fell him.
And if a craven dastard flies,
Quickly by his back-hair I'll hale him.

HAVEQUICK, *manly, well-armed, richly-clad.*

A fig for all such empty brabble!
Mere waste of time! nay, be alone
In taking indefatigable,
The rest may wait till that be done.

HOLDFAST,

[*in years, strongly-armed, without garment.*
Thereby is nothing consummated.
Great wealth is quickly dissipated.
Adown life's stream as swift as thought
It sweeps. To take is good, better to keep when taken.
Follow the greybeard's rede unshaken
And from thee no man shall take aught.
[*They go down the mountain together.*

ON THE HEADLAND.

[*Drums and martial music from below. The Emperor's tent is being pitched.*

EMPEROR, GENERALISSIMO, LIFE-GUARDS.

GENERALISSIMO.

The project still approves it well-inspiréd,
That we in this secluded vale
Our hosts have concentrated and retiréd.
I firmly hope 'twill turn out well.

EMPEROR.

What shall be soon will show the meeting.
But this half-flight doth gall me, this retreating.

GENERALISSIMO.

See there, my Prince, on our left flank. The station
Could not be bettered in imagination!
Not steep the hill, yet not too easy faring;
To us propitious, to the foe ensnaring.
We on the rolling plain lie half-concealed;
The horse will scarcely dare to take the field.

EMPEROR.

I can but praise your plan of battle.
Here arm and breast can prove their mettle.

GENERALISSIMO.

On the mid-meadow's level room in leaguer
The phalanx dost thou see, for battle eager.

Through morning's misty haze in sunshine there
The halberds flash and glitter in the air.
The mighty square heaves darkly to and fro,
There thousands to heroic exploits glow.
The might of our main force lies patent yonder,
Them will I trust the foeman's force to sunder.

EMPEROR.

For the first time the goodly sight I view,
An army such as this doth count for two.

GENERALISSIMO.

Of our left wing is nothing to be told.
The stubborn cliff is held by heroes bold.
Yon craggy steeps that now with arms are flashing
Our narrow defile's vital pass protect.
The foe, all unawares upon them dashing
Will, I foresee, in bloody fray be wrecked.

EMPEROR.

There come the faithless kinsfolk, one and other
Forsworn, that called me uncle, cousin, brother,
That step by step all bonds of fealty sundered,
Sceptre of might and throne of reverence plundered;
Then falling out the Empire devastated,
And now rebel against me federated.
The crowd doth waver in uncertain mood,
Then streams along whither them sweeps the flood.

GENERALISSIMO.

A trusty scout returns with hurried tread
Adown the cliffs. Heaven send he be well-sped!

FIRST SCOUT.

On our errand Fortune waited,
For with bold yet wily skill
Here and there we penetrated,
Yet the news we bring is ill.
Many that with stout averment
Homage vowed in word and deed,
Popular peril, inner ferment
Now for their inaction plead.

EMPEROR.

Selfishness inculcates self-preservation!
Not honour, duty, thanks or inclination!
Bethink ye not, your reckoning when ye frame
Your neighbour's fire will set your house aflame!

GENERALISSIMO.

The second comes; but slowly down he clambers.
The weary man trembles in all his members.

SECOND SCOUT.

All in wild confusion straying
First we noted, highly cheered.
Unexpected, undelaying,
A new Emperor appeared.
And the hosts in warlike manner
March by pathways pre-assigned.
The unfurléd lying-banner
Follow all in sheepish kind.

EMPEROR.

A rival Emperor stands me in good stead.
Now do I feel me Emperor indeed!

The harness but as soldier did I don,
Now to a higher aim 'tis girded on.
At every feast, brilliant as it might be,
Whilst naught was lacking, danger lacked to me.
Ye counselled all the bloodless carrousel
While for the deadly joust mine heart did swell.
And had ye not from warfare one and all dissuaded,
My brows a hero's laurels now had braided.
Valour upon my bosom set her sigil
When glassed in fire, on yonder masking-vigil,
Upon me leapt the flames infuriate.
A phantom, aye, yet was the phantom great.
Darkly I dreamed of victory and fame.
I will retrieve what then unto my shame
I left undone.

[*Heralds are despatched to challenge the Rival-Emperor to single combat.*

[Faust, *harnessed, with half-closed helmet.*

[The Three Mighty Men *armed and clad as above.*

FAUST.

We come, and hope unchidden,
Since forethought steads, e'en though by need unbidden.
Thou know'st the mountain-minefolk think and pore,
Of Nature's cypher and the rocks' hath lore.
The spirits, that the plains have long forsaken,
Still greater liking to the mounts have taken.
They work, through labyrinthian crevasses,
In noble fumes of metal-laden gases.

They sunder, test and blend, one impulse over
Their minds hath sway, some new thing to discover.
With finger light of spirit-power they fashion
Translucent forms, and to their contemplation
Crystal, in its eternal silence, glasses
Whatever in the world above them passes.

EMPEROR.

That have I heard and do believe, but how,
My gallant fellow, doth it touch us now?

FAUST.

The Sabine sorcerer—thus, Sire, I answer—
Thy faithful servant is, the Necromancer
Of Norcia. What dread fate him threatened dire!
The bavins crackled, leapt the tongues of fire;
The dry logs latticéd about him round,
With pitch besmeared, with brimstone-withies bound.
Not man, nor God, nor Devil could deliver,
But Majesty the glowing bonds did shiver.
In Rome it was; himself to thee he hallows,
With deep solicitude thy fortune follows,
And self forgetting, from that moment he
Questions for thee the star, the deep for thee.
He charged us instantly, with all resources,
Thee to befriend. Great are the mountain's forces.
There Nature works with might surpassing free,
The priests' thick wits berate it sorcery.

EMPEROR.

On the glad day, whenas the guests we meet,
That joyful come in joy the hours to fleet,

Each gladdens us as he doth throng and press,
And man by man, straitens the chambers' space ;
Yet passing welcome must the brave man be
If as ally he join us sturdily
I' the morning hour, dread issues that decideth,
For that Fate's balance over it presideth.
But in this solemn hour the stalwart hand
Restrain, I pray thee, from the willing brand.
Honour the moment that to strife doth summor
Thousands, to prove them friend or foeman.
Self is the man ! Who covets throne and crown,
Himself be worthy of such high renown !
This phantom, that against us is uprisen,
Emp'ror himself, Lord of our Lands doth christen,
Our army's Duke, our barons' Liege doth boast him,
Ourself, with our own hand, to Hell will thrust him !

FAUST.

Howe'er must be achieved the undertaking,
Thou dost not well therein thine own head staking.
The crest, the plume upon the helmet glances ;
It shields the head, our valour that entrances.
Without the head, what could the limbs do either ?
For if it slumbers, all droop down together,
If it is wounded, all are sorely stricken,
And all revive when it with health doth quicken.
The arm its strong prerogative straight wieldeth,
It lifts the buckler and the skull it shieldeth.
Straightway the sword allegiance doth show,
It parries stoutly and returns the blow.

The sturdy foot their fortune doth partake,
And plants it swift on the slain foeman's neck.

EMPEROR.

Such is my wrath, his might so would I crumble,
And his proud head to be my footstool humble.

HERALDS, *returning*.

Little honour, scarce a hearing
Had we yonder on our coming,
And our challenge did they, jeering,
Laugh to scorn for idle mumming.
"No more is your Emperor heard of,
Echo in yon narrow vale.
Him if ever there be word of:—
Once there was, replies the tale."

FAUST.

E'en as the best had wished it doth betide,
That staunch and faithful stand here at thy side.
Thine burn to fight, there come the hosts of treason,
The onset bid, propitious is the season.

EMPEROR.

Here then do I surrender the command,
[*To the Generalissimo.*
And bid thee, Prince, thy duty take in hand.

GENERALISSIMO.

Then let the right wing straightway take the field!
The foeman's left, that climbing even now is,
Ere it hath taken its last step shall yield
To the tried constancy of youthful prowess.

FAUST.

Then suffer thou this merry blade, I pray,
To place him in thy ranks without delay,
And intimately there incorporated
To ply his lusty calling with them mated.
[*Points to the right.*

SWASHBUCKLER, *coming forward.*

Who shows his face shall turn it not away
Ere upper jaw and under get a mangling.
Who turns his back, limp on his nape I'll lay
Head, neck and scalp in horrid fashion dangling.
And if with sword and mace thy men
Strike home as I shall, helter-skelter
Man over man will topple then
The foe, and in their own blood welter.
[*Exit.*

GENERALISSIMO.

Now softly our mid-phalanx to the fight,
And shrewdly meet the foe with all its might.
Already to the right our force hath taken
The field, and hot-incensed their plan hath shaken.

[FAUST, *pointing to the middlemost of the Three.*

Then let this hero too thy word obey!
Nimble and bold he is, sweeps all away.

HAVEQUICK, *coming forward.*

Th' imperial hosts heroic spirit
Shall there with thirst for plunder pair it,
The goal whereto all wills are bent
The Rival Emperor's sumptuous tent.
Not long he'll lord it on his settle!
The phalanx will I lead and show my mettle

SPEEDBOOTY, *a sutleress, nestling up to him.*

Though not to thee in wedlock tied,
My dearest leman dost thou bide.
For us is such a harvest ripe!
Woman is fierce when she doth gripe,
And when she plunders, ruthless she.
All is permitted, on to victory!

[*Exeunt ambo.*

GENERALISSIMO.

Upon our left, as was to be foreseen,
Their right doth hurl itself with might and main.
Their furious effort one and all will parry
The narrow defile of the road to carry.

FAUST, *beckoning to the left.*

Then pray you, sir, this man to gaze at length on.
It doth not hurt themselves if strong men strengthen.

HOLDFAST, *coming forward.*

Let the left wing no care awaken!
For where I am the tenure is unshaken.
There shall the old man prove him. Thunder
Shall cleave not what I hold in sunder.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *coming down from above.*

Lo now, how in the background surges,
From out the jagged rocky gorges,
A host of arméd men, that cumbers
The narrow pathway with its numbers!

With helm and harness, sword and shield,
A bulwark in our rear they build,
Ready to strike if we but beckon.
[*To those who are in the secret.*
Ye must not ask whence they are taken.
To tell the truth, I've emptied out
The armour-chambers round about.
There did they stand, on foot or mounted,
Still Lords of Earth as were they counted.
Knight, King or Kaiser once they strutted,
Now naught but snail-shells whence the snail hath rotted.
Themselves therein have many spectres dight,
The Middle Ages furbished up to light,
But what a devilkin therein lurks,
This once a fine effect it works.
[*Aloud.*
To frenzy, hark! themselves they're lashing,
With tinny clank together clashing!
By many a banner tattered pennons flutter,
That for fresh breezes yearned with yearning utter.
An ancient people here doth rise to life,
And fain would mingle in the newest strife.
[*Appalling trumpet-peal from above. Notable wavering in the hostile army.*

FAUST.

Already the horizon darkles,
But here and there suggestive sparkles
A bloody-red, foreboding glow.
Already gleam the weapons bloody,
Cliff, wood, and atmosphere are ruddy,
And heaven above, and earth below.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The right wing stoutly keeps its station.
There see I, hovering defiant,
Jack Swashbuckler, the nimble giant,
Alertly busy in his fashion.

EMPEROR.

First did I see one arm uplifted,
Then straight a dozen shook and shifted;
It is not Nature worketh here!

FAUST.

Hast thou ne'er heard of mist-wreaths, over
The coasts of Sicily that hover?
There, in the daylight floating clear,
Raised to mid-air, may see who gazes,
And mirrored in especial hazes,
A vision wonderful appear.
There to and fro do cities waver,
And gardens rise and fall, as ever
Breaks wraith on wraith the ether there.

EMPEROR.

My fears a portent new enhances,
For every spear-head gleams and glances.
Lo there, our phalanx' glittering lances!
On each a nimble flamelet dances!
Meseems too spectral is the light.

FAUST.

Pardon, O Sire, here is a vestige
Of spirit-natures' vanished prestige,
A reflex of the Dioscuri,
The sailor's friend 'mid tempests' fury.
They gather here their latest might.

EMPEROR.

But say to whom the debt is owing
That Nature here her favour showing
For us her rarest doth unite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To whom but yonder lofty Master
That hath thy destiny at heart?
Thy foeman's menace of disaster
Doth touch him with profoundest smart.
The gratitude he still doth cherish
Would save thee, though himself should perish.

EMPEROR.

They led me jubilant in pompous pageant.
Now was I something, fain would prove me
regent,
And 'twas my whim—full little did I ponder—
To give cool air unto the greybeard yonder.
I marred the clergy's pastime. Howsoever,
Frankly, thereby I did not win their favour.
What years agone I did in merry pleasure,
Doth it bear fruit in such abundant measure?

FAUST.

Free kindness hath rich usury.
Look upwards! Straightway will be sent us,
Mistake I not, a sign portentous.
Give heed, the omen straight thou'lt see.

EMPEROR.

An eagle soars in heaven's hollows,
With menace fierce a griffin follows.

FAUST.

Give heed! Methinks propitious is't.
The griffin is a fabulous beast.
Him how could his conceit inveigle
To pit him with a genuine eagle?

EMPEROR.

Each about each with menace gruesome
In circles wide they wheel, then stoop
Each upon each with furious swoop,
And tear and mangle neck and bosom.

FAUST.

Lo, the fierce griffin finds but bale!
To-torn, to-ruffled, like a plummet
It drops from sight, its lion's tail
All limp, upon yon woody summit.

EMPEROR.

E'en as the token be the event!
I take the sign with wonderment.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *towards the right.*

Under crushing blows repeated
Hath our foe perforce retreated,
And in desultory fashion
Fighting, fall back where its station
Hath their left, and so unsettle
All their leftward line of battle.
Now our phalanx' point hath doubled
To the right, and like the thunder
Cleaves their wavering ranks in sunder.
Now like billows tempest-troubled

Spuming, well-matched forces rattle
In the shock of twofold battle.
Mind hath pictured naught more glorious,
We in battle are victorious!

EMPEROR, *on the left side to Faust.*

Yonder, see, is danger threatened!
There our post is sorely straitened!
Not a stone now see I fly there;
Lower cliffs are climbed; the high there
Stand forsaken now already.
Now the foe in masses eddy,
Nearer throng, and the contested
Pass ere this hath haply wrested.
Thus unholy toils prove fruitless.
All your boasted arts are bootless.

[*Pause.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There come my ravens twain. What message
Bring they us? Sooth, I have a presage
We fare but badly in the strife.

EMPEROR.

What mean these obscene birds of evil,
Their sable vans that hither level
From the hot fight about the cliff?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to the ravens.*

Perch near mine ears. Whome'er ye favour
Is not in desperate case, for ever
Your counsel is with reason rife.

FAUST, *to the Emperor.*

Thou canst not but have heard of pigeons,
To breed and feed their young, in legions
That come from many a far-off coast.
The cases, truly, scarcely tally,
The pigeon-post is peace's valet,
But War commands the raven-post.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tidings they bring of grievous fortune.
See how the foe doth sore importune
Our heroes on their rocky wall.
The nearest heights are scaled, and marry
The narrow pass if once they carry
'Twere much if we could stand at all.

EMPEROR.

On bubble-hopes ye have upbuoyed me!
Into the net ye have decoyed me!
I shudder, taken in the snare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Courage! We need not yet despair.
Patience and knack for the last knot.
The end as usual is hot.
My trusty envoys are at hand.
Command that I may take command.

GENERALISSIMO,

[*who has come up in the meantime.*

Thou with these fellows hast allied thee;
The whole time hath it mortified me;
Juggling no stable luck commands.
As for the battle I can't mend it.
'Twas they began it, let them end it!
My staff I give back to thy hands.

EMPEROR

Fortune hath brighter hours in keeping
Belike. Retain it in thy grip.
Foul wight—he sets my flesh a-creeping,
He and his raven-fellowship.
[*To Mephistopheles.*
The staff to thee I can't deliver.
Thou seemest not the proper man.
Command, and us to free endeavour.
Let everything be done that can.
[*Goes into the tent with the Generalissimo.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The stupid staff! Now may he of it
Have joy! Us can it little profit.
There was as 'twere a cross thereon.

FAUST.

What must we do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

E'en now 'tis done!
Now, sable cousins, swift in duty,
To the great mountain-lake! The Undenes
salute ye,
And beg them for the semblance of their flood!
By women's arts, transcendent wonder!
The semblance from the essence can they
sunder.
You'ld swear the thing before you stood.
[*Pause.*

FAUST.

Our ravens must have coaxed and flattered
throughly
The water-nymphs, for yonder truly

To trickle hath it now begun.
From many a dry bare cliff upon the mountain
There gushes forth a swift abundant fountain.
Their hope of triumph is undone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The welcome is of wondrous cast.
The boldest climber stands aghast.

FAUST.

Brook rushes down to brook with might already,
And twofold swollen from each gorge they eddy.
An arched cascade leaps from the verge.
Suddenly o'er the width of level rock it gushes,
To this side and to that it foams and rushes,
And valewards step by step its course doth urge.
What boots a bold heroic opposition ?
The mighty flood will sweep them to perdition !
Myself I shudder at so fierce a surge.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naught see I of this water counterfeited,
For human eyes alone can thus be cheated.
I'm rarely tickled by so odd a case.
Forth from the field whole hosts at once they bound there,
Poor fools ! They ween they shall be drowned there,
The while they safely snort upon dry ground there,
And drolly run with swimming gestures round there.
Confusion reigns in every place.

[*The ravens have returned.*

Unto the lofty Master I'll commend ye.
Yourselves to prove ye masters now pretend ye,
Haste to the dwarf-folks' glowing smithy,
Where stone and metal on their stithy
They smite to sparks and never tire.
Coax from them with your honeyed cackling,
A fire winking, gleaming, crackling,
A very high-fantastic fire.
Sheet-lightning, true, that in the distance dances,
And highest stars down-shooting swift as glances,
No summer-night but boasteth these.
Sheet-lightning, though, 'mid tangled brushwood garish,
And stars that hiss along the level marish,
The like not easily one sees.
This do, on form o'ermuch not standing,
Entreating first, and then commanding.

[*Ravens fly off.*

[*All takes place as above described.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Night shrouds the foe in sable curtain!
They stride and ride into the uncertain!
A flash of flitting scintillations
And sudden-dazzling coruscations!
All very fine—but now we need
A sound shall chill the soul with dread.

FAUST.

The hollow armour from the vaulted chambers
In the free air its pristine strength remembers.
Long hath it rattled there and clattered, in
A wondrous-strange, discordant din.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

E'en so. Unbridled each his neighbours
With knightly buffetings belabours,
Wherewith the good old times were rife.
Now fan again vambrace and jambeau,
As Guelph and Ghibelline, the flambeau
Of the eternal jar to life.
Into the ancestral feud they throw them,
And still implacable they show them;
Now far and wide resounds the strife
Nay, party-rancour is the Devil's
Best instrument in all his revels,
E'en to the last, the grisly hour.
Adown the vale abhorrent-panic,
Now strident-harsh and shrill-satanic,
Resound with awe-inspiring power.

[*Warlike tumult in the Orchestra, passing over at length into merry martial music.*

THE RIVAL EMPEROR'S TENT, THRONE, SUMPTUOUS SURROUNDINGS.

HAVEQUICK, SPEEDBOOTY.

SPEEDBOOTY.

So first then at the tryst we be!

HAVEQUICK.

No raven flies so swift as we.

SPEEDBOOTY.

Oh, what a treasure here heaped up!
Where shall I start? Where shall I stop?

HAVEQUICK.

So full the whole wide space doth stand,
I know not where to lay my hand.

SPEEDBOOTY.

The tapestry were to my taste,
My couch is oft too barely graced.

HAVEQUICK.

Here hangs, of steel, a morning-star,
The like I long have lusted for.

SPEEDBOOTY.

The crimson mantle, golden-hemmed,
The very thing whereof I dreamed!

HAVEQUICK, *taking the weapon.*

With this the job is swiftly done,
You strike him dead and hurry on.
Already hast thou crammed thy pack,
Yet naught of worth hast in thy sack.
Leave there the rubbish on the earth!
One of these coffers carry forth.
This is the army's pay all told,
And in its belly naught but gold.

SPEEDBOOTY.

'Tis murderously heavy! It
I cannot lift or bear one whit.

HAVEQUICK.

Bend thy back quickly! Thou must stoop!
I'll hoist it on thy sturdy croup.

SPEEDBOOTY.

I'm done for now! Alack! Alack!
The plaguy weight my reins will crack.
[*The coffer falls and bursts open.*

HAVEQUICK.

There lies the red gold all a-heap.
To work! The treasure swift upsweep!

SPEEDBOOTY, *crouching down.*

To work and swiftly fill my lap!
There's still enough for every hap.

HAVEQUICK.

And so enough, and come now, troll!
[*She stands up.*
Alack! the apron hath a hole.
Where'er dost stand, where'er dost go,
In spendthrift wise dost treasure sow.

BODY-GUARDS *of our Emperor.*

I' the sacred place why make ye free?
The imperial wealth why ransack ye?

HAVEQUICK.

We perilled life and limb for pay.
We fetch our portion of the prey.
The foeman's tent is spoil of war,
And marry, we too soldiers are.

BODY-GUARDS.

That with our circle doth not suit,
Soldier and carrion-thief to boot.
Who nears our Emperor, let him see
An honest soldier that he be.

HAVEQUICK.

Honesty, quotha! That we know;
Ye call it *contribution* though.
On a like footing all ye live.
The pass-word of the guild is give!

[*To Speedbooty.*

Forth with thy booty! Leave the rest!
For here we are not welcome guest. [*Exeunt.*

FIRST BODY-GUARD.

Say, wherefore didst not straightway slap
The saucy varlet on the chap.

SECOND.

I know not! Me a faintness took,
The twain had such a spectral look.

THIRD.

Before mine eyes there swam a haze.
A sudden dazzling blurred my gaze.

FOURTH.

Words to describe it know I not.
The livelong day it was so hot,
So sultry close as boding bale.
The one did stand, the other fell.
You groped and struck a random blow,
At every stroke there fell a foe.

Before the eyes a gauze as 'twere,
It hummed and buzzed and whizzed i' the ear.
So it went on, here are we now.
Thus hath it chanced, but none knows how.

[*Enter* EMPEROR *with four* PRINCES.
The Life-guards withdraw.

EMPEROR.

Now be that as it may, the day is ours, and shattered
The hostile force in flight across the plain is scattered.
Here stands the empty throne, and hung with arras round
The treasonable wealth encumbereth the ground.
We, safely fenced about by our own guard domestic,
The peoples' envoys wait, imperially majestic.
From every side at once the joyful tidings roll,
The Empire is at peace, is ours with heart and soul.
And what though in our strife was glamour interwoven,
We in the end alone, but by ourselves have stroven.
Oft with belligerents doth accident collude,
From heaven falls a stone, upon the foe rains blood,
From rocky caverns rings a voice of awful omen,
That lifts our hearts on high, strikes terror to the foemen.
An endless gibing-stock the vanquished bit the sod,

The victor in his pride lauds the propitious God.
Straightway a million throats—it needeth no injunction—
"*Thee God we magnify!*" chant forth with solemn unction.
Yet, as hath rarely chanced till now, for highest praise
Back upon mine own breast I turn my pious gaze.
A young and wanton prince his day may haply squander,
Yet from the years he learns the moment's worth to ponder,
Wherefore I'll league myself, or e'er I doff my helm,
With you, ye noble Four, for house and court and realm.

[*To the First.*

Thine was the strategy, O Prince, the bold preparing,
The tactics at the pinch, heroically daring.
In peace be active now, e'en as the times suggest.
High-Marshal thee I name, and with the sword invest.

HIGH-MARSHAL.

Thy loyal host, till now with intestine disorders
Engaged, thee and thy throne shall stablish on thy borders,
Then by the festal throng, within the ample space
Of thine ancestral keep the banquet bid us grace.

Naked before thee borne, beside thee held, 'twill be
An escort evermore to highest Majesty.

THE EMPEROR, *to the Second.*

Thou that with gallantry dost join obliging grace,
Be thou High-Seneschal, no sinecure thy place.
'Tis thou that art the chief of all our household meiny,
Whose private feuds leave us but service ill, if any.
As high ensample thee henceforward I install
Of how a man may please his lord, the court, and all.

HIGH-SENESCHAL.

This brings to grace:—unto our lord's high will be toward,
Be helpful to the good, e'en to the bad not froward,
Transparent without guile, serene without a mask.
Sire, so thou look me through, then nothing more I ask.
May Fancy to that feast look forward by thy favour?
To table dost thou go, I'll hand the golden laver,
And hold thy rings; so shall, for that glad revelry
Thine hand itself refresh, as me doth glad thine eye.

EMPEROR.

In sooth I feel too grave to think of merry-making:
But be't so—glad hearts too speed on an undertaking.

[*To the Third.*

Thee I appoint High-Sewer, wherefore hence-forward be
Chase, poultry-yard, home-farm, all subject unto thee.
Do thou at all times let, as each is seasonable,
My favourite meats appear well-dressed upon my table.

HIGH-SEWER.

My duty gratefullest shall be the strictest fast
Until before thee spread thee glads a choice repast.
The kitchen-train with me shall league to do thee reason,
Both from afar to fetch and to forestall the season.
Far-fetched and firstling, true, wherewith thy board is graced,
Thee tempt not. Frugal fare and wholesome asks thy taste.

EMPEROR, *to the Fourth.*

Since nothing here but feasts by one and all are mooted,
Be thou, young hero, straight to cupbearer transmuted.

High-Cupbearer, thy charge with choicest wines to see
That ever to the brim our cellars furnished be.
Thyself be temperate, nor yield unto the suasion
Of opportunity, on festal high occasion.

HIGH-CUPBEARER.

My Prince, e'en youth itself, if but you trust it, then
Or e'er you're ware of it, stands builded up to men.
Myself too I transport to yonder solemn wassail.
Th' imperial buffet I with many a gorgeous vessel
Will deck. Together there silver and gold shall glance.
The rarest goblet, though, I'll choose thee in advance,
A sheeny Venice-glass, wherein heart's-ease awaiteth,
That spiceth still the wine, yet ne'er inebriateth.
Oft to such talisman too full a trust they yield.
Thee better, Thou Most High, thy temperance doth shield.

EMPEROR.

What I design for each at this most solemn season,
That have ye heard in trust from lips that know not treason.
Great is the Emperor's word, and guarantees each gift,
Yet noble writing now must chronicle its drift;

The signature it needs, all which to order duly
The right man see I come, at the right moment truly.

[*Enter the* ARCHBISHOP-ARCHCHANCELLOR.

EMPEROR.

Itself when doth a vault unto the key-stone trust,
Then for eternity 'tis built, and stand it must.
Thou seest four Princes here! E'en now we have debated
First, what the estate of house and court desiderated.
Now all that in its pale the Empire doth embrace,
That with all weight and might on the Quintet I place.
In lands they shall outshine all else, wherefore their borders,
From the domains of them that in these late disorders
Fell from us, will I straight enlarge. Ye faithful band,
Here do I promise ye full many a goodly land,
With the high privilege to widen your possession
As offers, by exchange, or purchase or succession;
And ye shall wield unchecked, each in his own domain
Whate'er prerogatives to lordship appertain.
As judges ye shall speak the final condemnation,
And no appeal shall stand from your exalted station.

Then customs, gavel, rent, safe-conduct, toll and fine
Be yours, with royalties on mintage, salt and mine.
Then that my gratitude be fully demonstrated,
Nearest unto my throne ye have I elevated.

ARCHBISHOP.

To thee in all our names our gratitude I plight.
Thou mak'st us strong, firm-set, and stablishest thy might.

EMPEROR.

With honours will I clothe ye Five in fuller measure.
Still live I for my realm, to live is still my pleasure,
Yet from quick strenuousness my high ancestors' chain
To that grim menace draws my thoughtful glance again.
I too when comes the time must from my dear ones sunder.
Then be it yours to name my follower; then yonder
On holy altar high raise ye his crownéd form,
And peacefully fulfil what here was done in storm.

HIGH-CHANCELLOR.

With pride deep in their hearts, humility in bearing,
Before thee princes bow, on earth the highest faring.

So long as our full veins the loyal blood doth thrill,
We are the body, thou the lightly-wielding will.

EMPEROR.

Now in conclusion, all that hitherto we've spoken,
Be for all time to come confirmed by written token.
The ownership ye have, with lordship full and free,
With this proviso though, unparcelled that it be.
Howe'er ye add thereto, on these terms I confer it,
It shall your eldest son in measure like inherit.

HIGH-CHANCELLOR.

This weightiest statute straight to parchment I'll confide,
Unto the Empire's weal, and ours, with joy and pride.
The Chancery shall engross and with the seal invest it,
With sacred signature wilt thou, the lord, attest it.

EMPEROR.

Thus I dismiss ye then, that each at leisure may
With tranquil mind reflect on the momentous day.

[*The Secular Princes withdraw.*

THE ECCLESIASTIC

[*remains, and speaks with deep feeling.*

The Chancellor went forth, the Archbishop remaineth ;

A solemn warning spirit him to thine ear constraineth.
For thee with deep concern his father's heart doth ache.

EMPEROR.

What boding fear is this at the glad season? Speak!

ARCHBISHOP.

With what a bitter grief behold I at this season
Thy consecrated head with Satan leagued in treason!
Established on thy throne, 'tis true, so may'st thou hope,
Yet spite of God the Lord and Holy Father Pope.
When he shall hear thereof, as penalty the latter
With holy thunderbolt thy sinful realm will shatter,
For he forgetteth not how on that day of glee
The coronation-day, the wizard thou didst free.
Then from thy diadem, to Christendom a scandal,
Upon that head accurst with bell and book and candle
Fell the first ray of grace; but beat thy breast and pay
Of thine unholy gain a modest mite straightway
Back to the sanctuary; the broad hill-space, erected
Where stood thy tent, when thee foul fiends in league protected,

Where to the Prince of Lies a willing ear didst lend,
That, tutored piously, devote to holy end,
With mountains stretching wide, and all their leafy vesture,
With heights that clothe them green to never-failing pasture,
With limpid fishy lakes, brooklets in countless tale
In thousand twists and turns swift-plunging to the vale;
Then the broad vale itself with meadow, tilth and hollow;
Thy penitence expressed, pardon will straightway follow.

EMPEROR.

Me doth my grievous fault oppress with utter awe.
The bounds shalt thou thyself, by thine own measure draw.

ARCHBISHOP.

First the dishallowed space, the scene of such transgression,
Thou shalt to the Most-High devote by solemn cession.
Already sees the mind the massy walls aspire,
The morning-sunshine's glance already lights the choir.
Unto the transept now the growing pile doth widen,
The nave wins length and height, to glad the faithful. Bidden

By the first bell-call now, o'er hill and dale that rung,
The solemn portal through, they stream in fervent throng.
It peals from lofty towers, up to high heaven soaring;
To new-created life the penitents come pouring.
The consecration-day—soon may that day be sent!
Thy presence then shall be the highest ornament.

EMPEROR.

Let this great work proclaim the pious thoughts that urge me,
Both God the Lord to praise, and from my sins to purge me.
Enough! E'en now my heart uplifted do I feel!

ARCHBISHOP.

And now as Chancellor I seek thine hand and seal.

EMPEROR.

A charter draft, whereby the Church thereof be seiséd,
And unto me submit; to sign it I'll be pleaséd.

ARCHBISHOP

[who has taken his leave, but turns round again as he goes out.

Then to the rising work thou'lt forthwith dedicate
All imposts of the land, as tithes and rent and rate

In perpetuity. Its worthy sustentation
Will cost us much, and much its wise administration.
The building too to speed in such a desert spot,
From thy rich spoil wilt thou a little gold allot.
Moreover we shall need, thereon I can't keep silence,
Timber and lime and slate, brought here from many a mile hence.
Them will the people bring, from holy pulpit taught,
The Church will bless the man that in her service brought. [*Exit.*

EMPEROR.

A great and grievous sin wherewithal we have fraught us!
The plaguy magic-folk sore detriment hath wrought us.

ARCHBISHOP

[*returning again with a most profound reverence.*

I crave your pardon, Sire, that most notorious man
Was with the Empire's strand enfeoffed. This smites the ban,
Save thou endow there too the Church's supreme function
With tithe, rent, tribute, tax, in sign of thy compunction.

EMPEROR, *petulantly.*

The land is not yet there—it lies beneath the foam!

ARCHBISHOP.

Who patience hath and right, his day will surely come.
For us thy word may stand our undisputed charter.

EMPEROR, *alone.*

For absolution next mine Empire must I barter.

ACT V.

OPEN COUNTRY.

WAYFARER.

Aye, 'tis they, the lindens gloomy,
Yonder in their lusty age
That again appear unto me
After lengthy pilgrimage.
'Tis the place where lay my pillow,
'Tis the hut that harboured me,
When on yonder dunes the billow
Hurled me from the storm-tossed sea.
Fain with blessing would I greet them,
My good hosts, a helpful pair,
Who, that I should hope to meet them
Now, e'en then full aged were.
Folk more pious saw I never!
Shall I knock? or call? O hail,
Hospitably if as ever
Still ye joy in doing well!

BAUCIS, *a grandam, very old.*

Soft, dear Stranger! Hush! Be heedful,
Lest my Goodman's rest thou spoil.
Old, to him long sleep is needful
For brief waking's restless toil.

WAYFARER.

Say, and is it thou, good mother?
Canst thou still my thanks receive?
Thanks to thee and to that other,
Thy Goodman, the youth did live!
Art thou Baucis, so devoutly
That the half-dead lips restored?

[*Enter the Goodman.*

Thou Philemon, that so stoutly
Wrested from the waves my hoard?
'Twas the flames of your swift fire!
'Twas your silver-chiming bell!
Me from yon adventure dire
Unto you to save it fell.

Forth now straightway let me fare,
Gaze upon the boundless main.
Let me kneel and breathe a prayer
Ere my bosom burst in twain.

[*He steps forth on to the Dunes.*

PHILEMON, *to Baucis.*

Haste to spread the table yonder
Where the garden blossoms bright!
Let him run, and start, and wonder,
For he will not trust his sight.

[*Follows him.*

PHILEMON, *standing beside the wayfarer.*

What did cruelly maltreat you,
Weltering billows, foaming wild,
Lo! as garden doth it greet you,
Smiling, erst as Eden smiled.
I, grown older, now with speedy
Help at hand no more did stay,

And as ebbed my strength, already
Was the billow far away.
Ditches digged and built a rampire
Subtle master's servants bold,
Minishéd the ocean's empire,
Lordship in its place to hold.
See now verdant mead on meadow,
Pasture, garden, thorp and grove.
Come, for soon will fall the shadow,
Let the sight thy rapture move.
Aye, afar off sails are gliding,
Nightlings to the port repair;
Knows the bird its nest abiding,
For the haven now is there.
Only in the distance gleaming
Is the sea's blue rim descried,
But to right and left thick-teeming
Peopled room spreads far and wide.

IN THE LITTLE GARDEN.

THE THREE AT TABLE.

BAUCIS, *to the stranger.*

Art thou mute, and dost not carry
To thy famished lips one bit?

PHILEMON.

He would hear the wonder. Marry,
Fain thou talkest. Tell him it.

BAUCIS.

Well now, and it was a wonder!
Still to-day it puzzles me.
Something in their doings yonder
Was not what it ought to be.

PHILEMON.

Can the Emperor do evil?
Did the herald not proclaim
His, with trumpet-blast, the level
Sea-shore, in the Emperor's name?
First foot set they little distance
From our dunes. Tents, huts were seen;
But there sprang into existence
Soon a palace 'mid the green.

BAUCIS.

All day long for naught they flustered,
Pick and shovel, blow on blow.
Where by night the flamelets clustered,
There next morn a dam did show.
Human victims shed their blood there,
Nightly rang their cries of teen.
Shoreward flowed a fiery flood there,
Next day a canal was seen.
Wicked is he, for he lusteth
For our cottage, for our grove.
As our neighbour him upthrusteth,
To obey is our behove.

PHILEMON.

Yet his offer shouldst thou hide not—
Fair domain in the new land!

BAUCIS.

In the water-ground confide not!
On thine height maintain thy stand!

PHILEMON.

Let us to the Chapel wending,
There the sun's last glance behold.
Let us ring and kneel and bending
Pray, and trust the God of old.

PALACE.

SPACIOUS PLEASAUNCE, BROAD, STRAIGHT-CUT CANAL.

[FAUST, *in extreme old age, walking about wrapped in thought.*

LYNCEUS, THE TOWER-WARDER,
[*through the speaking trumpet.*

Now sinks the sun, into the haven
Now merrily the last ships glide.
A mighty galleon now even
Hither on the canal doth ride.
The motley streamers flutter gaily,
The stiff masts stoop beneath the sails.
Thy name the mariner blesses daily,
Thee in thine hey-day Fortune hails.

[*The little bell rings on the dune.*

FAUST, *starting.*

Accurséd bell! Would it were soundless,
That like a traitor-shot doth smite!
Before mine eyes my realm is boundless,
Yet at my back doth mock me spite;
Reminds me, with its envious pealing,
My lordship is alloyed—yon coign,
Yon linden-grove, yon old brown shieling,
Yon mould'ring kirklet is not mine.
Thither if wish of solace calls me
I shudder at an alien shade.
A thorn in eye and foot it galls me!
Would I were far from hence conveyed.

TOWER-WARDER, *as above.*

How the gay argosy doth glide
With the fresh breeze of eventide!
How is upheaped its rapid track
With chest and coffer, bale and sack!

[*Splendid galleon, richly and variously laden with the produce of foreign lands.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

CHORUS.

Here do we land
With costly hoard;
All hail, our Master,
Hail, our Lord!

[*They disembark; the goods are brought ashore.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Us have we quitted as behoves,
Content, if but our Lord approves.
With but two ships in modest sort
We sailed, with twenty come to port.
Great things have we achieved—how great
May best be gathered from our freight.
The free sea frees the mind—who aught
Knows when at sea of taking thought?
There helps alone the timely grip;
You catch a fish, you catch a ship,
And are you lord of three, straightway
You hook the fourth as best you may;
Then is the fifth in evil plight,
For Might is yours, and therefore Right.

Not *how*, you ask, but *what!* For me!
Of sea-faring if aught whatever
I know, are war, trade, piracy,
A trinity that none may sever.

THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

No thanks! No greeting! Sooth you'd think
We brought his lordship naught but stink.
He pulls wry faces, prizes not
The royal store we bring one jot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For further meed ye must not look.
Marry, your share thereof ye took!

THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

Aye, for the time hung on our hands.
An equal share though each demands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First up above there hall on hall
Array the costly treasures all.
The rich display then doth he see,
And reckon all more narrowly,
He'll be no niggard as I live,
But feast on feast the fleet will give.
The gaudy birds will come to-morrow;
Be they my care, and down with sorrow!

[*The cargo is carried off.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

With sombre gaze, with serious brow,
Thy lofty fortune learnest thou.
Now is high wisdom crowned. 'Tis done,
The shore is with the sea at one.

The ships to their swift path the sea
Takes from the shore right willingly.
Speak! From thy palace in its grasp
Thine arm the whole wide world shall clasp.
Here was the work first set on foot,
Here stood the first rude wooden hut.
A trench was scratched where at this day
Feathers the busy oar the spray.
Thine high design, thy people's toil,
Have made both earth and sea thy spoil.
From here 'twas—

FAUST.

That accurséd *here*!
'Tis that that doth oppress me sheer.
Needs unto thee I must declare it,
Thou many-wiled! It stabs my heart
With prick on prick. I cannot bear it,
Yet shames me that I do impart.
Yon old folk should give way that foil me,
Yon lindens for a seat I crave.
The few trees not mine own—they spoil me
The lordship of the world I have.
From branch to branch, that all unbaffled
Mine eye might range, I'd build a scaffold,
Thus were a spacious prospect won
To gaze on all that I have done,
And in one glance to compass it,
This masterpiece of human-wit,
Confirming with sagacious plan
The dwelling-place reclaimed for man.

Thus are we worst put to the rack,
Feeling 'mid riches what we lack.

The tinkling bell, the limes' perfume,
Enfolds me as with church and tomb.
Here the all-powerful's free will
Doth break on yonder sandy hill.
How shift the burden from my spirit?
The bell rings and I rave to hear it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course, some sovereign annoy
Must still embitter all thy joy!
Who doubts it? To each noble ear
This jangling hateful doth appear,
And the accurséd ding-dong-belling,
Evening's clear sky with vapour veiling,
In each event, or sad or merry all,
Mingles, from the first bath to burial,
As life 'twixt *ding* and *dong* did seem
A shadowy, forgotten dream.

FAUST.

Such opposition, such self-will
The highest gain embitter, till
With deep, fierce suffering he must
Enforce himself, that would be just.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What need is here for temporising?
Art not long used to colonising?

FAUST.

Go then and shift them. Thou dost mind
The pleasant homestead here behind
That for the old folk I designed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll bear them forth and on the ground
Set them again ere they look round.
When from the violence they recover
The fair abode will smooth all over.

[*Whistles shrilly*

[*Enter the* THREE.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, as our lord doth bid, so be't.
To-morrow will he feast the fleet.

THE THREE.

The aged lord received us ill.
We'll fleet the feast with right good will.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *ad Spectatores.*

Here haps but what hath happed of yore,
For Naboth's vineyard was before.

[*Regum I.*, 21.

DEEP NIGHT.

LYNCEUS, THE TOWER-WARDER,

[*singing on the watch-tower of the Castle.*

To see is my dower,
To look my employ,
My charge is the tower,
The world is my joy.
My glances afar light,
My glances light near,
On sun, moon and star-light,
On woodland and deer.

In all the eternal
Adornment I see,
Well-pleaséd with all things,
Well-pleased too with me.
Ye eye-balls entrancéd,
Whate'er ye have seen,
Where'er ye have glancéd,
So fair hath it been!

[*Pause.*

Not alone though to delight me
Am I posted here so high.
What a horror to affright me
Threatens from the midnight-sky!
Glancing sparks stream helter-skelter
Through the lime-trees' double night;
Ever wilder glows the welter
By the draught fanned fiercely bright.
Ah, the inner hut is flaming
Moist and moss-grown that did stand there,
Speediest assistance claiming,
Yet no rescue is at hand there.
Misadventure oh how dreadful!
Woe is me! The good old folk,
Once about the fire so heedful
Victims fall they to the smoke.
Flames are flaring! Glowing redly
Stands the black and moss-grown frame.
Kindly souls, if from the deadly
Hell they could but rescue them!
Lambent tongues of flame it launches.
'Twixt the leaves and 'twixt the branches.
Withered boughs that flicker burning,
Briefly glow and fall, I see.
Ill-starred eyes, such sight discerning!
So far-sighted must I be!

Crashes in the little chapel
Burdened 'neath the branches' fall.
Barbéd flames already grapple,
Wreathing, with the summits tall.
Now unto the roots the hollow
Trunks are glowing purple-red.
[*Long pause.* *Singing.*
What the eye once loved to follow,
With the centuries is dead.

FAUST, *upon the balcony, towards the dunes.*

Aloft what strain of lamentation!
Here word and song too late they sue.
My warder from his lofty station
Wails, and mine hasty deed I rue.
Yet though the limes that grew so thickly
A horror of charred trunks now be,
A look-i' the-land is builded quickly
To gaze into infinity.
In their new home, in soft effulgence
Spending the sunset of their days,
Conscious of generous indulgence,
On yon old pair too shall I gaze.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE THREE, *below.*

We come again our tale to tell.
Your pardon! Sooth, it went not well.
We rapped and chapped with right good will,
Yet none did open to us still.
We rattled and we rapped away—
The rotten door before us lay!
We shouted loud, we threatened sore,
Yet hearing found we none the more.
As in such case doth oft appear,
They did not hear, they would not hear!

But we, we made no more delay,
We cleared them speedily away.
The old folk fretted scarce a jot
For terror killed them on the spot.
A stranger hiding there made show
Of fight—but him we soon laid low.
In the brief span of furious fray,
From embers, scattered round that lay,
Was kindled straw. Now flares it free,
A funeral-pyre for all the three.

FAUST.

Deaf unto my commands were ye!
Exchange I wished, not robbery,
And this insensate brutal wrong,
I curse it! Share it ye among!

CHORUS.

The good old saw is still good sense:
Be willing slave of violence,
And art thou bold and steadfast, pelf
And house and home mayst stake, and self!

FAUST, *on the balcony.*

Their glimpse and gleam the stars hide all,
The fire sinks and flickers small;
A chill wind fans it as I speak,
And drifts towards me smoke and reek.
O bidden quick, too quick obeyed!
What floateth hither like a shade?

MIDNIGHT.

[*Enter four grey hags.*

FIRST HAG.

Men know me as *Want*!

SECOND HAG.

Men know me as *Guilt*!

THIRD HAG.

Men know me as *Care*!

FOURTH HAG.

Men know me as *Need*!

THE THREE.

Fast barred is the portal, we cannot within!
There dwelleth a rich man, we may not fare in!

WANT.

There grow I a shadow.

GUILT.

To nothing I wane.

NEED.

Their face turn the pampered from me with disdain.

CARE.

Ye Sisters, ye cannot, ye may not fare in,
But Care through the key-hole slips stealthily in.
[CARE *vanishes*.

WANT.

Ye Sisters, grey Sisters, hence hie ye, I pray!

GUILT.

I cleave to thy side, Sister. Up and away!

NEED.

I tread on thy heels, Sister. Need followeth!

THE THREE.

The cloud-rack is scudding, and quenchéd each
star now!
Behind there, behind there! From far now,
from far now,
There cometh our brother, there cometh he—
Death.

FAUST, *in the Palace.*

Four saw I come, but three go hence,
Nor of their discourse could I grasp the sense.
One spake of *Need*, thus did it chime,
And *Death* did close the sombre rhyme.
It had a hollow, spectral-muffled tone.
Not yet into the Open have I won.
Could I but from my path all magic banish,
Bid every spell into oblivion vanish,
And stand mere man before thee, Nature! Then
'Twere worth the while to be a man with men.

Such was I once, the gloom ere I explored,
And cursed myself, the world, with impious
word.
Now with such glamour doth the air o'erflow
That how he should avoid it none doth know.
If one day lit with reason on us beams,
Night trammels us within a web of dreams.
From the young fields we turn us home elate,
A raven croaks! What doth he croak? Ill-
fate!
Us Superstition soon and late entwines,
With happenings, with warnings, and with signs.

Thus are we overawed, we stand alone.—
The door doth creak, and yet doth enter none!
[*Shuddering*
Is any here?

CARE.

The question asketh *aye!*

FAUST.

And thou, who art thou then?

CARE.

Lo, here am I!

FAUST.

Withdraw thyself!

CARE.

Here may I fitly dwell.

FAUST, *first wrathful, then softened, to himself.*

Have thou a care and speak no magic spell!

CARE.

Though of ear unheard, the groaning
Heart is conscious of my moaning;
In an ever-changing guise
Cruel power I exercise.
On the highway, on the billow,
Cleave I close, a carking fellow;
Ever found, an unsought guest,
Ever cursed and aye caressed.
Hast thou not Care already known?

FAUST.

Athwart the world I have but flown,
Grasped by the hair whatever I did covet,

Loosed it, had I no pleasure of it,
Did it elude me, made no moan.
I did but wish, achieve, and then again
Did wish, and thus I stormed through life amain,
First vehemently, with majestic passion,
But shrewdly now I tread, in heedful fashion.
The round of earth enough I know, and barred
Is unto man the prospect yonderward.
O fool, who thither turns his blinking glances,
And of his like above the clouds romances!
Let him stand firm, and round him gaze on earth.
Not mute the world is to the man of worth.
What need hath he to range infinitude?
What he perceives, that may be understood.
Thus let him journey down his earthly day;
When spectres haunt him, let him go his way;
In onward-striding find his bale, his bliss,
He, that each moment uncontented is.

CARE.

Whom I make my own, with loathing
Counts the whole wide world as nothing.
Him eternal gloom surpriseth,
Setteth sun no more nor riseth;
With each outer sense excelling
In his breast hath darkness dwelling.
He may not by any measures
Make him lord of all his treasures.
Good and Ill become caprices,
Him 'midst fullness famine seizes;
Be it joy or be it sorrow,
Puts he off unto the morrow,
On the Future ever waiteth,
So that naught he consummateth.

FAUST.

Peace! Thus thou canst not shake my soul.
Unto such folly I'll not hearken!
Away! The wretched rigmarole
E'en of the wisest man the wits might darken.

CARE.

Shall he come or go? Denied him
Is all power to decide him.
On the paven highroad reeling,
Stepping short and blindly feeling,
Ever more profoundly strays he,
All things more distorted sees he,
Burdening himself and others,
Deeply breathing, yet he smothers,
Smothered not, yet lifeless faring,
Not resigned and not despairing,
Thus he rolls on unresisting,
May not, wishing, must, not listing,
Now enfranchised, now soul-sickened,
From half-sleep awakes unquickened.
All that in his place doth root him,
But for Hell at last doth suit him.

FAUST.

Unhallowed spectres! Aye, thus persecute ye still
The human kind on myriad occasions.
E'en days indifferent transmute ye still
To a foul web of tangled tribulations.
'Tis ill, I know, from demons to be free;
The spirit-potent bond we may not sever;
And yet, O Care, though stealthy-great it be,
Thy might I'll not acknowledge ever!

CARE.

Then learn it now, as from thy view
I quickly turn, my curses spending.
Men commonly are blind their whole life through,
Blind be thou, Faustus, in life's ending!

[*She breathes upon him.*

FAUST, *blinded.*

More deeply-deep Night seemeth to enfold me,
Yet clear the daylight shines within mine heart.
I'll hasten to fulfil the plan doth hold me;
The master's word alone doth weight impart.
Up from the couch, ye vassals! Every man!
With happy issue crown my daring plan.
Take tools in hand all! Spade and shovel ply ye!
What is staked out be straight accomplished by ye!
Strict order, rapid diligence
Are crowned with fairest recompense.
To speed the greatest enterprises
One mind for thousand hands suffices.

GREAT OUTER COURT OF THE PALACE.

[*Torches.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in front as Bailiff.*

Come here, come here! Come in, come in!
Ye Lemures loose-jointed!
Patched up of sinew, bone and skin,
Natures but half-appointed!

LEMURES, *in chorus.*

Here are we straightway at thine hand,
And half 'tis our impression
We come about a fair broad land,
Thereof to take possession.
The sharpened stakes, the fair long chain
For measuring have we gotten,
But whereto we were called explain,
For that have we forgotten.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here needs no art, ye witless throng!
Use your own measures, seek no others.
The longest lay him all his length along,
And round about him lift the sods his brothers.
Dig out, as for our sires they did,
A longish square as ye I bid.
From palace into narrow house,
Such after all the farce's stupid close!

LEMURES, *digging with mocking gestures.*

In youth when I did live and love
Methought it was full sweet-a;
With dance and song tripped life along,
And merrily went my feet-a.

But churlish Age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch-a.
I stumbled o'er the grave his door,
Why must it yawn so much-a?

FAUST,

[*coming from the Palace, groping by the door-posts.*

How I rejoice to hear the spades resound!
It is the throng for me that toileth,
Earth with herself that reconcileth,

Unto the billows sets a bound,
And round the sea stern bonds doth cast.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

Thou dost but toil for us at last
With all thy dams and moles. High revel
For Neptune still, the water-devil,
Thou but preparest, good my friend.
Lost are ye, lost in every manner!
The elements are leagued beneath our banner,
And all in nothing still must end.

FAUST.

Bailiff!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here!

FAUST.

Workmen throng on throng address
Thyself to get. Put forth all vigour.
Now with indulgence, now with rigour
Encourage. Pay, entice, impress!
Let every day bring news of our successes,
How this new trench, this mighty groove progresses.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *half-loud.*

They talk—such news to me they gave—
Not of a groove, but of a . . . grave!

FAUST.

A marish skirts the mount, whose smell
Infecteth all the land retrievéd.
To drain the festering sump as well!
Then were the last the best-achievéd.

I open room for millions there, a dwelling
Not idly sure, but to free toil compelling;
Green fields and fruitful, men and herds at home
Upon the earth new-wrested from the foam;
Straight-settled on the hill-strength, piled on high
By swarming tribes' intrepid industry.
Within, a paradise, howe'er so grim
The flood without may bluster to the brim.
And as it nibbles to shoot in amain
Flock one and all to fill the breach again.
My will from this design not swerveth,
The last resolve of human wit,
For liberty, as life, alone deserveth
He daily that must conquer it.
Thus childhood, manhood, and grey old age here,
With peril girt, shall spend their strenuous year.
Fain would I see such glad turmoil,
With a free people stand on a free soil.
To such a moment past me fleeing,
Tarry, I'd cry, thou art so fair!
The traces of mine earthly being
Not countless aeons can outwear.
Now, in the presage of such lofty bliss,
The highest moment I enjoy, e'en this.

[FAUST *falls back. The Lemures catch him and lay him on the ground.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Him can no pleasure sate, no bliss suffice,
Thus ever after changing forms he springeth.
Even to this last sorry empty trice,
Poor wretch, with all his soul he clingeth.
Me did he sturdily withstand—
Time triumphs, lies the graybeard in the sand.
The clock stands still—

CHORUS.

Stands still! As midnight hushed and dead!
The finger falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It falls! 'Tis finishéd!

CHORUS.

'Tis past and over.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Past! a stupid word.
Why past and over?
Past and pure Nothingness! The same and wholly one!
What boots us then Creation's endless travail?
Created but to nothing to unravel!
'Tis past! From that what meaning can be twisted?
It is as good as had it ne'er existed,
And yet in cycle moves as if it were.
Eternal Emptiness would I prefer.

ENTOMBMENT.

LEMUR, *Solo.*

Who hath the grave so badly built
With mattock and with shovel?

LEMURES, *Chorus.*

For thee, dull guest in hempen vest
Is far too fair the hovel.

LEMUR, *Solo.*

Who hath so meanly decked the hall
No chairs nor table any!

LEMURES, *Chorus.*

'Twas hired for briefest interval,
The creditors are so many.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There lies the Body! Would the Soul forsake it,
I'll hold the blood-writ bond before its view.
Yet now they have so many means, plague take it,
To chouse the Devil of his due!
On the old way we give offence,
Upon the new are sponsors lacking.
Once I had done't with confidence
Alone, but now I must have backing.

The times are bad wherein we live,
Time-honoured custom, old prerogative,
Now everything hangs in the balance.
With the last breath once would she quit the house;
I lay in wait, and like the quickest mouse,
Snap! tight I clutched her in my clenchéd talons.
Now lingers she, to leave the dismal place,
Vile house of the foul carcase, hesitating.
The elements, each other hating,
Will drive her forth at last in foul disgrace.
Yet though for hours and days myself I weary,
When? *where*? and *how*? that is the plaguy query!
Now Death, grown old, is feeble grown and slow.
The very *If*? hath long been hard to know.

Oft eyed I greedily the stiffened members;
They seemed but dead—life quickened in the embers.

[*With fantastic fugleman-like gestures of incantation.*

Lords of the straight and of the crooked horn,
Hither apace, around me swiftly settle,
Of sterling devil-mint and metal,
And with ye straight the jaws of Hell be borne.
True, Hell hath many many jaws. It swallows
With due regard to rank and dignity.
In this last drama though the time that follows,
As in all else, will less punctilious be.

[*The horrible jaws of Hell open up on the left.*

The side-fangs yawn, from the throat's deep foundation
The flood of fire in frenzy flows,
And in the background's seething exhalation
Eternally the flaming city glows.
Itself the crimson surge up to the teeth up-launches,
Damned souls, deliverance hoping, swim to view.
Colossal them the hyaena limb-meal craunches,
Their burning path they fearfully renew.
Still much may be explored in many a corner.
Can space so small with so much horror teem?
The sinners ye do well to scare, the scorner
Will count it still but flam and sham and dream.

[*To the fat devils, with short, straight horns.*

Ye fat-paunched knaves, with cheeks where hell-fire smoulders,
That sweat hell-sulphur in an oily glow,

With log-like bullnecks moveless on your shoulders,
Look out for phosphorescence here below.
That's the wee soul, Dame Psyche with the pinions;
Pluck them out, but an ugly worm is she.
I'll brand her with the brand that marks my minions,
Then on the fiery whirlwind set her free.
Keep watch upon the lower regions
If haply there she choose to dwell.
Be that your task, ye fat-gut legions!
The truth thereof we know not well.
Oft in the navel doth she stop—
Give heed, lest at the navel out she pop.

[*To the lean devils, with long, crooked horns.*

And you, ye zanies, fuglemen gigantic,
Snatch at the air, your arms outstretchéd fling!
Unsheathe your claws, stir ye as were ye frantic,
That ye may catch the fluttering, fleeting thing.
In her old house uneasy must she prove;
The Genius will straight come out above.

[GLORY *above on the right.*

HEAVENLY HOST.

Messengers holy,
Heaven's kin, slowly
Follow in flight!
Sinners forgiving,
Dead dust reviving,
Leave, as ye hover
Lingering over,
To all things living
A trace of delight!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I hear a hateful strumming, harshly jangled,
That with unwelcome day comes from above.
It is the boyish-girlish botchwork, fangled
As best the sanctimonious taste doth love.
Ye know how we in hours most black and blameful
Did plan destruction for all human-kind.
What we invented of most shameful
To their devotion apt they find.

Canting they come, the silly cattle!
Many they've kidnapped from us in like wise.
With our own weapons do they give us battle.
They too are devils . . . in disguise.
Here should ye lose 'twere to your shame eternal.
To the grave! Cling to its brink, ye hosts infernal!

CHORUS OF ANGELS, *strewing roses.*

Roses, ye twinkling,
Balsam-besprinkling,
Fluttering, thickening,
Secretly-quickening,
Leaflet-bewinged that are,
Rosebud-unringed that are,
Hasten to bloom!

Purple and green burst
Spring from the gloom!
Paradise sheen burst
Into his tomb!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to the Satans.*

Why wink and shrink ye, pray? Is that Hell-use?
Plague on ye, stand, and let them scatter!
Back to his post, each witless goose!
With such like flowery toys themselves they flatter
To snow the hot devils up! What matter?
Your breath will melt and shrivel it. Puff
Amain, ye puff-devils! Enough! Enough!
The hot blast bleaches all the fluttering stuff.
Less violently! Shut your jowls and nostrils!
Good sooth, ye've blown too hard, ye costrils!
That ye the golden mean will never learn!
Not only shrivel they, they scorch, char, burn.
With venomous bright flames they flutter hither.
Brace yourselves 'gainst them, firmly press together!—
Their strength expires, their courage all is spent.
An alien witching glow the devils scent.

ANGELS.

Blossoms, ye benedight,
Flamelets, ye frolic-light,
Love are ye lavishing,
Bosom-enravishing
Bliss ye purvey.
Words void of lying,
Th' ethereal sky in,
To hosts undying
Everywhere day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Curse on the oafs and shame! Oh scurvy!
Satans are standing topsy-turvy.

The lubbers, wheel on wheel they throw,
And into Hell plunge arsy-versy.
Joy to your well-deserved hot bath below!
But I shall stand my ground.
[*Battling with the hovering roses*
Gramercy!
Hence, Jack o' Lanterns! Thou there, shine amain!
But a foul sticky mess thou'lt be once ta'en.
Why flutterest? Wilt hence be winging?
Like pitch and brimstone to my neck 'tis clinging!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

What not pertains to ye
Needs must forswear it.
What brings but pain to ye,
May ye not bear it.
If the assault be keen
Fearless must be our mien.
Them that have loved alone
Love leadeth in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Head, heart and liver I burn. O punishment!
An overdevilish element!
More bitter-keen than is Hell-fire!
Wherefore are your complaints so dire,
Unhappy lovers, that, disdainéd, spy
After the loved one still with neck awry.

Me too, what draws my head in that direction?
Therewith have I sworn feud and disaffection.

Once from the sight most bitterly averse
Hath something alien pierced through and through me?
I love to look on them, the charming youth!
Beshrew me,
What is't constrains me that I cannot curse?
Me to befool if now I let them.
Whom shall we henceforth *fool* esteem?
The baggages, e'en though I hate them.
Lovely past everything to me they seem.

Ye beauteous children, tell me this, ye!
Are not ye too of Lucifer's descent!
Ye are so pretty, sooth I'm fain to kiss ye!
Methinks ye come like fish in Lent.
I feel at ease, so natural, so trustful,
As had we met a thousand times, I swear;
So stealthily, so cat-like lustful.
With every glance anew more fairly-fair!
O draw ye near! Vouchsafe one glance, I pray!

ANGELS.

We do draw near. Why dost thou shrink away?
We come, abide our coming if thou can!

[*The angels stream around, filling the whole space.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *crowded into the Proscenium.*

Damned sprites ye chide us. In your gizzards
Ye lie, ye are the only wizards,
For ye seduce both maid and man.
O curséd hap! O torment dire!
Is this Love's element? My frame
From top to toe is all on fire.
Scarce do I feel upon my neck the flame.

Ye hover to and fro, come down a little!
Bestir your beauteous limbs—and were it but a tittle—
More earthily. The serious style
Beseems ye, true, but once to see ye smile!
That were a joy eternally entrancing!
I mean like lovers on the loved one glancing;
One flicker round the lips and it is done.
Thou, tall fellow, dost make my chaps to water sadly.
The sanctimonious air sits on thee badly;
Oh, give me but one wanton look, but one.
More naked were more decent to my mind;
The long draped smock, 'tis overmuch decorum.
They turn them round. To see them from behind!
The jades, too toothsome are they, all the quorum!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Back to the splendour
Turn, loving flames now!
Who himself blames now
Truth whole shall render.
He shall unravel
Trammels of evil,
In the All-Unity
Blesséd to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *restraining himself.*

How is't with me? Like Job amidst the embers
The whole man boil on boil, until he loathe
Himself, yet triumphs too, when through and through he doth
Himself survey, in self and lineage both

Doth trust. Saved are the noble devil's members!
The love-spell pierces not the hide, and troth
The damnéd flames are all burnt out. Gramercy,
Ye jades, now one and all as is your due I curse ye!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Holy, thrice holy
Flames, and he over
Whom they may hover
Blest feels him wholly.
Rise all together,
Laud and extol!
Cleansed is the ether,
Breathe may the soul!

[*They rise aloft, bearing forth the immortal part of* FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *looking about him.*

How's this? Where are they gone, I wonder?
Ye callow brood, ye took me by surprise.
Flown up to Heaven are they with their plunder.
That honey lured ye to this grave, ye flies!
Of a great, unique treasure I'm frustrated;
The lofty soul, to me hypothecated,
That have they smuggled hence in crafty wise.
To whom my plaint now shall I carry?
Who will enforce my well-earned right?
Thou art outwitted in thine old age, marry!
Thou hast thy meed! Thou'rt in an evil plight.
I've bungled it in scurvy fashion,
Great outlay shamefully have flung away.
To vulgar lust, to silly mawkish passion
Fell the case-hardened Devil a prey.

If with this childish-silly toy the fiend,
The shrewd-experienced, hath been meddling,
Then of a truth the folly in the end
That hath possessed me is not peddling.

MOUNTAIN-RAVINES, FOREST, CLIFF, WILDERNESS.

HOLY ANCHORITES,

[*scattered up the mountain-sides, having their dwelling in rocky clefts.*

CHORUS AND ECHO.

Billows the forest on,
Lean them the cliffs thereon,
Grapple the roots thereon,
Trunk crowding trunk upon;
Wave gushes after wave,
Shelters the deepest cave;
Softly the lions, dumb-
Friendly about us come,
Honour the holy seat,
Sanctified love-retreat.

PATER ECSTATICUS, *hovering up and down.*

Endless enraptured fire,
Glowing love-bond entire,
Seething heart-agony,
Foaming God-ecstasy.
Arrows, transpierce ye me,
Lances, enforce ye me,
Bludgeons, so batter me,
Lightnings, so shatter me,
That the unworthy all
Pass, with the earthy all,

Shine the endless star above,
Core of immortal love.

PATER PROFUNDUS, *in the deep region.*

As at my feet, the gaze entrancing,
Rests rocky deep on deep profound,
As flow a thousand streamlets glancing
Unto the foam-flood's shuddering bound,
As, with a mighty impulse sailing,
The tree shoots upward straight and tall,
E'en so Almighty Love, unfailing,
Doth fashion all and cherish all.

About me a tumultuous roaring,
As surged the wood, the craggy steep!
Yet with a pleasing sound, downpouring
To water straight the vale, doth leap
Into the abyss the water-foison.
The flash, that hurtling down did fare,
Doth purge the atmosphere, that poison
And reek within its bosom bare.

Heralds of Love are they, forthtelling
What aye creative round doth roll.
Oh, kindle too that inner dwelling,
Where cold and wildered doth the soul
In bars of stolid senses languish,
In straitly-clasping fetters' smart!
O God! appease the thoughts of anguish!
Illumine Thou my needy heart!

PATER SERAPHICUS, *in the middle region.*

What a morning-cloudlet hovers
Through the pine-trees' waving hair!
Guess I what its mantle covers?
Youthful spirit-troop is there.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS.

Father, tell us, whither go we?
Kindly, tell us who we are.
Happy are we all, that know we,
For to all is life so fair.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Boys at midnight born, the gateway
Half-unclosed of sense and mind;
Lost unto the parents straightway
That the angels gain might find.
Well ye feel that in this place is
One that loves—draw near apace.
But, O happy! ye no traces
Have of rugged earthly ways.
In mine eyes descend, I pray ye,
Organs apt for world and earth,
Use them as your own; so may ye
On this neighbourhood look forth.
[*He receives them into himself.*
These are trees and cliffs and whirling
Torrent plunging down in spray,
And with a tremendous swirling
Shortening its break-neck way.

BLESSED BOYS, *from within.*

'Tis a spectacle astounding,
But too sombre is the place,
Us with fear and dread confounding.
Free us, noble friend, apace!

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Seek in higher spheres your station,
Grow by gradual period,
As in ever purest fashion
Strengtheneth the face of God.

For in ether free, supernal,
This as spirit-food still holdeth,
Revelation of Eternal
Love that unto bliss unfoldeth.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS,

[*circling about the highest summit.*

Hand in hand cling ye,
In a glad ring unite,
Soar ye and sing ye
Songs of divine delight!
Trust ye unto him,
Godlike his lore.
Soon shall ye view Him
Whom ye adore.

ANGELS,

[*hovering in the upper atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of* FAUST.

Freed is the noble scion of
The Spirit-world from evil.
Him can we save that tireless strove
Ever to higher level.
And if Supernal Love did stoop
To him with predilection,
Then him shall hail the angelic troop
With brotherly affection.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Woman-penitents, love-hallowed,
Roses gave, whereby victorious
We did prove, and our all-glorious
Task unto fulfilment followed.

Our rich spoil, this soul, we owed them.
Foul fiends yielded as we strowed them.
Devils fled aghast, sore-smitten.
Not with wonted hell-pangs bitten
But with love-pangs were the spirits.
E'en the old Arch-fiend his merits
Had, with keen pain pierced and cleavéd.
Shout for joy, it is achievéd!

THE MORE-PERFECTED ANGELS.

Still doth some earth remain,
Still doth arrest us.
'Tis not all free from stain
Were it asbestos.
When spirit-might hath blent
Closely-consorted
With Earth's gross element,
Angels ne'er parted
Natures knit two in one,
Near interwoven.
By Eternal Love alone
Can they be cloven.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Wreathing the rocky height
At little distance,
Mist-like, there meets my sight
Spirit-existence.
Now grow the cloudlets clear,
Blest boys I see appear,
A stirring legion,
Freed from the stress of earth,
Ranged in a ring
In the Upper Region
Revelling in the birth

Of its new spring.
Let him first yoked with these
Work out by due degrees
His perfecting.

THE BLESSED BOYS.

Him in the pupa-stage
Gladly receive we so,
And an angelic pledge
Straightway achieve we so.
Strip ye away the strait
Husks that enclose him!
With blest life fair and great
E'en now he shows him.

DOCTOR MARIANUS, *in the highest, purest cell.*

Here is the prospect free,
The soul uplifted.
Yonder float women by,
Heavenward drifted.
Glorious amidst them e'en,
Crowned with the star-shine,
See I high Heaven's Queen
Radiant afar shine.

[*Ecstatically.*

Thou that reignest as Thy due,
Lady, of Thy pleasure,
Let me Thine arcana view
In the vaulted azure!
Sanction what man's breast doth move,
Reverent and tender,
And with holy bliss of love
Nigher Thee doth render.

All invincible we grow
When august Thou willest,
Tempered straightway is the glow
If our hearts Thou stillest.
Virgin pure from stain of earth,
Mother honour-thronéd,
Chosen Queen, and peer by birth
With the Godhead ownéd!

Clouds wreathe the splendour
Frail as a feather.
Penitents tender
Are they, together
Drinking the ether,
Round her knees pleading,
Pardon sore-needing.

O, Thou Undefiléd all,
It is not forbidden
That the light-beguiléd all
Come to Thee unchidden.

Into frailty borne away,
Hardly to deliver!
Who lust's chain hath torn away
Of his own strength ever?

On the slant and slippery path
Is the foothold fleeting.
Whom beguiles not flattering breath,
Glance and honeyed greeting?

[MATER GLORIOSA *floats by.*

CHORUS OF PENITENT WOMEN.

To heights art soaring
Of Realms Eternal!

Hear us imploring,
Peerless, Supernal,
Gracious, Maternal!

MAGNA PECCATRIX, *St Luke vii.* 36.

By the love that for a precious
Balsam poured forth tears of yearning
At thy God-like Son's all-gracious
Feet, though Pharisees were scorning,
By the box of alabaster's
Costly ointment lavished sighing,
By the tresses then the Master's
Holy feet so softly drying—

MULIER SAMARITANA, *St John iv.*

By the well that erst did water
Abraham's herds, with cooling gifted,
By the urn Samaria's daughter
To the Saviour's lips once lifted,
By the pure and plenteous river
From that gracious fountain teeming,
Overflowing, limpid ever,
Through all worlds around us streaming—

MARIA AEGYPTIACA, *Acta Sanctorum.*

By the hallowed place where mortal
Hands the Lord in earth did lay,
By the arm that from the portal
Thrust me warningly away,
By the forty years' repentance
Truly held in desert-land,
By the blissful parting sentence,
Writ by me upon the sand—

ALL THREE.

Thou, to women greatly sinning
That thy presence not deniest,
And their penitential winning
Through all ages amplifiest,
This good soul that did forget her
Once alone, her sin not knowing,
In thy grace vouchsafe to let her
Share, thy pardon meet bestowing.

UNA POENITENTIUM,
[*formerly known as Gretchen, nestling nearer.*

Ah! bow
Thy gracious brow,
O peerless Thou,
And radiant, on my radiant bliss!
My youth's belovéd,
From grief removéd,
Returning is.

BLESSED BOYS, *drawing near in circling motion.*

Great-limbed already he
Grows, us transcending,
Will requite lavishly
Our careful tending.
Early removed were we
Forth of Life's chorus;
Us will he teach what he
Hath learned before us.

THE ONE PENITENT,
[*formerly known as Gretchen*

Girt by the glorious spirit-legion
Scarce the new-comer wakes, scarce knows
His life renewed in this pure region,

Ere like the angelic host he grows.
Lo, how he bursts with gladsome gesture
Each old-enswathing bond of earth,
And radiant from ethereal vesture
The pristine strength of youth gleams forth.
Grant me to teach him! Radiant-shining
Still dazzles him the new-sprung day.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Come, soar to higher spheres! Divining
Thee near, he'll follow on thy way.

DOCTOR MARIANUS, *prostrate adoring.*

Tender penitents, your eyes
Lift where looks salvation.
Gratefully to bliss arise
Through regeneration.
Each best power, Thy service in,
Prove it efficacious.
Ever, Virgin, Mother, Queen,
Goddess, be Thou gracious!

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

All things corruptible
Are but reflection.
Earth's insufficiency
Here finds perfection.
Here the ineffable
Wrought is with love.
The Eternal-Womanly
Draws us above.

FINIS.

NOTES

TO

SECOND PART

I. A Pleasant Landscape.

In the First Part of the Faust-drama, when Faust is on the eve of quitting his study with his new mentor, Mephistopheles, the latter announces his programme in the following words: "*The little world, and then the great we'll see.*" The excursion through the *little world*, the circumscribed life of the obscure citizen, came to a tragic end in Gretchen's dungeon. In the Second Part of the drama Faust is to be introduced to the *great world*, beginning with the *crowded motley medley of the Court*. But he cannot pass immediately from the black despair of the dungeon-scene to the brilliant frivolity of the Court. We must imagine an undefined interval of remorse and paralysis, from which he emerges slowly, under the healing

influences of time. This cannot be presented dramatically. The purpose of the Prelude, for such the First Scene really is, is to portray it figuratively. The period of healing is gathered up into the four watches of one night; the healing influences are personified as tiny elves, who, as powers of Nature, are non-moral, and minister indifferently to the good and the evil, and the completion of the healing synchronizes with the dawn of a new day, of Faust's new life.

Page 12.

Sérénade, Notturno, Mattutino, Réveil.

i.e. *Even-song*, *Night-song*, *Morning-song*, and *Waking-song*. These titles occur in the MS. (the latter in the form *reveille*), but not in the printed editions.

Page 13.

Hark! The Hours in storm are winging.

The Hours in Homer are the Keepers of the Gate of Heaven.

Page 14.

Life's pulses newly-quickened now awaken, etc.

This magnificent description in *terza rima* of sunrise in the Alps is a reminiscence of Goethe's third Swiss Journey, particularly of the Falls of the Rhine and Lake Lucerne.

II. The Throne-Room.

The newly-elected Emperor, fresh from his journey to Rome to be crowned by the Pope, holds his first Privy Council. For the constitution of the *Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation* and its relation to the Papacy, the reader may be referred to the Temple Classics edition of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, Appendix I. Though the Emperor Maxi-

milian I. furnished some traits to Goethe's description, his Emperor is not to be identified with any historical Emperor. It is a fancy picture that the poet paints of the Empire in its decadence. In his *Conversations with Eckermann* the poet is represented to have said :—

In the Emperor I sought to portray a Prince who has every quality necessary to lose his country, which accordingly he ultimately succeeds in doing. . . . He is not at all concerned for the weal of the Realm or of his subjects ; he thinks only of himself, and how to find every day some new amusement. . . . The Privy Council wishes to deliberate, but their most Gracious Lord prefers to amuse himself. . . . Here Mephisto is in his element. He speedily shelves the former Fool and takes his place by the Emperor's side as new Fool and Counsellor.

The Faust of the Faust-book also appears at the Imperial Court, and Goethe has adopted many suggestions from this original. Here then we recur to the Faust-book, with which we parted company after the scene in Auerbach's cellar. We do not bid it a final farewell until the fifth act of the second part of the drama.

The intrusion of Mephistopheles and his promise to procure gold are suggested by Hans Sachs' "*Adventure of the Emperor Maximilian of worshipful memory and the Alchemist.*"

Page 16.

What is accursed, yet welcome ever? etc.

Mephistopheles' riddle has never been satisfactorily solved. Amongst the solutions proposed are: *Gold, Magic, the Devil, the Court-Fool.*

Page 20.

Ghibelline and Guelf.

In the conflict betwixt Emperors and Popes the *Ghibelline* faction supported the imperial supremacy, the *Guelf* that of the Papacy.

Page 22.

Nature and mind! To Christian ears!

The Chancellor was the Archbishop of Mayence (see p. 293), whence his readiness to scent heresy.

Page 23.

thus 'neath the sway
Of mighty Rome, and thus till yesterday,
Aye, till to-day it was.

Cf. Sir Thomas Browne: *Hydriotaphia*:—

How the Romans left so many coins in countries of their conquests seems of hard resolution; except we consider how they buried them underground when, upon barbarous invasions, they were fain to desert their habitations in most parts of their empire.

Page 25.

I hear his every word twice o'er.

i.e. because he hears Mephistopheles prompting him.

Page 25.

And some of magic mandrakes maunder,
Some maunder of the Swarthy Hound.

The *manarake* (really the *mandragore*, a narcotic herb allied to the belladonna), is supposed to grow under gallows in human form, whence it is also called in German the *gallows-manikin*. Those that succeed in possessing themselves of it have in it a charm which amongst other powers has that of procuring money. But to him who tears it from the earth, or hears the shriek it then utters, it proves fatal. So Juliet speaks of

Shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

Accordingly he that would pluck it stops his ears, makes it fast to a starving black dog, entices the dog with food, and blows a great blast on a horn the while to drown its deadly shriek.

Black hounds, as well as serpents and dragons, are known in folk-lore as guardians of buried treasure.

The remainder of the speech has reference to the supposed sympathetic influence of hidden treasure upon the human frame, a superstition which also underlies the belief in the divining-rod. *Cf.* page 61.

Page 26.

There lies the fiddler.

A familiar German saying when anyone stumbles. Does it imply that the presence of the buried fiddler sympathetically sets the foot a-twitching for the dance? So we say in England, when a person shudders without apparent cause, that some one is *walking over his grave.*

III. Spacious Hall.

The disproportionate length of the Carnival Masquerade, together with its general disconnection from the action of the drama, is doubtless answerable for the attempts that have been made, with considerable ingenuity, to interpret it as an elaborate allegory. Thus Düntzer explains it in detail as an allegory of *moral, civic, and political life.* For others it is *an epitome of antiquity and nature in the clearer and more vivid southern forms which she assumes in Italy*, or *a survey of the elements of society in its uniform chief achievements*, or *a survey of the course of universal history brought down to the present day, in single, often almost detached pictures*, or *a travesty of the Imperial Court in the typical figures of ancient and Italian comedy, and in characteristic forms of heathen mythology.*

The reader may choose his own interpretation, and will of course find much in support of any. But a carefully wrought-out allegory should surely be susceptible of more uniform interpretation. Detached groups are of course allegorical on the face of them. Others naturally become the mouthpieces for critical reflections upon life. But on the whole there would not seem to be sufficient reason to regard the entire masque as one connected, consistently developed allegory.

It is rather to be regarded as a brilliant and varied pageant, which appeals to the eye rather than to the reason. If the reader finds it drag somewhat in the reading, let him try to conjure up before his mind's eye the figures and groups of the motley train, and he will admit that, presented with the appropriate spectacular devices, it would not be likely to fail of its effect.

Viewed as an integral part of the drama, it merely serves to exhibit the means by which Mephistopheles and Faust establish a foothold at Court. The Masquerade pursues its normal course as planned—by the Herald, we may suppose, as Master of Ceremonies—until the entrance of Zoilo-Thersites. Thenceforth a series of unrehearsed effects, due to the magic of Mephistopheles, are interwoven with the pre-arranged groups, perplexing the Herald and alarming the guests, and culminating in the sham conflagration.

Page 34.

Woodcutters.

Probably such figures were seen by Goethe in the Italian carnival, which possibly inherited them from ancient tradition.

Page 35.

Pulcinelli.

The familiar figures of popular Neapolitan comedy. They wore caps of white and blue with red tufts, white jackets, hose, and slippers.

Page 36.

Parasites.

Familiar figures of Greek, Roman, and Italian comedy.

Page 38.

The Nocturnal and Charnel-house poets.

Goethe satirizes, or rather proposes to satirize—for we have here an undeveloped note—the contemporary school of writers, notably French and English, who thought to provoke the jaded appetite by dishing up the horrible. He may be allowed to supply the comment in his own words:—

> Writers are now beginning to declare the representation of noble thoughts and deeds wearisome, and to experiment in the treatment of all sorts of abominations. Devils, Witches, and Vampires take the place of the beautiful contents of Greek Mythology, and Tricksters and Galley-slaves elbow out the sublime heroes of Antiquity.

Page 38.

The Graces.

Hesiod names three Graces, *Aglaia*, splendour, *Thalia*, good-fortune, and *Euphrosyne*, cheerfulness, For *Thalia*, familiar also as the name of a Muse. Goethe substitutes *Hegemone*, leaderess, one of the two Graces reverenced by the Athenians, the other being *Auxo*, growth. Seneca says: *Some think that it is one Grace that bestows a benefit, a second that receives it, and a third that repays it.*

Page 39.

The Fates.

The *Parcae* or *Fates*, like the Graces, were three in number; *Clotho*, the spinner, holds the distaff; *Lachesis*, the assigner of lots, guides the thread; *Atropos*, she that is not to be turned, *slits the thin-spun life* with her shears. Atropos and Clotho have interchanged roles for the nonce.

Page 41.

The Furies.

These are also three in number, *Alecto*, the irreconcilable, *Megaera*, the malignant, and *Tisiphone*, the avenger of bloodshed. They are grey hags, with bloodshot eyes and snaky locks, who haunt the steps of the blood-guilty. But they appear disguised, in deference to the season, as *coaxing pussies, pretty, young, and tricksy.* They describe themselves as the provokers of discord between man and woman, of jealousy and estrangement, and as avengers of breach of faith.

Page 42.

Asmodeus, trusty fiend.

For Asmodeus, the demon of discord, see *Tobit*, iii 8, in the Apocrypha. *Cf.* also page 112.

Page 45.

Zoilo-Thersites.

Zoilus, an Homeric critic of the third century, whose name has become a by-word for an ignorant critic. *Thersites*, the scurrilous, mis-shapen buffoon of the Iliad. The *double dwarfish thing* is, as appears in the sequel, the first of the unrehearsed effects due to Mephisto's magic. Beneath the stroke of the Herald's truncheon he is transformed into the *blind* bat and the *venomous* adder.

Page 46.

—athwart the throng a splendid
Four-yoked chariot comes gliding.

The new group, as appears from the Herald's perplexity, is another creation of Mephistopheles' magic. *Plutus*, the *god of wealth*, enters in regal state, charioted by dragons. *Poetry* is the charioteer. Upon the chariot is borne a treasure-coffer, whereon squats the emaciated figure of *Avarice*. The interpretation of the allegory may be left to the reader's ingenuity.

It may be remarked here, what does not appear from the play itself, but is gathered from Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann*, that the personage of *Plutus*, is supposed to be sustained by Faust himself, and that of *Avarice* by Mephistopheles.

The relationship here portrayed between Plutus and the Boy-Charioteer, between Wealth and Poetry, bears so close a resemblance to that existing between the Grand Duke of Weimar and Goethe himself, that we can scarcely be mistaken in supposing that Goethe here paid a tribute to his princely patron and friend.

Page 52.

With dragons be the dragon greedy.

Avarice, cowering upon the treasure-chest, is identified with the treasure-guarding dragon of traditional lore.

Page 57.

The wild-folk come, they come pell-mell,
From mountain-height and woodland-dell.

With the entrance of the wild-folk, Fauns, Satyrs, Gnomes, Giants, Nymphs, together with the god Pan, the Mask resumes its orderly course.

Page 57.

They know what no man else doth guess.

i.e. that the personage of the great god Pan is sustained by the Emperor himself.

Page 59.

The Wildwood-men.

The figures here described are familiar figures in heraldry, where they often appear as the *supporters* of escutcheons.

Page 60.

And underneath the vaulted blue
He still hath kept him wakeful too.

The Nymphs are grateful to Pan for not putting a term to their sports by falling asleep, for when Pan sleeps, all Nature sleeps with him. The allusion a few lines below is of course to *panic* fears.

Page 63.

Already through the Wood aspire
The pointed tongues of lambent fire.

The *Wood* is a scenic wood.

By the contrivance of Mephistopheles the masque ends dramatically in a seeming universal conflagration. Goethe had in mind two historical instances of the disastrous termination of festivities by fire. In his youth he had read in Abelin's chronicles an account of a similar occurrence at a masquerade at the court of King Charles VI. of France, when the tow and pitch in the king's masking-costume caught fire, and four gentlemen who sought to save him were burned to death. There was also present to his mind a contemporary occurrence, the conflagration at the ball of Prince Schwarzenberg at Paris in 1810, at which the Emperor Napoleon was present.

False fire plays a frequent rôle in the first Faust-book.

Thus **Faust** visits the Court of the Emperor Soliman at Constantinople and plays sundry pranks upon him; amongst others this:—

There went great streams of fire round about in the Turkish Emperor's hall, so that each and all ran up to quench it.

Again when **Faust** visits Hell,

for as fiercely as it burnt, he felt neither heat nor burning, but only a gentle breeze, as in May or springtide.

IV. Pleasaunce.

The kernel of this scene is the fulfilment of Mephistopheles' promise to furnish the Emperor with money. The arch-schemer has already painted a vivid picture of the countless wealth that lies buried within the Empire. He crowns his scheme by devising means whereby this may be turned to account without the actual labour of digging it, to wit, by the issue of a paper-currency. Sound finance requires that such a currency should be based upon a supply of bullion or specie approximately equal to the face-value of the notes. What matter, argues Mephistopheles, whether this security repose in the vaults of the Imperial Treasure-house or beneath the soil of the Empire? The Emperor has allowed himself during the giddy whirl of the Masquerade to be persuaded into sanctioning the issue with his signature, and when he fully realises what he has done, the notes are already issued and beyond recall. He is, however, easily reconciled to the step by the temporary appearance of prosperity created by the scheme.

The scheme has prototypes in the French Mississippi scheme of John Law and in the issue of *assignats* by the French Republican Government in 1790, which depreciated to such

an extent that six years later 24 francs in gold would purchase 7200 francs in *assignats*! Our own *South Sea Bubble* occurs to the mind as another parallel.

Page 68.

Now is the Alphabet indeed redundant;
Each in this sign is blessed with bliss abundant.

The letters composing the Emperor's name are all that people will care about. The second line is an allusion to the inscription upon the cross that appeared to the Emperor Constantine: *in hoc signo vinces.*

V. Gloomy Gallery. Faust's Journey to the *Mothers*.

What are the *Mothers*, the dread powers whom Faust must visit if he would summon Helen from the world of shades? Eckermann put this question to Goethe himself on an occasion when the poet read through the scene in his presence. "But he (Goethe) veiled himself in mystery, looking upon me with wide-open eyes, and repeating to me the words: *The Mothers! Mothers! nay, it sounds so weird!* 'I can reveal nothing further to you,' he said thereupon, 'than that I found in Plutarch that *Mothers* are spoken of in Greek antiquity as deities!'" The reference is to Plutarch's *Life of Marcellus*, chapter xx., where it is related that the little antique town of Engyion in Sicily was famous for the worship of strange goddesses known as the *Mothers*. Nicias, a prominent citizen, who sought to turn the town from its Carthaginian bias to the interests of Rome was to have been delivered up to the Carthaginians as a traitor. But he feigned madness, crying

out that the *Mothers* were pursuing him, and none dared lay hand on him, so that he escaped.

This passage furnishes nothing more than the name *Mothers*, as associated with sentiments of awe. Another passage in Plutarch: *Concerning the Cessation of Oracles*, seems to have contributed to Goethe's conception. It runs as follows:—

> There are 183 worlds, which are ordered in the form of a triangle; each side contains 60 worlds, the remaining 3 stand at the angles; in this order they touch each other softly, and go ever about as if in a dance. The plane within the triangle is to be regarded as a common hearth, and is known as the Field of Truth. Upon it lie motionless the Principles, the Forms, and the Archetypes of all things that have ever been or yet shall be. These are surrounded by Eternity, from which Time overflows into the world as an effluence.

It is impossible to overlook the further influence on Goethe's myth of the Platonic Theory of Ideas, which indeed evidently lies at the root of Plutarch's account of the Field of Truth. We cannot attempt here anything like a complete exposition of this doctrine; we must content ourselves with a brief quotation from the *Timaeus*:—

> There is first the unchanging idea, unbegotten and unperishable, neither receiving aught into itself from without, nor itself entering into aught else, invisible, nor in any wise perceptible—even that whereof the contemplation belongs to thought Second is that which is named after it and is like to it, sensible created, ever in motion, coming to be in a certain place and again from thence perishing, apprehensible by opinion with sensation (Archer-Hind's Translation).

With these clues we may venture upon some general interpretation of Goethe's myth, bearing ever in mind that the essence of imaginative poetry lies in a suggestive vagueness, which leaves scope for the play of fancy of the individual reader, and therefore essaying not to drag forth completely from the mystic shadow of fantasy

what Goethe himself playfully refused to subject to the harsh light of reason.

The *unexplored solitude*, where is neither *place* nor *time*, the *ever-empty Far*, where the eye can discern nothing nor the foot find a resting-place, the *unfettered Realm of Form*, would seem to be the Domain of Mind, the Sphere of the Ideal; the *Mothers* are perhaps the creative powers of the imagination; the *phantom-drift*, the *wraiths*, the *forms of all things that be*, the *lifeless images of life*, are the ideas, the eternal archetypes, which, embodied, apportioned to the *cope of day*, the *gracious course of life embraces;* but which, before and after their embodiment, abide in the Domain of Mind; and these the *bold wizard*, the seeker after the ideal, *seeketh in their place.* To Mephistopheles, the Spirit of Denial, the consistent materialist, this realm of the ideal is a *void;* to Faust, the striver after the ideal, the yearning spirit that finds no resting-place, no abiding satisfaction in this world of phenomena, the ideal world is, as to Plato, the only real. *In thy Naught*, he says to Mephistopheles, *I trust to find the All.*

Page 74.

Kill-crop dwarfs.

Kill-crop, German *Kielkropf*, an insatiate brat, popularly supposed to be a fairy changeling substituted for the genuine child (New English Dictionary).

VI. Baronial Hall, *dimly lighted.* The Conjuration of Helen.

There are in the Faust-book two instances of the conjuring up of the spirits of the dead. At the Court of the Emperor Charles the Fifth Faust calls up for the delectation of the

Emperor the spirits of Alexander the Great and his consort, or rather other "primeval" spirits invested with their likeness. On another occasion he gratifies a boon company of students with the vision of Helen of Troy. The dramatic climax to the incident does not occur in the Faust-book. Goethe may have found it in Hans Sachs, or in *l'Enchanteur Faustus* of the Frenchman Hamilton, or more probably in both. In Hans Sachs's *Marvellous Vision of the Emperor Maximilian of worshipful memory shown by a Necromancer*, the Emperor is shown the spirits of Helen, of Hector, and of his own dead consort, Maria. Carried away by love he seeks to embrace the latter, whereupon *the spirit vanished full swiftly from the circle, with a din and a smoke and a loud tumult . . . so that the Emperor started with terror.* In Hamilton's story Faust calls up a series of famous beauties at the Court of Queen Elizabeth of England. The last is the Fair Rosamund, and when the Queen rushes towards her with open arms the scene comes to a sudden end amid thunder, lightning, and smoke, in the midst of which Faust sprawls on his back *like a wild boar*.

With sure dramatic instinct Goethe has, by the introduction of Paris, converted the tame exhibition of a picture into a lively little action, and provided it with an appropriate background in the Grecian temple.

Page 85.

Impossible, therefore most credible.

Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*: I can answer all the objections of Satan, and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est, quia impossibile est*.

Page 89.

The goodly form that erst my bosom capturea,
Me in the magic-glass enraptured.

See *Faust*, part i., *The Witch's Kitchen* (page 114).

Page 90.

A picture! Luna and Endymion!

The grouping is indeed that of Luna and Endymion in Sebastian Conca's picture, of which Goethe possessed an engraving.

Page 93.

—the double empire,

i.e. the union of the Ideal with the Real, of Poetry with Life.

ACT II.

The germs of the Helen-episodes, which occupy the second and third acts of the drama, are to be found in two brief incidents in the Faust-book—the evocation of the shade of Helen and the union of Faust with Helen. In the Faust-book there is no hint of any connection between the two incidents. Goethe links them together and imparts to them a symbolical significance. In the interpretation of this symbolism there is, as usual, a wide field for individual conjecture. It may be broadly expounded as follows:—

Faust symbolizes medieval Europe, groping blindly after higher ideals. Such an ideal—that of the Beautiful—it finds in Greek art, typified in Helen. From its first glimpse of this, evoked as an insubstantial shade by the power of the imagination, it cannot rest until it has entered into full possession of it. It is paralysed; its material life is in the present, its intellectual life in the past. But the soul of the past, of

Classical Antiquity, can only be revived and wedded to the present, the medieval spirit, as the result of patient research, and not by any single, impassioned act of the imagination. Creative genius, the idealist Faust, can alone breathe into the dry bones of the past the spirit of life, yet must itself be dependent upon the labours of plodding scholarship, of dry-as-dust Wagners, for the dead dust which it is to re-vivify. As Schröer well says: "A poor creature like Wagner might easily produce a Greek Grammar or Lexicon which would open to a Faust a world of beauty."

It is from Wagner's Laboratory, then, that Homunculus proceeds, under whose guidance Faust visits the departed world of Greek mythology and poetry, and wins Helen, the incarnation of its highest beauty, to return with him to the light of day.

I. High-Vaulted, Narrow Gothic Chamber, formerly Faust's.

Page 96.

Crickets, chafers, and moths fly out.

Mephistopheles is the "lord of the flies." See part i., note to page 71.

Page 97.

Ever where life thus rots and moulders
Are maggots bred.

The poet plays upon the two meanings of the German *Grillen—crickets* and *crotchets*.

Page 97.

Famulus.

Not Wagner, of course, but Wagner's famulus, now that Wagner is himself professor. For *famulus* see *Faust*, part i., note to page 31.

Page 98.

Oremus.

i.e. *Let us pray!* It is a charm against evil, like the sign of the cross.

Page 100.

There behind me stirs a guest well-known.

The *Baccalaureus*, Bachelor of Arts, is the artless student of part i.; the seeds implanted in his mind by Mephistopheles have, as in the case of the old fur-cloak, also brought forth after their kind.

Page 100.

a simple bejan.

The German word is *Fuchs*, a University Freshman. *Bejan*, from French *bec jaune*, i.e. *yellow bill*, *fledgeling*, is similarly used in the Scotch Universities.

Page 101.

You look quite resolute, quite valiant, but—
Pray don't go home quite absolute.

The play upon *resolute* and *absolute* is not quite obvious. "You have gradually parted company with your hair," says Mephistopheles in effect, "as also with traditional learning, thereby acquiring a very aggressive demeanour in body and mind. But have a care! The one course leads to baldness as surely as the other to complete absolutism in philosophy."

Page 103.

Experience! Froth and foam alone,
With mind not equal-born.

The Baccalaureus pins his faith to Transcendental Idealism, the Kantian philosophy as modified by Fichte, who taught in Jena, in the neighbourhood of Weimar, from 1794 to 1799. This was a period of brilliant philosophical speculation and at first of intense popularity and profound influence with the students. His relations with the students were later overclouded by misunderstandings, and certain of his speculations led to charges of atheism being brought against him. At the instance of the Weimar government he was visited with censure by the University

Senate, and retorted by resigning his professorship. In his conflict with the Weimar authorities Goethe took side against him. Goethe's attitude was dictated chiefly by political considerations, though the concrete turn of his own mind was such as little to dispose him to sympathy with abstract thinking. He had, however, followed Fichte's speculations with interest, and had not denied the philosopher the tribute of his admiration.

The system of philosophy of which the Baccalaureus has become a disciple seeks to reconcile the opposition between Ego and non-Ego, subject and object, mind and matter, thought and being, to reduce them for the purposes of philosophical speculation to one term. This term it finds in the Ego, the thinking being, of which alone we have intuitive consciousness. For the Ego the world only exists in so far as he thinks it, and accordingly to become philosophy science must shift its ground, and examine the facts of experience as facts of self-consciousness. It thus becomes the aim of Fichte's philosophy to "construct the whole common consciousness of all rational beings . . . with pure *a priori* evidence, just as geometry constructs with pure *a priori* evidence the general modes of limitation of space by all rational beings."

The system of philosophy here imperfectly expounded recommends itself to the Baccalaureus by two doctrines which he thinks, quite mistakenly of course, that it inculcates: the worthlessness of experience, and the doctrine that the sensible world is the creation of the Ego. The first furnishes him with a royal road to learning and leads to his contempt of age, the second tickles his overweening vanity. He expounds the latter doctrine himself in a later passage (see page 104), whose very grandiloquence serves to emphasise the folly of his presumptuous claims.

The nature of the error into which the Baccalaureus falls may perhaps be best understood by reference to the analogy quoted above from Fichte himself between his Philosophy and geometrical science. The geometer would fall into similar errors who should think, because the abstractions with which he deals have no objective existence, that therefore he might have arrived at them independently of

all concrete experience, and because he has deduced *a priori* from a minimum of assumptions the laws which govern relationship in space, that therefore he has ordained them.

How foreign to Fichte's own intentions was this interpretation may readily be seen in passages in which he seeks to guard against such perversion of his meaning. "I declare," he writes, "the very innermost spirit and soul of my philosophy to be, that man has nothing beyond experience, and that he obtains all that he has from experience, from life only. All his thinking, whether vague or scientific, whether popular or transcendental, proceeds from experience and concerns nothing but experience." And again he asserts that the philosophical construction of the world of experience is not to be confused with the world of experience itself. If in the development of the necessary conditions of self-consciousness it is shown how the notion of a non-Ego arises—if feeling and representation are deduced—it is not to be supposed that by such process of deduction these as facts of experience are *produced*.

It should be said that according to a conversation reported by Eckermann, Goethe himself denied that the scene with the Baccalaureus was a travesty of Idealistic Philosophy. "*We conversed*," he says, "*about the figure of the Baccalaureus. 'Does he not stand for a certain class of Idealist Philosopher?'* said I. '*No*,' said Goethe, '*in him is personified the presumption which is in particular characteristic of youth, of which we had such striking examples in the first years after our War of Liberation. Moreover, every one thinks in his youth that the world is really only beginning with him, and that everything really exists only for his sake.*'" It is difficult to think, in spite of this disclaimer, that Goethe had not in mind the disciples of Fichte when he wrote this passage. They were also the butt of other contemporary satire, and Goethe had already aimed a shaft at Fichtean philosophy in the first part of the Faust (page 206).

Page 104.

'Twere best to knock you on the head right early.

Something like this dictum is quoted from the

writings of Fichte, but with a particular, not as here a general application.

Page 105.

Cramping thoughts Philistian.

Philistian has here much the same sense as it has acquired in English since its introduction by Matthew Arnold. It is originally a term of contempt bestowed by the German students upon the non-academic world.

II. Laboratory. The Creation of Homunculus.

Medieval speculation busied itself with the artificial production of *Homunculi*, manikins, for which Paracelsus (1493-1541) gives a recipe in his treatise: *De generatione rerum*. The ingredients are to be *putrefied until he becomes quick and moves and stirs. After such time he will in a certain measure resemble a man, but will be transparent, without body*. Such *Homunculi* are creatures of wondrous knowledge, and equal to the elemental spirits in powers and deeds, *for they acquire their life through art, wherefore art is incorporate and innate in them*. Reference is made to *Homunculi* in *Tristram Shandy*, chapter ii.

With the traditional conception of *Homunculi*, Goethe has blended that of the bottle-imp, which appears in the *Diable boiteux* of Le Sage, and has suggested the name of the scientific toy known as the *Cartesian devil*.

It is doubtless more than a coincidence that a whimsical contemporary of Goethe, one *J. J. Wagner*, professor at Würzburg, in one of his works, wrote as follows:—

There is still an experiment to be made which will not succeed for a long time, to wit, to cause two Voltaic piles of

contrary kind to work upon one point. Should the experiment succeed, the result will be an organic product, for life is everywhere, it needs but to be awakened.

A consistent interpretation of the symbolical significance of Homunculus is scarcely to be found, and was probably never intended. For Düntzer he *represents the soul of Faust in its striving after the highest ideal of beauty*; for Schröer he is the humanistic movement, the revived interest in Greek literature of the Renascence of Letters; again he is the *pure abstract human mind, without sense-organs, and anterior to all experience.* Von Loeper would have us content ourselves with the *fiction modelled by the poet upon the old fable, which in individualisation is second to none of the personages of the drama.* It is likely that this latter view coincides with Goethe's original intention, and that various and even conflicting symbolical significations wove themselves into it both consciously and unconsciously in the course of its elaboration.

From the *Conversations with Eckermann* we gather, what, as Goethe himself felt, is not over evident from the poem itself, that the final success of Wagner's experiment is due to the co-operation of Mephistopheles, *who comes, at a most timely moment, his luck to hasten.* Such apparently was not Goethe's original intention.

Page 107.

many a crystallizéd man.

A crystallizéd man is presumably what English slang calls a *fossil*, and is probably a sly hit at Wagner himself.

Page 108.

What thee, thou Rogue, Sir Cousin, here I view.

"*Moreover he calls him cousin; for such spiritual beings* (as Homunculus) *who are not yet darkened and cramped by*

becoming men out and out were counted among the demons, whence a sort of kinship between the two" (Goethe to Eckermann).

Page 109.

Fair-encompassed! Limpid waters, etc.

Homunculus, as an unembodied spirit, is able to read in Faust's mind, and proceeds to describe the dream in which he is absorbed. It is of the visit of Zeus to Leda, to which Helen owed her being.

Page 110.

Thy birth was in the misty ages,
The waste of priesthood and of chivalry.

The conception of the Devil was unknown to the Greeks. Medieval superstition clothed the shadowy Spirit of Evil of the Scriptures with the attributes of various heathen deities, resulting in the popular conception of the Devil with horns, tail, cloven hoof, etc. See also part i., notes to pages 99 and 117.

Page 111.

The warrior bid unto the fight,
Leaa thou the maid to tread a measure.

i.e. take everyone to the goal of his longing. Faust will be in his element in ancient Greece.

Page 111.

Classical Walpurgis-Night and Pharsalus

See note at beginning of next scene.

Page 112.

Asmodeus.

See note to page 42.

Page 113.

For *Thessalian witches* see note at beginning of next scene.

Page 113.

the dot upon the I.

i.e. the finishing touch, which is, for Homunculus corporeal existence, full human life.

III. Classical Walpurgis-Night.

To win Helen, *i.e.* to attain to the Ideal of Beauty, the crowning achievement of the Greek spirit, Faust must pass step by step through the successive phases of which this is the ultimate fruit, he must re-live the evolution of Greek art. How is this mental process to be translated into sensible symbols? By carrying him on a visit to the phantom Greek world, the *legions of Hellenic myth*. This suggests a parallel to the Walpurgis-Night of part i., the gathering of witches and demons of medieval superstition. Thus arises the conception of a classical Walpurgis-Night. But what would be a fitting occasion for such a gathering? Phantom-battles, in which the ghosts of slain warriors fight over again the old battle every year as its anniversary recurs, are common alike to classic and Germanic folk-lore. Thus, according to Pausanias, the shock of conflict and the neighing of horses are heard yearly upon the battle-field of Marathon on the anniversary of the Greek victory over the Persians. Goethe accordingly selects for the Classical Walpurgis-Night the anniversary of a great battle which proved a turning point in the history of the world, the battle of Pharsalus, where Caesar met and vanquished his great rival Pompey, where the Roman Republic passed into the Roman Empire. On the Pharsalian plains the old order came to a violent end; it might well be assumed that there the phantom of the whole antique world "revisited the glimpses of the

moon!" But for other reasons too the locality lent itself to Goethe's grandiose conception. It was at Pydna, actually in Macedonia, but near the Thessalian frontier, that another decisive battle had been fought (168 B.C.), when the Roman Aemilius Paulus crushed the Macedonian King Perseus, whereby Macedonia became a Roman province. Nor were the mythical associations less favourable than the historical. Thessaly was the cradle of ancient Greek mythology. Here was Olympus, the seat of the gods; the Temple of Apollo; the veil of Tempé; here the giants had assailed the gods in their citadel—the rugged rock-strewn country still bore witness to the Titanic strife; and here the centaurs had burst in, unruly and unbidden guests, at the espousals of Pirithous. The association of Thessaly with witches adds a further justification to its choice as the scene of the classical counterpart of the Witches' Saturnalia of part i.

Scenically the Classical Walpurgis-Night falls into four parts. It opens in the *Pharsalian plains*, which Goethe imagines by error or by licence as lying along the upper course of the Peneus, whereas they really lie along the Apidanus. The scene then shifts to the *banks of the Peneus*, and follows Faust downstream in his ride on the Centaur back to the *Temple of Apollo on Olympus*. Thereafter it returns to the *Upper Peneus*, and lastly shifts again to the disemboguement of the Peneus in the *Aegean Sea*.

The Classical Walpurgis-Night may be regarded as a fantasia upon the theme of

evolution, which is treated in a threefold variation: the *evolution of the artistic sense of beauty*, portrayed in the course of Greek Art; the *evolution of the surface of the habitable earth*, portrayed in the controversy between Vulcanists and Neptunists (see page 374); and the *evolution of man*, portrayed in Homunculus' strivings after corporeal existence. Indeed, if we accept Küntzel's ingenious interpretation of the Kabiri (see page 381), we shall have a fourth variation upon the same theme, the *evolution of religions*.

The action of the Classical Walpurgis-Night falls into three parts: Faust's *quest of the ideal of beauty*, which terminates at the end of the second scenic division with his descent into Hades through the Temple of Apollo; Mephistopheles' *quest of the ideal of ugliness*, which terminates at the end of the third scenic division with his assumption of the form of a Phorkyad; and Homunculus' *quest of existence*, which terminates at the end of the fourth scenic division with the shattering of his bottle at the feet of Galatea, and his entrance upon a course of evolution.

Mephistopheles appears again, still in the guise of a Phorkyad, in the first scene of the third act, Faust in the second scene of that act, Homunculus disappears from the drama.

i. Pharsalian Plains.

Page 114.

Erichtho.

Erichtho was a Thessalian witch whom Pompey's son consults in Lucan's *Pharsalia* concerning the issue of the battle. Her speech is cast in the tragic trimeter.

Page 114.

Yet not so loathsome as the pestilent poets me
Surcharging slander.

The *pestilent poets* are Lucan himself, who paints Erichtho in very grisly colours, and Ovid, who styles her *furialis*.

Page 115.

How Freedom's gracious thousand-blossomed wreath is torn,
The unyielding laurel bent around the ruler's brow.

Erichtho identifies Pompey's cause, in reality the cause of the Senate and the aristocratical oligarchy, with the cause of freedom. Mephistopheles (page 112) takes a less biased view. The *ruler* is of course Caesar.

Page 115.

Here of his early greatness' blossoming Magnus dreamed;
There, hanging o'er the tremulous balance, Caesar watched.

Following Lucan, Goethe calls Pompey by his surname Magnus. The same author relates that on the eve of the battle Pompey dreamed that the people hailed him with plaudits in the theatre he himself had built, as on the occasion of his first triumph, whereas Caesar's anxiety concerning the issue forbade him to sleep.

Page 116.

As when through the window old I
Gazed on northern dread and gloom.

So Wodan in German mythology looks out upon the earth through a window (see note to page 110).

Homunculus is repelled and Mephistopheles attracted by the earliest representatives of Greek mythology, the monstrous creations.

Page 117.

Is it the glebe not, her that bare, etc.

Thessaly is not Helen's birthplace, but at least it is Greece.

Page 118.

So stand I like Antaeus dauntless-hearted.

Antaeus, the Libyan giant, who won new strength from contact with mother Earth, as Faust from the touch of Grecian soil.

Page 118.

The sphinxes unabashed, the griffins shameless.

The *sphinxes* have a woman's head, a lion's body and a dragon's tail and wings; the *griffins* a lion's body, an eagle's head and wings. These fantastic hybrids, the one of Assyrian and Egyptian, the other of oriental origin, represent the earliest stages of creative art, which sought its ideals in a combination of such bestial attributes of strength and ferocity as impressed early humanity with a sense of its inferiority. The human element already appears in the sphinxes, and the sirens and centaurs, the earliest creations of Greek art proper, though still semi-bestial conceptions, show the dawn of a striving after the idealisation of purely human qualities. The river-nymphs, who, though not human, are conceived in purely human form, appropriately lead Faust's thoughts back again to his dream of Helen, the ideal of womanly beauty. Helen herself does not appear in the Classical Walpurgis-Night.

The most bestial of the antique creations are those that first attract the attention of Mephistopheles. But he is ill-contented with them. He is the demon of obscenity, and they, though naked, are unconscious of their nakedness. They are naked but not ashamed.

Page 118

Hail! ye fair women! Hail! ye sapient grizzles!

Ye fair women, i.e. the sphinxes. *Griffins* Mephistopheles maliciously perverts into *grizzles* (German *Greifen*, *Greisen*). The griffins resent the misnomer on etymological grounds; the letters *gr* have evil associations. To Mephistopheles' retort that *Griffins* has no advantage over *grizzles* in that respect, they reply by claiming that *Greifen*, griffins, has no connection with that objectionable family, but is next cousin to *greifen*,

to grip, a very different matter. The passage is a not very relevant satire upon the wild speculations of early etymologists.

Page 119.

Ants of the colossal species, Arimaspians.

Herodotus (iv. 27) has a story of ants as big as dogs who dig out in the course of their excavations the gold-sand, which the Indians collect and carry off. He has a further story of the Arimaspians, a one-eyed race of Scythians, who are at feud with the griffins over the gold of which the latter are the guardians.

Page 120.

Me did they see
I' the old stage-play as Old Iniquity.

The *Vice* or *Iniquity* was a familiar character in the old English Moralities, where, however, he is not identical with the Devil, but accompanies him, beating him "with dagger of lath in his rage and his wrath"; see Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2; *Richard the Third*, iii. 1. Ben Jonson has *vetus Iniquitas*, Old Iniquity, in the prologue to "*The Devil is an Ass.*"

The purpose of Mephistopheles' evasive answer is presumably to preserve his *incognito*.

Page 120.

Some riddle, some charade at least propose me.

The riddle propounded to Oedipus by the Theban sphinx is well known. The answer to the riddle here proposed is, of course, *the Devil*.

Page 123.

Before the like Ulysses in hempen bonds hath striven.

It will be remembered how Ulysses (*Odyssey* xii.) had himself bound to the mast by his comrades, after having stopped their ears with wax, in order that he might not yield to the seductive song of the sirens.

Page 124.

Hercules slew the latest of our nation.

Hercules purged the earth of monsters, *e.g.* the giant Antaeus (page 118), the Stymphalides (page 125), the

Lernaean Hydra (page 125), etc. That he slew the sphinxes is an invention of Goethe's.

Page 124.

Chiron might give thee information.

Chiron, the wise centaur, son of Chronos and Philyra, and teacher of the Grecian heroes, notably of Achilles, Hercules and Jason.

Page 124.

With us when Ulysses tarried.

The Sirens are of course fabling. See note to page 123.

Page 126.

The Lamiae, rare wanton lasses.

Lamia, the daughter of Belos and Libya, was loved of Zeus. Her child was slain by the jealous Juno, whence she became a child-stealing spectre. In Philostratus' "Life of Appollonius" Lamiae are mentioned as lewd spectres that thirst for the blood of young men. Apuleius identifies them with Thessalian witches. They then, rather than the dignified Erichtho, are doubtless the *Thessalian witches* hinted at by Homunculus (page 113). The witches, it will be remembered from part i., are the devil's lemans.

Page 126.

And heed but how we lie—controller
Ordained are we of lunar day and solar.

The sphinxes, ranged in long rows at the entrances of Egyptian temples and beside the pyramids, as well as the pyramids themselves, have frequently been supposed to have an astronomical significance In Creuzer's *Symbolik*, a work known to Goethe, the sphinxes with their form, a hybrid between a *lion* and a *virgin*, are conjectured to represent symbolically the summer-solstice, when the sun is between *Leo* and *Virgo*. So far back as Pliny it was suspected that they played a part in the measurement of the risings of the Nile.

ii. Peneus surrounded by Waters and Nymphs.

Page 126.

Me the sultry air doth waken,
Strange all-searching thrill hath shaken
From my sleep and cradling stream.

These are the premonitory signs of an earthquake, which does not follow until the beginning of the next scene. Peneus is here the river-god.

Page 127.

Such bliss was once before thy share.

- *i.e.* in his dream (page 109), which is here enacted again before his waking eyes, though Leda, the *lofty queen*, is this time not upon the scene.

Page 130.

As Mentor none,
Not Pallas' self is to be gratulated.

The goddess Pallas accompanies Telemachus, Odysseus' son, in the guise of the aged Mentor, on his voyage in search of his father, and acts as his guide and counsellor (Odyssey ii., 225, *et seq.*). But Chiron's sweeping dictum is scarcely just to Telemachus.

Page 131.

The glorious federation
Of Argonauts.

The Argonauts sailed to Colchis in the good ship *Argo* under the leadership of Jason on the Quest of the Golden Fleece. The chief of them are enumerated in the following lines: The *Dioscuri* are Castor and Pollux, brothers of Helen; *Boreas' sons*, Kalais and Zetes, who delivered Phineus from the harpies; *Orpheus* and *Lynceus* are sufficiently characterised in the text.

Page 133.

On that occasion had the Dioscuri
From robbers' hanas their little sister freed.

Did not Achilles, say, in Pherae find her
Without the pale of time?

For these incidents in the mythological career of Helen see pages 195 and 197. The part played by Chiron in the former of them is the invention of Goethe.

Page 134.

Aesculapius' daughter,
Manto.

Manto was the daughter of the Theban seer Tiresias, and was associated with the cult of Apollo. Goethe makes her the daughter of the divine physician, Aesculapius, and gives her as seat the Temple of Apollo on Olympus.

Page 135.

Here Rome and Greece each challenged each in fight, etc.

i.e. at Pydna, see introductory note to Classical Walpurgis-Night, page 365. The *greatest realm in sand evanishing* is the Empire founded by Alexander the Great, here finally disintegrated; the *citizen*, the Roman Consul L. Aemilius Paulus; the *king*, Perseus.

Page 136.

Leads to Persephone the gloomy portal, etc.

Persephone, the daughter of Ceres, ravished from the upper world by Pluto, the King of the Shades, is now Queen of the Nether World, yet still yearns after her old home in the sunlight. In Olympus was one of the many entrances to Hades. *Orpheus* descended to the Shades to seek his bride Eurydice, as here Faust to seek Helen. The story of his failure is well known. That he was smuggled in by Manto is the invention of Goethe.

It was at first the intention of the poet to follow the fortunes of Faust in Hades. In conversation with Eckermann he said:

Just imagine everything that finds utterance on that mad night! Faust's speech to Proserpina, to move her to relinquish Helen. What a speech that must be, since it moves Proserpina herself to tears!

The scene, however, was never written, and in the next act the success of Faust's appeal is taken for granted.

iii. On the Upper Peneus as before.

The key to the right understanding of this scene lies in the controversy between the geologians of Goethe's time concerning the agencies at work in the moulding of the surface of the earth. The *Vulcanists* held that the chief rôle was played by subterranean fire, and that the transformations were catastrophic in character; the *Neptunists*, with Goethe, attributed them to the agency of water, and regarded them as essentially gradual, holding volcanic upheavals for isolated phenomena of restricted scope. The volcanic agencies are here personified in *Seismos* (Greek, *earthquake*), whilst the Sirens uphold the views of the Neptunists. The war of the Pygmies (Vulcanists) and Cranes (Neptunists) symbolises the same controversy. Later in the scene the conflicting theories find advocates respectively in the Greek philosophers, Anaxagoras and Thales, of whom the former occupied himself with earthquakes, eclipses, and meteors, whilst the latter found in water the origin of all things. Goethe returns to the subject in the fourth act (see page 254), where Mephistopheles is the advocate of the volcanic theory, whilst Faust is all for gradual development.

Page 137.

For the ill-starred people's good.

The *ill-starred people* are apparently the Vulcanists, who are to be converted to Neptunism.

Page 138.

that whilom
Delos' isle for an asylum
Unto one in travail gave.

i.e. unto Leto, persecuted by Juno, who found refuge in Delos, and there bore Apollo. Goethe has modified the Greek legend, which merely relates that Delos floated about in the sea, but was anchored fast at the birth of Apollo. But Rhodes (see page 169) was thus thrust up for Apollo from beneath the waves.

Page 138.

Like a caryatid colossal
Straining still without reposal,
He upholds a dread stone-scaffold,
Breast-deep still, yet still unbaffled.

In the diploma of the Jena Mineralogical Society, designed by Goethe, there appears such a figure as is here described. It was suggested by Raphael's cartoon of the Liberation of the Apostle Paul, in which Earthquake is thus personified.

Page 139.

Whenas with Titans leagued defiant, etc.

In the *Odyssey* (xxi. 315) the Titans pile Pelion on Ossa and Ossa on Olympus, in order to scale Heaven.

Page 141.

Pigmies, Daktyls.

In the Iliad (iii. 3) the *Pigmies* are a diminutive race who are at feud with the cranes. Goethe identifies them with the gnomes or kobolds of German myth, and furnishes a *casus belli* in their wanton assault upon the herons, the kinsfolk of the cranes.

The *Daktyls* are a fabulous race of skilled metal-workers on the Phrygian Ida. Their name (Greek *daktylos*, finger) has reference to their skill, not to their size, but Goethe identifies them with the *Thumblings* of German myth, named from their size.

Page 142.

The cranes of Ibycus.

A well-known poem of Schiller's with this title relates how the poet Ibycus, being set upon by mur-

derers in the neighbourhood of Corinth, called upon a passing flock of cranes to avenge his death. One of the murderers was overheard later in the theatre, when the cranes passed overhead, to say gibingly to his accomplices: "Behold the avengers of Ibycus!" The remark attracted attention, the murderers were discovered and Ibycus avenged. The cranes of Ibycus thus appear as divine avengers of murder.

Page 143.

Yon fat-paunch, crook-leg knave.

This is the conventional form of the *Bergmännchen*, or gnome, as familiar a figure in Germany as Father Christmas with us, and frequently represented both in pictures and as puppet.

Page 143.

Give me my Blocksberg for a revel-rout, etc.

The *Blocksberg* or *Brocken*, the highest point of the Harz Mountains, is the seat of the yearly gathering of witches on Walpurgis-Night. The *Ilsenstein* and *Heinrichshöhe*, Ilsa's Stone or Castle and Henry's Height, are cliffs on the Brocken, the Princess Ilsa, who has her seat on the former, being associated in the legend with the Emperor Henry. The *Snorers* are two high rocks in the neighbourhood of the village of *Elend* (Misery). With this passage compare the Walpurgis-Night in part i. (page 183).

Page 145.

Empusa.

Empusa is a Greek hobgoblin, a phantom of terror sent by Hecate. Her name is interpreted as meaning the *One-footed*, her second foot being variously described as an ass's foot, or as a foot of iron or of cow-dung. To her as to the Lamiae is attributed the power of assuming different forms. Her assumption of the ass's head is prophetic of the issue of Mephistopheles' pursuit of the Lamiae. Mephistopheles sees an *ass's head of his own.*

Page 148.

A mask, as everywhere doth chance,
Is here an emblematic dance.

Mephistopheles' pursuit of the Lamiae is the antithesis of Faust's quest of Helen ; it is bestial lust, contrasted with ideal love. It is unnecessary to interpret in detail the significance of the *emblematic dance.*

Page 148.

Oread.

Mountain-nymph, speaking for the mountain.

Page 150.

Anaxagoras and Thales.

See introduction to notes on this scene, page 374.

Page 151.

The mount bears myrmidons in bevies.

This is Anaxagoras' retort to Thales' contemptuous question : *What wider issue doth it boot?*. Fire, too, can engender life. The *myrmidons* were the inhabitants of Aegina, whose name, from its supposed connection with the Greek *murmex*, an ant, gave rise to the legend of their having been transformed by Zeus from ants. Goethe uses it, playing upon the same derivation, as a generic term for all the swarming, ant-like creatures brought forth by the mountain, enumerated below.

Page 152.

Diana, Luna, Hecate.

The Moon is Diana on earth, Luna in heaven, and Hecate in the underworld, and is hence represented with three heads. Anaxagoras prays to her for an eclipse, so that his protégés, the pigmies, may escape by favour of the darkness. The fall of a meteor at this moment startles him into the belief that he has got more than he bargained for, that by his prayer he has drawn down the moon from her sphere, as the Thessalian sorceresses were commonly reputed to do by the power of their enchantments (Plato, *Gorgias*, 68; Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 749; Horace, *Epodes*, 17; Lucan, *Pharsalia*, vi). The humour of it is that Anaxagoras was a rationalist, who explained eclipses from natural causes, and foretold the fall of a meteor from the sun. It must accordingly have been peculiarly disconcerting to him to be thus taken at his word.

Page 154.

It was but thought.

i.e. but a phantom, like everything else on this night; or perhaps Thales returns to his old charge: *What wider issue doth it boot?* Having effected nothing it is as vain as a thought that has not passed into execution

Page 154.

Dryad.

Nymph of the oak-tree.

Page 155.

The Phorkyads.

The *Phorkides*, or *Graiae*, were the daughters of *Phorkys*, Darkness, and *Keto*, the Abyss. They were represented as three gray hags, of surpassing ugliness, who had but one eye and one tooth amongst them, which they interchanged as need was. They had their abode in outer darkness, where neither sun nor moon ever looked upon them. Goethe has recast their name on the model of other Greek patronymics into Phorkyads (*cf.* page 189).

Page 155.

'Tis more than mandrakes, what is yonder!

For *mandrakes* see note to page 25. The Sins of the next line are the Seven Deadly Sins, pictorially represented in repellent forms. Mephistopheles thinks they will no more frighten would-be sinners, when once they have seen this new horror.

Page 155.

Ops and Rhea.

Ops was the sister and bride of Saturn, *Rhea* the mother of Zeus; the one a Roman, the other a Greek divinity. Mephistopheles' flattery of the grisly Three reminds us forcibly of Satan's cajolery of Sin and Death in the "Paradise Lost."

Page 156.

Where nimbly every day in double step
A block of marble into life doth leap.

Düntzer sees in the expression *in double step* an allusion to the advance in sculpture traditionally attributed to Daedalus, which consisted in the representation of the two legs separately, in a walking attitude, whereas the lower part of the statue was formerly left unwrought, as in the Hermes columns, or the legs were at most indicated by a groove. Düntzer ridicules Schröer's interpretation of the words in the military sense, but it seems difficult to reject that interpretation, even if we admit at the same time the allusion, obscure enough in all conscience, to Daedalus' alleged contribution to the evolution of statuary.

Page 157.

Ye three one eye, one tooth, sufficeth well.
'Twere mythologically feasible
In two, of three to concentrate the essence.

The thought seems to be, since *one* eye and *one* tooth suffice you, the number *three* is manifestly not essential to the myth.

Page 158.

O fie! Hermaphrodite must I be flouted!

i.e. male as Mephistopheles, female as a Phorkyad, with one of whom he has incorporated himself.

iv. Rocky Cove of the Aegean Sea.

This scene pursues the development of Greek Art towards perfect beauty, culminating in Galatea, and follows the fortunes of Homunculus in his search after existence.

Page 158.

Did Thessalian hags infernal
Impiously draw down thy yellow
Orb.

See notes to pages 113 and 152.

Page 159.

Nereids and Tritons, as sea-monsters.

The *Nereids* or *Dorids* were daughters of Nereus and Doris, the *Tritons* children of Poseidon and Amphi-

trite. They appear as *sea-monsters*, half-fish, half-human, *i.e.* as mermaids and mermen. The *Dorids*, in attendance upon Galatea, the Goddess of Love, are, however, later distinguished from the *Nereids*, being conceived as wholly human in form, and representing the final stage in the evolution of beauty.

Page 160.

the lofty Kabiri.

See note to page 164.

Page 160.

Nereus

An aged sea-god, endowed with the gift of prophecy and the power of self-transformation. Contrary to Goethe's conception of his character he is represented as kindly-minded to men. His prophecy to Paris of the sack of Troy forms the subject of an ode of Horace (i. 15), that to Ulysses is the poet's invention.

Page 161.

Where Pindus' eagles glutted them in glee.

Pindus' eagles are the Greeks.

Page 162.

Cypris.

Cypris was one of the names of Venus, from her preference for the island of Cyprus, on the west coast of which, at Paphos, the goddess sprang from the sea, wherefore a temple was built to her in that town.

Page 162.

Away to Proteus! Ask that wizard-elf
How one can best exist and change oneself.

Proteus is a sea-god, who shares with Nereus the gift of prophecy and the power of transforming himself Of this power he avails himself to evade questioning, and can only be brought to speech by such as are cunning enough to catch him and bold enough to hold him until he has exhausted his transformations and appears in his own form. As Homunculus cannot clasp him, Goethe invents another way of bringing him to speech (page 166).

Page 163.

Chelone's shell,

i.e. a tortoise-shell. Chelone was a nymph who was changed into a tortoise.

Page 164.

The Kabiri.

The whole episode of the Kabiri would seem to be little more than one of those satires directed at contemporary questions of ephemeral interest which Goethe, with questionable judgment, has so frequently introduced into both parts of the Faust.

The *Kabiri* were mysterious deities worshipped especially at Samothrace, of whom very little is known, or apparently ever was known in historical times. That little may almost all be found in the text (*cf.* also page 367). There arose a controversy amongst German scholars concerning their names, attributes, number, and significance, which is unedifying and wearisome at the present day, and which the curious reader may read elsewhere. Amongst other forms attributed to them was that of earthen crocks, and with these the clairvoyant Homunculus identifies them.

It is doubtless the apparent pointlessness of the whole passage which has led commentators to seek a deeper meaning in it. As an example of the ingenuity with which they embroider allegory to fit their canvas, it may be interesting to give a brief account of one such interpretation. Küntzel explains these mysterious deities, *hunger-bitten, ever-burning for the Unattainable*, as the successive religions in which the aspirations of man after the unknowable have from time to time been embodied. The three which are brought to the feast are the Indian, Egyptian, and Pelasgian faiths. The fourth, which claims to be the only true, is the faith of the ancient Hebrews, the cult of Jehovah. The three that are not forthcoming are Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, all unknown to the ancient Greek world; whilst the eighth, *whom none hath thought of hereto*, is the all-embracing religion of the future.

In spite of the striking ingenuity of this theory, and

its appropriateness to the general tendency of the Walpurgis-Night, it is difficult to believe that Goethe would have combined an allegory of such significance with the satire of a trivial controversy, and that without any unmistakable hint of its figurative meaning.

Page 164.

The eighth beeth haply there too.

Goethe has used an archaic form of the substantive verb, as here *beeth*, perhaps to emphasise the meaning of existence which has been dimmed in the ordinary verb from its use as a copula: not merely *is there* but *exists* there.

Page 167.

He is, methinks, hermaphroditical.

Hermaphroditical, of *double* sex, is here somewhat inaccurately used as meaning of *doubtful* sex. Such is necessarily the condition of the incorporeal Homunculus.

Page 168

Threefold noteworthy spirit-trip,

i.e. noteworthy trip of three spirits; Proteus, who is essentially a spirit; Thales, who is disembodied; and Homunculus, who is yet to be embodied.

Page 168.

Telchines of Rhodes, on hippocampi and sea-dragons.

The *Telchines* were a mystic race of metal-workers on the island of Rhodes, who fostered Neptune in his childhood and forged his trident. Goethe makes them votaries of Helios, the Sun-god, Phoebus Apollo, to whom the fair-weather island of Rhodes was consecrated.

Hippocampi are sea-horses. They have the head of a horse and the tail of a fish.

Page 170.

There sees him in myriad forms the Refulgent,
As youth and as giant, the Great, the Indulgent.

These lines refer, of course, to the statues of the God, one of which was the famous Colossus of Rhodes.

Page 170.

The statues of the gods stood great,
An earthquake laid them desolate,
All have been melted down for ages

The Colossus was overthrown by an earthquake, B.C. 224. The Arabs took away the ruins in the seventh century on nine hundred camels.

Page 170.

Thou'lt move thee by eternal norms there
Through thousand and yet thousand forms there,
And ere thou'rt man there's time to spare.

Goethe here outlines clearly the theory of evolution, of which it is one of his glories to have been amongst the precursors. In his *Metamorphoses of Plants* he showed for the first time that the various parts of the flower are modifications of the leaf-type, and again he pointed out that the skull is a modification of the upper spinal vertebrae, both specific instances of evolution. It may be of interest to quote here other passages, in which he stated, in no uncertain language, the theory for which the labours of Darwin in particular have now won general acceptance. In November 1806 he says:—

Nature, in order to attain to man, performs a long prelude of beings and forms which still fall far short of man.

In March 1807:—

Nature makes no leaps, she could, for example, never make a horse, unless all the other animals had gone before, upon which, as upon a ladder, she climbs up to the structure of the horse.

Again, in November 1810:—

All literature is like a process of formation from water to molluscs, polyps and the like, until at last a man comes into existence.

For Goethe's views upon evolution see also the introductory note to this Act (page 366), and the introductory note to the present Scene (page 374). It would scarcely be too much to say that evolution is the key-note to the whole Faust-drama

Page 171.

Paphos 'tis that her impassioned
Brood of birds hath hither sent.

For *Paphos* see note to page 162, *Cypris*. Aphrodite or Venus is commonly escorted by doves.

Page 172.

Something holy still to treasure
Living in the still warm nest,

i.e. still to cherish faith in the supernatural, not to think that science explains all mysteries.

Page 172.

Psylli and Marsi.

These are both races of snake-charmers, the former Libyan, the latter Italian. The Psylli are mentioned by Lucan (*Pharsalia*, ix.), the Marsi by Virgil (*Aeneid*, vii., 758), and both together in Pliny's Natural History, in a passage the misinterpretation of which has apparently led Goethe to locate them in Cyprus, and thence to associate them with the cult of Aphrodite.

Page 172.

Nor Eagle nor wingéd Lion heed we,
Cross nor Crescent Moon.

These are the insignia of the successive lords of Cyprus, Rome, Venice, Christian, and Mohammedan.

Page 177.

To Eros the empire, whence all first things first blossomed.

Eros, Greek *Love*, first-born of the Gods from Chaos, and source of all created beings.

ACT III.

This Act, commonly known as the Helena, belongs to the oldest parts of the drama, parts of it dating back to 1800, eight years before the

publication of the first part of *Faust*. It was published separately in 1827, with the title: *A Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria, Interlude to Faust*, and became in some sort the nucleus about which the second part of the drama grew. It is indeed complete in itself.

To bring it into organic connection with the preceding acts we must suppose that Faust's petition to Persephone has been granted (see note to page 136). Helen is to return to the upper world and resume the thread of her life at the point where tradition left it.

It may be well here to rehearse briefly the story of Helen. To Tyndareus and Leda were born four children, Castor and Clytemnestra, Pollux and Helen. The two latter, however, were really the offspring of Zeus, who visited Leda in the form of a swan. The beauty of Helen drew hosts of wooers from amongst the princes of Greece. These Tyndareus invited to a solemn feast, and bound them by oath to abide by the choice that should be made, and to join in avenging any violation of the prospective union. The choice fell upon Menelaus. During the absence of Menelaus, Helen voluntarily fled with, or was violently abducted by the youthful Paris, son of Priam, the king of Troy. The Grecian princes assembled, in accordance with their oath, and sailed to Asia with a mighty armament under the leadership of Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus and husband of Clytemnestra. There they laid siege to Troy, with many vicissitudes, during a space of ten years, and at length accomplished by guile what they had not been able to effect by force. They entered Troy by

the contrivance of the wooden horse, slew the aged Priam, and burned and sacked the tower-crowned city, leading into captivity such of the Trojan women as escaping slaughter fell into their hands. Menelaus returned to Sparta with Helen. Later tradition busied itself with the fortunes of Helen both before and after her abduction, and even after her death, evolving many and often conflicting accounts (see notes to pages 195 and 197). Goethe, whose scheme for the elevation of Faust through Helen exacted regard for the moral character of the heroine, adopted the really later view of the forceful abduction of Helen, which regarded her as the victim of destiny. The version of the return to Sparta which best lent itself to his plan was that given in the *Troades* of Euripides, which he adopted with some modifications. According to this version Menelaus sent his recovered wife back to Sparta in a different ship from himself, with the resolve that she should there suffer an evil death as an example to all women.

It is at this point that the *Helena* takes up the thread of the story, which is continued in the form of the ancient Greek drama.

For the Helen episodes of the Faust-book, the reader may consult the introductory note to act i., scene vi., and for the symbolical significance of the Helena the introductory note to act ii., as well as to later parts of this act.

To the reader unversed in the classics a few notes upon the metre of the *Helena* may not be unwelcome. In the earlier, strictly classical parts, these are adaptations of the metres of Greek tragedy, in which, as is usual in modern

languages, accented and unaccented syllables take the place of long and short. In the dialogue the metre is commonly the iambic trimetre, which consists of six feet, or three dipodies (double feet), one foot more than the normal English blank verse, and the same number as the, in English, relatively little used Alexandrine. From this latter, however, it differs notably in two essentials, which entirely change its character. In studying this difference the reader may profitably compare pages 288 to 300 of the text, where the metre is the Alexandrine.

The characteristic features of the Alexandrine are the strongly marked pauses after the sixth and the twelfth syllables, which practically divide it into a series of six-syllable lines, and the strict limitation of the foot to two syllables. It thus acquires a certain regular stateliness, which, however, becomes wearisomely monotonous in the long run. In the passage referred to above, Goethe has intentionally chosen it because of this quality, and perhaps because of its peculiar association with the classic French tragedy of the age of Louis Quatorze, in order to suggest the hollow external pomp with which the re-established emperor inaugurates his new state.

In the iambic trimeter, on the other hand, whilst this median caesura is at times admitted, the normal cæsura, instead of falling between two feet, is a break in the middle of a foot, and falls in the third or fourth foot, *i.e.* if the feet be dissyllabic, after the fifth or seventh syllable. The iambic trimeter thus acquires a suppleness and variety, together with a greater lightness of movement, which make it as well-fitted for the

purposes of dialogue as the English blank verse. Further variety is gained by the admission in certain places of trisyllabic feet. These essential differences, which Goethe, with some license in the case of the trimeter, has consistently observed, have been too often overlooked by translators, with fatal results.

Other metres used in the dialogue call for no particular remark.

In the choral odes the Greeks made use of various metrical combinations which it is impossible to consider here. If properly constructed, however, the metre should be evident to the reader, though this is perhaps not always the case when, as in modern languages, it is based upon accent, which is less constant than the ancient quantity.

It may be observed, however, that the choral ode normally consists of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and that the metre of the antistrophe is a replica of that of the strophe, from which the epode again departs. This rule Goethe observes, with few and trifling exceptions, probably due to oversight or the lack of the *last hand*. The best of his translators have been so utterly at sea in this matter that not only does the metre not tally with Goethe's, but the antistrophe is not even modelled upon the strophe.

It may be worth mentioning here, what so far as I am aware no commentator has drawn attention to, that Goethe, in imitation of an occasional custom of the ancient writers, has in a few places further accentuated the correspondence of strophe with antistrophe, by introducing in the antistrophe an echo of the sound of the syllables in some

corresponding metrical position of the strophe. Examples of this will be found in the choral odes on pages 198 (*Deep-enambushing—Mild-enlumining*) and 210-211 (*Cheerfullest day—Fearfullest lay*).

Page 178.

Pallas' Hill.

i.e. Athens.

Page 179.

Cytherea's shrine.

Cytherea is Aphrodite, Venus. Tradition has it, however, that Helen was borne away by Paris whilst sacrificing at the shrine of *Artemis*.

Page 187.

The Thalamus.

The bridal-chamber, or the chamber of the lord and lady of the house. Also the bridal-bed.

Page 187.

Phorkyas.

The disguised Mephistopheles.

Page 189.

Which of the daughters
Art thou of Porkys.

See note to page 155.

Page 192.

How hideous, side by side with Beauty, is Hideousness?

The following dialogue in alternate single lines (Greek *stichomythia*) is characteristic of the Greek drama, and is particularly effective when employed, as here, in railing or in dispute.

Page 193.

Not upon blood which thou too hotly lustest for.

In the *Odyssey*, xi., 228, the shades in Hades throng eagerly round Odysseus to taste the blood of the slain sheep, whereby they would win again a brief moment of life. Porkyas accordingly hints, as again in her next speech but one, that the Choretids are but spectres to whom life is granted again for a brief space.

Page 195.

Thee Theseus first, by longing goaded, reft betimes.

Cf. page 133. Theseus and his friend Aphidnus are the robbers there spoken of.

Page 197

Yet thou a twofold phantom didst appear, men say,
In Ilium beheld, beheld in Egypt too.

According to one version of the legend, followed by Euripides in his *Helena*, the Helen carried off by Paris was only a wraith, the real Helen having been conveyed by Hermes at the instance of Hera to Egypt, where Menelaus found her on his return from Troy. The story saves Helen's reputation.

Page 197.

Then do they say, from forth the hollow Realm of Shaaes,
Aflame with longing, Achilles mated him with thee.

The fruit of this union of phantoms was Euphorion. *Cf.* note to page 231.

With these three passages compare also pages 133 and 134.

Page 205.

A daring breed behind there in the mountain-vale
Hath lodged in silence, pressing from Cimmerian night.

The union of Faust and Helen, as we have seen (page 357), symbolizes the union of medieval with Greek culture effected by the Renaissance. Medieval Europe came into actual contact with the Greek world, on Greek soil, through the Crusades, from whence we may date the morning-twilight of the new day, though the full dawn did not break till two centuries later. In 1202 Constantinople succumbed to an army of Franks, Germans, and Venetians, and Guillaume de Champlitte established a feudal state in the Peleponnesus, with a seat in a castle near the Eurotas, and six dependent vassalages. Goethe has laid hold of this historical fact to materialize his allegory. The *daring breed* which has established itself in the heart of Greece in a medieval castle is a German host with Faust as its feudal lord. Urged by Phorkyas, Helen takes refuge with him from her vengeful lord, upon

whose discomfiture the conqueror, Faust, distributes the land in fiefs to his captains (see page 225).

Page 207.

What are scutcheons?

The ancient heroes bore devices on their shields, as appears notably in a striking passage of Aeschylus' *Seven against Thebes* here referred to, but these were not coats-of-arms, not being hereditary. Phorkyas makes the difference clear in the words *from their most remote progenitors*. The *wreathéd snake* of Ajax' shield Goethe took from a picture on a vase belonging to the Dowager Duchess of Weimar.

Page 211.

Floateth haply e'en
Hermes before? Gleams not the golden wand?

Amongst the functions of Hermes, the messenger or herald of the gods, was that of conducting the souls of the dead to Hades. He bore a golden wand in token of his office

Page 215.

In lieu of solemn greeting as behoved.

The representatives of the romantic medieval world speak in blank verse, the metre *par excellence* of the romantic drama wrought out by the English Elizabethans, or in some form of rhymed verse. Helen, with ready courtesy, frames her speech at once to the former, which, being unrhymed, is not wholly foreign to the genius of Greek, but is unable to rhyme until she learns from Faust. Faust occasionally uses the classic iambic trimeter, Phorkyas and the Choretids mostly use classical metres. The choice of metre usually has reference to the occasion.

The attitude of medieval chivalry towards women, which forms so strong a contrast with the almost Oriental attitude towards them of the Greek world, finds striking expression in Faust's speech.

Page 216.

Lynceus, the Warder of the Tower.

The name is taken from the lynx-eyed steersman of the *Argo* (see note to page 131). By those who find allegory in every least detail of the drama, Lynceus has

been variously interpreted as the idealizing love of the troubadours, or as the medieval church in her attitude towards the New Learning.

Page 218.

We wandered from the rising sun,
And straightway was the West undone.

In the following lines is described the *Völkerwanaerung*, or migration of the Teutonic tribes, which pressing in from the East overthrew Roman civilisation in the West (see in the Temple Classics, *Wilhelm Tell*, page 194).

Page 220.

Feeble is the lord's behest,
What the servant doth is jest.

Lynceus means that Faust is *spurring a willing horse.*

Page 221.

It seemed as did one tone unto another
Fit itself, etc.

It is the rhyme that has impressed Helen. In the following passage, in which Helen learns to rhyme in alternate speech with Faust, Goethe has availed himself of a Persian legend to the effect that rhyme was thus discovered by a pair of lovers. Helen soon proves herself an apt pupil.

Page 225.

We disembarked at Pylos, shattered—
For ancient Nestor is no more—
The petty kinglets' arms.

It was the aged Nestor whose sage counsel composed the quarrels of the Grecian princes before Troy, and thus held the army together (see *Iliad*, iv., 293, *et seq.*)

Page 225.

I hail ye Dukes as forth ye sally.

See note to page 205. In the following lines Goethe has used *German* inaccurately, as if it were the specific name of a tribe, like Goth, etc. It is really the generic name which includes them all.

Page 227.

We in the midst will take our stand.

i.e. in Arcadia, of which there follows an exquisite description:—

And now what though the mountain's giant shoulders, etc.

Page 227.

Thou All-but-isle.

The Peloponnesus.

Page 227.

When, whilst Eurotas' seages lightly
Whispered, she burst her shell ablaze.

Helen sprang from an egg on the banks of the Eurotas. The *queenly mother* is Leda, the *brethren twain*, Castor and Pollux.

Page 228.

And every man immortal in his place is.

being continued in his descendants who ever inhabit the same spot.

Page 231.

As I gaze there springs an urchin, from the woman's lap he leapeth
To the man, from sire to mother.

The urchin is the child of Faust and Helen. In the Faust-book the child of Faust and Helen is called Justus Faust. According to ancient tradition there sprang from the union of Achilles and Helen (see note to page 197), a child called Euphorion, *the lightly borne*, which name Goethe has adopted. Of Euphorion Goethe himself says that he is *not a human, but only an allegorical being. In him is personified Poetry, which is tied to no time, to no place, and to no person.* He is then the Genius of Poetry. In a later passage, however, in which he is momentarily identified with Lord Byron, Goethe's own language (quoted in note to page 244), seems to give justification to those who regard him as symbolizing in particular the poetry, or in a wider sense the culture, of modern times, the child of Classical Antiquity and Romantic Medievalism.

Page 233.

The son of Maid.

Hermes, of whom the ancient poets related what follows, e.g. in the Homeric Hymn to Mercury.

Page 235.

What from out the heart arises
Can alone the heart control.

The greater subjectivity of modern poetry, with its resulting wealth of emotion, impresses even Phorkyas and the Chorus, the representatives of classical poetry.

Page 236.

Let me be leaping, etc.

In the following lyrics Goethe frequently uses the imperfect form of rhyme known as assonance. They gradually assume the character of an impassioned ode upon the Greek war of independence, which all Europe was watching with breathless interest at the time when Goethe was writing the scene, and reach their climax in the famous dirge upon the Death of Lord Byron.

Page 244.

We think we recognize a well-known form in the dead body.

That of Lord Byron, who died at Missolonghi, whither he had hastened to devote himself to the cause of Greek freedom, April 19, 1824. This incident occurring whilst Goethe was yet busy with this part of the work gave a new turn to his thoughts, and led him not so much to identify Euphorion with Byron, as rather to hint that in the dead poet was to be found a characteristic representative of the modern poetry typified in Euphorion. These are Goethe's words :—

As representative of the newest poetical period I could make use of none but him, who is unquestionably to be regarded as the greatest talent of the century. And then, Byron is not antique and is not romantic, but he is like the present day itself. Such a one I must needs have. Besides he was entirely fitting on account of his unsatisfied nature and of his warlike tendency, which led him to his doom at Missolonghi.

Page 245.

when
On the ill-starred day in cumber,
Mute and bleeding stand all men.

The reference is to the fall of Missolonghi, April 22, 1826. The Grecian defenders blew up the fortress, together with themselves and the in-pouring Turks, after a heroic defence of two years.

Page 246.

The old Thessalian hell-hag.

This must be Phorkyas, though some commentators prefer Erichtho (page 114).

Page 247.

Beside the throne of Her the Unsearchable,

i.e. Persephone.

Page 247.

He that no name hath won him, nor hath high resolve,
Unto the elements belongs.

Cf. von Humboldt :—

There is a spiritual individuality, to which, however, every one does not attain, and this as a peculiar conformation of the mind is eternal and imperishable. What is unable thus to shape itself may well return into the universal life of nature.

Humboldt wrote in 1830, the *Helena* was published in 1827.

Page 247.

Not merit alone
But loyalty assures us personality.

It was an article of Goethe's faith that *by constancy and loyalty alone in the present condition do we become worthy of the higher step of a following one, and capable of setting foot upon it* (Riemer, *Mitteillungen*, i. 139).

Panthalis accordingly accompanies Helen to Hades ; the Chorus falls into four groups, of which the first become Dryads, tree-nymphs ; the second Oreads, mountain-nymphs ; the third Naiads, fountain-nymphs ; and the fourth vine-nymphs, a conception of Goethe's, foreign to the ancients. The speech of

these latter concludes with a description of the Bacchanalia, the orgiastic feast of Dionysus, the god of wine.

Page 251.

The Epilogue.

The Epilogue was never written.

ACT IV.

1. High Mountains.

Page 252.

A seven-league boot clatters on to the stage.

As the antique metre, the iambic trimeter of Faust's speech symbolizes the classical influence which still clings about him, so the seven-league boot, derived from Germanic folk-lore, betokens the return to romantic surroundings, to German soil, which Mephistopheles has made all haste to regain.

Page 254.

Until of force the land's thick crust from under,
Thick as it was, did burst and crack asunder.

This is the Vulcanist and Neptunist controversy again (see note, page 374).

Page 254.

For we escaped from burning thraldom there
To overplus of lordship of free air.

The scriptural reference is not intelligible from the English Authorized Version. Luther's version, literally rendered into English, runs thus:—

Lords of the world, that rule in the darkness of this world with the evil spirits under the heavens.

Once captives in hell, the devils are now lords in the upper world. In Ephes. ii. 2, the devil is the *prince of the power of the air.*

Page 255.

Earth bristles still with ponderous foreign masses.

It is worth mentioning, as a further instance of the keen scientific insight of our poet, that in 1829 he

accounted for such "erratic" blocks by the now generally accepted theory of glacial action.

Page 256.

Some capital—its inner ring
A horror of burgher-victualling, etc.

The poet probably has Paris in mind, to which the description applies admirably, as indeed to any old walled city which has grown in concentric rings, bursting in the course of time the girdle of successive ramparts.

Page 257.

I'd build with grandeur meet
I' the pleasant place, a pleasure-seat.

It is impossible to mistake here an allusion to the palace of Versailles, near Paris, with its park, built and laid out by Louis the Fourteenth.

Page 264.

Like master Peter Quince, of all
The raff, the essence did I call.

Peter Quince, the carpenter of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who chose the actors for his "most lamentable comedy" from *a scroll of every man's name which is thought fit through all Athens to play in our interlude*, became a popular figure on the German stage under the name of Herr Peter Squenz, through a farce of Andreas Gryphius.

Page 264.

The Three Mighty Men.

Goethe personifies the brutal elements of warfare in three allegorical forms, the leaders of Mephistopheles' phantom-army. To these he gives collectively the title applied to the three heroes of David's army, 2 Samuel xxiii. 8, and individually significant names suggested by Isaiah viii. 3.

II. On the Headland.

Melanchthon reports of the historical Faust that he boasted "that all the victories won by the imperial armies in Italy had been by him

brought to pass with the aid of his magic." See Introduction, page xxiii. The victory of Charles V. at Pavia in particular was popularly attributed to magic.

Page 269.

When glassed in fire on yonder masking-vigil
Upon me leapt the flames infuriate.

See page 62.

Page 270.

The Sabine sorcerer, . . the Necromancer
Of Norcia.

Benvenuto Cellini, whose autobiography Goethe translated, tells how a sorcerer who sought to persuade him to take part in a necromantic séance, suggested the mountains of Norcia as the most appropriate place. To which Goethe says in an Appendix :—

However the mountains of Norcia, between the Sabine land and the dukedom of Spoleto, may have earned the title from of yore, even at the present day they are still called the Sibyl-mountains. Older romance-writers availed themselves of this locality in order to lead their heroes through the most amazing adventures, and increased the belief in such magic figures whose first features had been drawn by legend.

We must imagine such a sorcerer to have been liberated as Faust describes, and Faust represents himself, fabling, of course, as sent by him out of gratitude, in order that the Emperor may have the less scruple in accepting his assistance.

Page 274.

Speedbooty.

The name derives from the passage quoted above (Isaiah viii. 3).

Page 276.

Mist-wreaths over
The coasts of Sicily that hover, etc.

There follows a description of the famous *mirage* of the Straits of Messina, the *Fata Morgana*.

Page 276.

On each a nimble flamelet dances.

A familiar electrical phenomenon known as *St Elmo's fire*, and by ancients called, when it appeared double, the Dioscuri (see note to page 131).

Page 279.

There come my ravens twain.

See *Faust*, part i., note to page 117.

Page 281.

The Unaenes.

See *Faust*, part i., note to page 61.

Page 284.

Guelph and Ghibelline.

See note to page 20.

III. The Rival Emperor's Tent.

Page 287.

Ye call it contribution though.

i.e. forced levies upon the country occupied by an army.

Page 288.

Now be that as it may, the day is ours, and shattered
The hostile force in flight across the plain is scattered.

In spite of all his good intentions the weak Emperor can make no better use of his victory than to inaugurate anew the hollow pomp of Court ceremony, and to abandon to the self-seeking counsellors, whose guidance has already brought him to the brink of ruin, all real authority within the State. In the following outline of the new Constitution of the Empire, Goethe has parodied the constitution promulgated in 1356 by the Emperor Charles IV. in the so-called *Golden Bull*. That, however, provided for three ecclesiastical Electors, instead of one as here. At the imperial banquets the Elector of Saxony was to officiate as Lord High Marshal, the Elector of Brandenburg as Lord High Seneschal, the Elector Palatine as Lord High Sewer, and the King of

Bohemia as Lord High Cupbearer, whilst the Archbishop of Mayence was to preside at the election of the Emperor.

For the metre here and its significance see the introductory note to act iii.

Page 293.

The Archbishop-Archchancellor.

See note to page 22.

Page 299.

That most notorious man
Was with the Empire's strand enfeoffed.

We are to suppose that Faust, in pursuance of his design of redeeming land from the sea, has obtained from the Emperor in reward of his services the grant of the sea-shore (see also pages 263 and 304).

ACT V

An indeterminate time has passed since the events of the last act. Faust's scheme for the reclamation of land from the sea has succeeded. He dwells as a feudal lord, surrounded by a thriving people engaged in agriculture and commerce. But in the very heart of his possessions there stands a small demesne which, being situated upon a height, was already habitable before Faust had reclaimed the shore and had prior owners. This *enclave* poisons for Faust the pleasures of ownership. The land in question is occupied by a pious old couple, who have there a cottage in a grove of lime-trees and a little church. To these Goethe gives the names of *Philemon* and *Baucis*, drawn from a story in Ovid (*Metamorphoses* viii., 629). Philemon and Baucis showed hospitality to Jupiter and Mercury, who were travelling in disguise, when

no one else would receive them. The indignant gods drown the inhospitable land beneath a flood, sparing only the cottage of the old folk, which is turned into a marble temple. Philemon and Baucis, bidden to ask for a boon, desire only to be priests in the new temple, and that neither may survive the other. Their wish is granted, and in the ripeness of time the one is transformed into an oak-tree, the other into a lime-tree. Goethe's choice of these names has given rise to some confusion. His Philemon and Baucis must not in any way be identified with Ovid's. He has chosen the names, on the same principle which led him to call his watchman Lynceus, and the captains of Mephistopheles' phantom-army the Three Mighty Men, because these names already connote certain qualities which he intends his personages thus named to possess, so that the reader may at once have an inkling of the characters to be presented to him. For a similar reason in Italian and French comedy the same name occurs again and again in different pieces to denote the same type of character, and in English comedy the *dramatis personae* frequently bear names indicative of some outstanding trait in their character, *e.g.* Sheridan's *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Mrs Malaprop*, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, etc.

In order to present to us vividly the changes wrought by Faust, Goethe introduces a wayfarer whom the old couple had formerly rescued from the waves, and who after many years returns to express gratitude to them. To him Philemon and Baucis relate the transformation effected by Faust.

Page 304.

Human victims shed their blood there.

So the old goody superstitiously imagines.

Page 305.

Faust, in extreme old age.

Faust, says Goethe, *as he appears in the fifth act, is according to my intention, exactly a hundred years old.*

Page 309.

Go then and shift them.

Faust is still the same impulsive, self-willed being, a benevolent tyrant, but a tyrant still. *Cf. Faust*, part i., page 22: *Whilst still man strives, still must he stray.*

Page 311.

In all the eternal
Adornment I see.

The universe is for Lynceus, as for the Greeks, a *kosmos*, an adornment.

Page 312.

Your pardon! Sooth, it went not well.

Mephistopheles still perverts to evil all Faust's commissions. So above commerce became piracy in his hands.

Page 314.

Men know me as Guilt.

German *Schuld* means *guilt* and *debt*, compare in English: "Forgive us our *debts*" and "forgive us our *trespasses*." It seems impossible here to decide with certainty between the two senses of the word.

Page 315.

Could I but from my path all magic banish,
Bid every spell into oblivion vanish,
And stand mere man before thee, Nature! Then
'Twere worth the while to be a man with men.

The tragedy of *Faust* began with Faust's discontent with the human lot. He called magic to his aid, and ranged the fields of human experience, selfish love-indulgence, court-favour, art (the Helen-episode), and at last creative activity. In the latter he finds the

fittest goal of mankind; *cf. This round of earth hath scope for great achieving ever* (page 258); *The deed is all* (page 258). Even before his compact with the Devil he had an inkling of this truth; *cf.* part i., page 36: *In the beginning was the Deed.* Thus at the end of his career he comes back upon the truth dimly perceived at the beginning, and voluntarily putting from him the more than human powers which hamper the individuality of his action, accepts the limitations of men and fights with purely human weapons his battle with his old enemy, Care (*Deep in the heart nests Care*, part i., page 36), *i.e.* brooding discontent, who first drove him into the arms of magic. We might paraphrase Care as Pessimism, which is only to be combated by action.

Page 315.

And cursed myself, the world, with impious word.

See part i., page 74.

Page 320.

Lemures.

The *Lemures* or *Larvae* were with the Romans the ghosts of the *wicked* dead (whence they appear in Mephistopheles' service), who wandered about by night as skeletons, or rather as animated mummies. Their minds act as imperfectly as their bodies.

The English reader will recognise in the Lemures' song an adaptation of the Gravedigger's song in *Hamlet*, which Goethe also knew from Percy's *Reliques*, from which he adopts a variant reading.

Page 321.

Not of a groove but of a grave.

The poet plays upon the German *Graben*, a trench, and *Grab*, a grave.

Page 322.

To such a moment past me fleeing,
Tarry, I'd cry, thou art so fair!

Cf. Faust, part i., page 78:—

When to the moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I cry, so fair thou art!
Then into fetters may'st thou cast me,
Then let come doom with all my heart, etc.

See also note to this passage.

Faust, however, does not declare himself contented with the present moment, his declaration only refers to a future contingency. *Cf.* also part i., pp. 77 and 78:—

If on the bed of sloth I loll contented ever,
Then with that moment end my race!

And,

Canst thou my soul with pleasures cozen,
Then be that day my life's last day!

Far from lolling contented on a bed of sloth, Faust is seized by death in the midst of strenuous effort, and Mephistopheles himself declares: *Him can no pleasure cate, no bliss suffice.*

It must be remembered too that there is another party to the compact. In the Prologue in Heaven (part i., page 23) the Lord says:

And canst thou grasp him, lead him even
Down with thee on the downward way,
And stand abashed when thou must needs confess
That a good man, by his dim impulse driven
Of the right way hath ever consciousness.

Mephistopheles has not drawn down Faust with him. Faust, in spite of serious lapses, has gone his own way and dragged Mephistopheles after him, and in the long run has even shaken himself free from him, except as a mere human servitor. The passage last quoted should have made it clear from the beginning that Faust's blind strivings were not destined to end in his perdition. Compare also note to page 22 of part i.

Pages 322 and 323.

The clock stands still . . the finger falls.

Cf. part i., page 78.

Let the clock stop, let fall the finger.

Page 323.

Who hath the grave so badly built
With mattock and with shovel, etc.

Imitated from the third stanza of the Gravedigger's song in *Hamlet*

Page 325.

With fantastic fugleman-like gestures of incantation.

The *fugleman* or file-leader was a soldier, chosen for his stature, who stood out in front of a regiment at drill, and performed with exaggerated expression the required exercises for the imitation of his fellows; compare below:—

And you, ye zanies, fuglemen gigantic,
Snatch at the air, your arms outstretchéd fling!

Page 325.

The horrible jaws of Hell open up on the left.

As appears from what follows, these take the form of the yawning jaws of the hyaena, within which is seen a vista of the *città dolente*. Touches for this description are furnished by Dante's *Inferno* (*cf.* especially viii., 72), and by the frescoes of the *Campo Santo* at Pisa, *il Trionfo della Morte* and *l'Inferno*, with which Goethe was familiar.

Page 326.

I'll brand her with the brand that marks my minions,
Then on the fiery whirlwind set her free.

Cf. Revelations xvi. 2 and xix. 20.

Page 326.

Glory above on the right.

Glory is a painters' term for the *heavenly glory with luminous clouds, with rays and splendour, with angels and the elect in the distance, represented in perspective.* (Frisch, quoted by Schröer.) The disposition of the tableau—the Jaws of Hell on the left, the Heavenly Glory above on the right—tallies with that of the Pisan fresco mentioned above. The contest between the Heavenly Hosts and the Hosts of Hell for the soul of the dead, a familiar medieval conception, is illustrated in the same fresco.

Page 327.

The boyish-girlish botchwork.

The angels are represented as sexless, a compromise between youth and maiden. It is not clear whether they themselves, as being neither one thing nor the other, or their music, is railed at as *botchwork*.

Page 327.

What we invented of most shameful
To their devotion apt they find.

Commentators differ as to the interpretation to be attached to these words. Do they refer to the Crucifixion, or to the sins introduced on earth by the Devil, which it is the occupation of the Hosts of Heaven to combat and forgive? The former would seem the better interpretation.

Page 327.

Chorus of Angels strewing roses.

The roses strewn by the angels are emblematic of Heavenly Love, which is wholly unselfish and unsensual. Devilish love, as we have abundantly seen in the course of the *Faust*, is wholly and bestially sensual. The roses of Heavenly Love glow with a heat foreign to the atmosphere of Hell, and sting the devils like winged flames. Mephistopheles alone withstands them, but they are unable to inspire in him a feeling alien to his nature; they only provoke him to a passion of impotent lust, which cannot even abash the angels in their perfect purity, and when Mephistopheles recovers his self-possession the prize has been wrested from his grasp.

Page 333.

Holy anchorites, scattered up the mountain-sides,
having their dwelling in rocky clefts.

For the general conception of the scenery here Goethe was indebted in the first place to a description of the Mountain of Montserrat in Barcelona, communicated to him by a letter from Wilhelm von Humboldt. Upon this mountain there were twelve hermitages, belonging to an old Benedictine abbey, isolated one from another by fearful ravines and accessible only by ladders and bridges. On the topmost peak, which commanded a wide prospect over land and sea, there stood formerly a chapel dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

Other traits Goethe would seem to have borrowed from another fresco in the *Campo Santo* of Pisa, the *Anchorites in the Thebaïa*, which represents fantastic

cliffs on the banks of the Nile, whereon trees grapple with their roots, hermits in huts and caves, lions digging a grave for a dead anchorite, and others guarding the abodes of hermits like watch-dogs, two devils beating an anchorite with bludgeons, and Zosimus giving the viaticum to Mary of Egypt (*cf.* p. 340). Professor Calvin Thomas has unearthed from Goethe's collection of engravings one representing St Jerome in the Wilderness, which may well, as he suggests, have contributed touches to the conception. Compare also the hermits in the Frontispiece.

Page 333.

Softly the lions, dumb-
Friendly about us come.

Cf. Isaiah lxv. 25, a passage which doubtless suggested the lions in the two pictures mentioned above.

Page 333.

Pater ecstaticus.

The title was given to various saints, *e.g.* to Filippo Neri, of whom Goethe writes in his *Italian Journey*:—

> In the course of his life there developed in him the highest gifts of religious enthusiasm: the gift of tears, of ecstasy, and at last, even of rising from the ground and hovering above it, which is held by all to be the highest.

Goethe's *pater ecstaticus*, however, as also his other *patres*, must not be identified with any particular saint. He is a type of religious ecstasy.

Page 333.

That the unworthy all
Pass with the earthly all,
Shine the endless star above,
Core of immortal Love.

The *endless star* is the soul, the *core of immortal Love* which shines out when all the earthly husk has been purged away by persecution or ascetic discipline.

Page 334.

Pater profundus.

This title too was borne by several, notably by Bernard of Clairvaux.

Page 334.

Pater seraphicus.

St Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan Order, was thus called from a vision of a crucified seraph which appeared to him on Mount Avernus on the occasion of the Elevation of the Cross, when the angel impressed upon him the stigmata of the Crucified. The members of the Order were hence also called seraphic brothers, and a later General of the Order, Bonaventura, was known as the *seraphic doctor*.

Page 335.

In mine eyes descend, I pray ye,
Organs apt for world and earth,
Use them as your own; so may ye
On this neighbourhood look forth.

The belief of the modern spiritualists that disembodied spirits can possess themselves of the organs of living beings in order to bring themselves into relation with the world of sense, dates back to the Swedish mystic Swedenborg (1689-1772), and was familiar to Goethe from boyhood. It furnished him with a favourite simile. Thus in October 1781, he writes:—

Through his eyes, like a Swedenborgian spirit, I will see a good piece of country.

Again in March 1806:—

It was very agreeable to me to see the great city through your medium.

And yet again, in November 1806:—

Why can I not at once, revered friend, on receiving your welcome letter, sink myself for a short time in your being, like those Swedenborgian spirits that often sought permission to descend into the sense-organs of their master, and by their mediation to look upon the world.

Page 337

'Tis not all free from stain
Were it asbestos.

As fire is *par excellence* the cleansing element, so asbestos, which resists fire, is taken as a type of the

highest attainable earthly purity. With the immortal part of Faust there is still blent something of earth which not even fire can purge it of, and thus the spiritual angels find it burdensome to carry.

Page 338.

Doctor Marianus.

Doctor seems to be a mere variation upon *Pater*, without any especial significance. The epithet *Marianus* denotes his devotion to the adoration of the Virgin, and marks him as a fit recipient of the transcendent vision which is vouchsafed to him. The title was borne, amongst others, by Duns Scotus.

Page 340.

Magna Peccatrix, *Mulier Samaritana*, *Maria Aegyptiaca.*

Magna Peccatrix, she that sinned greatly, and *Mulier Samaritana*, the woman of Samaria, are sufficiently characterised by their own words and the references to the Gospels. With these *pardoned penitents* Goethe has associated as interceding for Gretchen with the Virgin a third drawn from the *Acta Sanctorum*, Mary of Egypt. Of her it is there related that after leading a profligate life for seventeen years she went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where an unseen hand thrust her back from the door of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. In a passion of repentance she addressed herself to the Virgin, whereupon she was uplifted and borne as on waves into the church. There she heard a voice, telling her that she would find peace beyond the Jordan. There she led a life of prayer and penance during forty-eight years. In the last year of her life she received the Eucharist at the hands of the monk Zosimus, and immediately before her death she wrote a message to him upon the sand, entreating him to bury her body and pray for her soul.

Page 341.

Una poenitentium.

One of the penitent women. With her rapturous utterance compare the agonised appeal of Gretchen at

the shrine of the Mater Dolorosa in *Faust*, part i., page 172.

Page 342.

The Eternal-Womanly.

The *Eternal-Womanly* is pure and unselfish love, revealed to mortals in its most perfect form in the love of woman.

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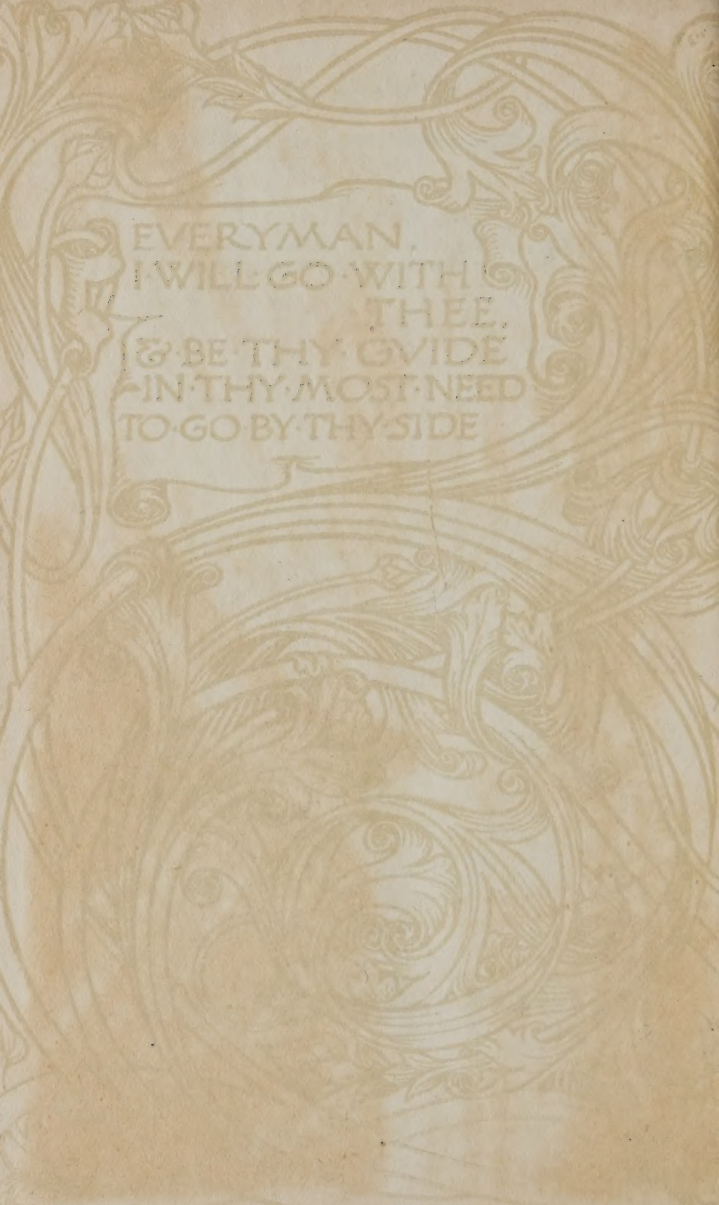
EVERYMAN,
I WILL GO WITH
THEE,
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

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